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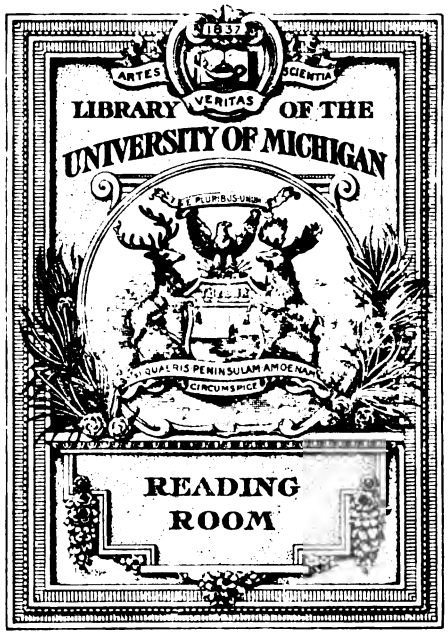
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A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED MONOGRAPHS

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Fra Bartolommeo

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

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FRA BARTOLOMMEO
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COLLECTION OF SIR FREDERICK COOK

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

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FRA BARTOLOMMEO
ST. CATHERINE AND MARY MAGDALENE IN ADORATION
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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

NAU

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Mfoll

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FRA BARTOLOMMEO
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FRA BARTOLOMMEO
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Withdrawn

FRA BARTOLOMMEO
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FRA BARTOLOMMEO
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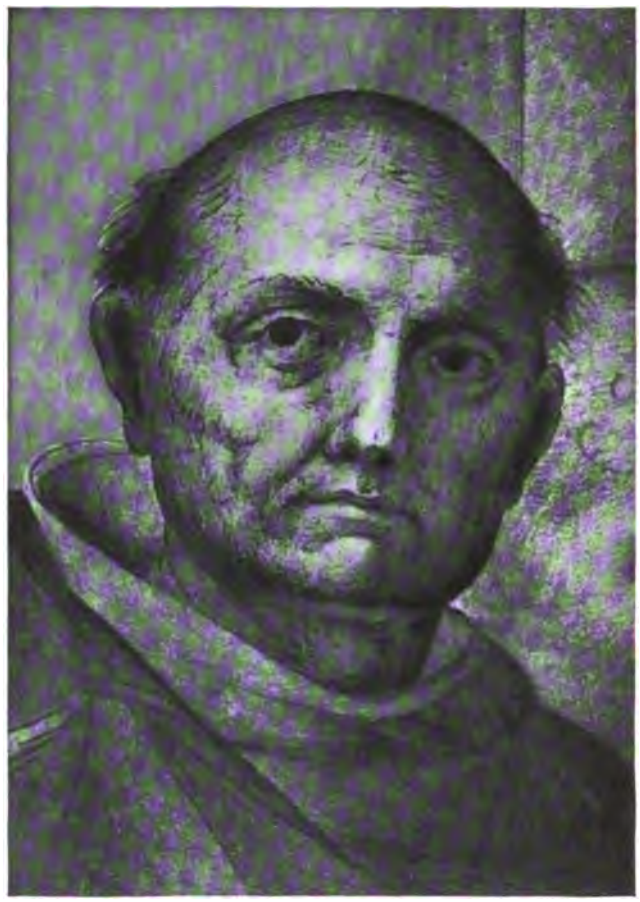
FRA BARTOLOMMEO
MADONNA BETWEEN ST. STEPHEN AND ST. JOHN BAPTIST
LUCCA CATHEDRAL



PORTRAIT OF FRA BARTOLOMMEO UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

This portrait of Fra Bartolommeo, the only one that is known to exist, was painted by himself "with the aid of a mirror," says Vasari. He has represented himself, in his monk's habit, as one of the spectators in the large picture of the Madonna surrounded by saints, which in 1510 the Signory of Florence commissioned him to paint for the Council Hall. This work, never carried beyond the monochrome state, now hangs in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Fra Bartolommeo

BORN 1475: DIED 1517
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

FRA BARTOLOMMEO was the son of a poor mule-driver, Paolo del Fattorino by name, who lived near the gate of San Piero Gattolini, just outside the walls of Florence. It was there, and not at Savignano as Vasari has stated, that, in the year 1475, Bartolommeo was born; and on account of the location of his father's house was known in his youth as Baccio (the diminutive of Bartolommeo, pronounced Batch'yo) della Porta, "of the Gate."

At an early age the boy showed such an aptitude for drawing that, upon the advice of the sculptor Benedetto da Maiano, his father placed him, when only nine years old, in the studio of Cosimo Rosselli, a painter of Florence, where he quickly won the affection and confidence of his master by his progress and the faithful performance of all the duties assigned to him.

Among the pupils with whom he came in contact in Rosselli's workshop was Mariotto Albertinelli, the son of a gold-beater, and his senior by a year, whose gay and somewhat boisterous disposition was in marked contrast to the serious and gentle nature of the young Bartolommeo, but who, nevertheless, became his chosen and closest friend.

At the end of an apprenticeship of six or seven years the two lads, whose mutual affection was so great that, according to Vasari, "they became, as it were, one body and one soul," feeling that they had nothing more to learn from Cosimo Rosselli, formed a partnership, rented a studio in common, and began the practice of their profession on their own account. Both young artists undoubtedly spent much time in the Medici gardens, where Lorenzo de' Medici, then ruler of Florence, had collected many valuable specimens of antique statuary, which were eagerly studied by all the Florentine artists of that day; but while Albertinelli devoted his whole attention to copying these marbles, Bartolommeo studied also the works of Masaccio, of Filippino Lippi, and, above all, of Leonardo da Vinci. His progress was rapid, and his influence over his friend in all matters pertaining to art, in spite of their different dispositions, so strong that in Albertinelli's best compositions his work bears a striking resemblance to that of Bartolommeo.

The dissimilarity in the natures of the two friends was forcibly shown at the time when Savonarola, the renowned preaching friar and reformer, was stirring Florence to its very depths by his vehement denunciations of the depravity of the times. Terrified by the pending doom that he foretold the people thronged the churches to listen to his words, and many of the most powerful and influential of the Florentines became his followers. Among those who most ardently embraced his cause was Bartolommeo, who was one of his earliest and most zealous adherents. Albertinelli, on the contrary, joined the opposing faction, and openly scoffed at the Piagnoni, or "Mourners," as the followers of Savonarola were derisively called. The rupture that this difference occasioned between the two young artists was, however, of short duration, and before long they were again working in partnership.

The pictures painted by Bartolommeo at this early period cannot be identified with certainty. A portrait of Savonarola, said to be still preserved in a private collection at Prato, and of which a copy is now in the cell once occupied by the great reformer in the Convent of San Marco, Florence, is in all probability a work of this time; as were also the two small miniature-like panels now in the Uffizi Gallery of that city, on which a 'Nativity' and a 'Circumcision' are represented with exquisite finish. These were originally intended for the doors of a tabernacle containing a 'Virgin' by Donatello, and are believed to be among Bartolommeo's earliest known works. Many of the studies that would have thrown light upon the beginnings and the progress of his artistic career, however, were irretrievably lost, when at the carnivals of 1497 and 1498, moved by the exhortations of Savonarola, his followers cast into the bonfires kindled in the public square of Florence objects of a worldly and frivolous nature—musical instruments, playing-cards, articles of the toilet, and the like—and many of the painters of Florence, among them Bartolommeo, in excess of zeal consigned to the flames all works painted from the nude or portraying profane or mythologic subjects.

Carried to even greater lengths by his enthusiasm for the new ideas and his feeling of affection for Savonarola, Bartolommeo joined the little band of the friar's defenders when, in 1498, the tide of popular feeling having turned, an angry mob bent on Savonarola's destruction besieged the Convent of San Marco, of which Savonarola was at that time prior. It was then that Bartolommeo, horrified by the deeds of violence that he witnessed, intimidated by the fury of the populace, and overwhelmed by grief when his beloved master was taken prisoner and led away to torture and to death, threw down his weapon, and made a vow to become a monk of the Order of St. Dominic should heaven vouchsafe him safe deliverance from the perils that beset him.

The vow thus taken was afterwards fulfilled, but in the meantime Bartolommeo had duties to perform which necessitated the postponement of his withdrawal from the world. The care of a weak-minded half-brother, Piero, had devolved upon him since the death of his parents, and a guardian must be found to assume this responsibility. Furthermore, an important commission had been intrusted to Bartolommeo by one Gerozzo Dini, who had asked him to decorate in fresco one of the walls of a chapel that Dini had built in

the cemetery adjoining the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, Florence. The subject selected by the painter, whose soul had been stirred by the preaching and prophecies of Savonarola, was the 'Last Judgment;' and the faded and almost ruined remains of this great fresco, now removed to the picture-gallery of the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, offer one of the noblest and most impressive examples of monumental composition, in all respects, as M. Müntz has said, "a worthy prelude to the 'Disputà' of Raphael."

When the upper part of the painting was completed, Bartolommeo, who had planned and drawn in the whole composition, left the remainder of the work to his friend Albertinelli; and in the month of July of that year, 1500, took upon himself the vows of a novice in the Dominican convent at Prato. He was at this time twenty-five years of age, and already a painter of reputation, "much beloved in Florence," writes Vasari, "not only for his talents, but for his many excellent qualities; devoted to labor, of a quiet mind, upright by nature, and duly impressed with the fear of God." In taking this step no worldly regrets seem to have assailed Bartolommeo's spirit. Fame he relinquished without a pang, for to consecrate his life to God, and to observe the rules of his Order with the same scrupulous care with which he had always fulfilled every duty of his life, had now become the sole end of his aspiration.

In his zeal for his new duties, however, he was not unmindful of his brother Piero, to whom he ceded all his rights of property, and whose tutelage he placed in the hands of the young man's nearest maternal relatives—a care that was afterwards undertaken by his old friend Albertinelli.

During the four years that followed his entrance upon monastic life, Fra Bartolommeo, as he was now called, entirely abandoned painting, and it was only at the urgent entreaties of his friend Santi Pagnini, prior of the Convent of San Marco, in Florence, where, his novitiate being ended, he now resided, that he at length consented to resume his brush. Had not Fra Angelico of blessed memory been an inmate of this same convent many years before, and had not its cloisters always encouraged art in its different branches? Even Savonarola himself had exhorted all Dominican friars who had no gift for preaching or for theology to study painting and architecture; and already there were many brothers within the walls of San Marco who were not only skilled in the delicate art of the miniaturist, but distinguished in the broader fields of art as well. Surely the talent that God had intrusted to Fra Bartolommeo should not be allowed to lie hidden. So argued the wise and learned prior, and Fra Bartolommeo yielded, resolving at the same time that thenceforth his art should be devoted to the glory and service of God.

The first painting of importance that he undertook after this was an altar-piece for a chapel in the Church of the Badia in Florence, representing 'The Vision of St. Bernard.' This picture, much injured and repainted, is now in the Academy of Florence. It was followed by works executed for his own convent and for other religious bodies and churches; for once having taken up his brush, there was no dearth of commissions to keep it occupied. Before long, too, Fra Bartolommeo was appointed director of the studio of the Convent of San Marco. Whatever profits might accrue from his labors,

however, were appropriated by his Order, which undertook the superintendence of his business affairs, allowing him merely enough money to defray the expenses of the materials necessary for his work, and granting him, as his only indulgence, exemption from service in the choir.

It was towards the close of the year 1504, the same year in which Fra Bartolommeo resumed his painting, that Raphael, then twenty-one years of age, visited Florence, and, deeply impressed by Fra Bartolommeo's fresco of the 'Last Judgment,' was eager to meet and know its painter. The acquaintance that was then begun between the two artists ripened into friendship when Raphael returned to Florence in 1506, after a sojourn in Perugia, where he was engaged in painting his fresco in the Chapel of San Severo in that city, in which, as well as in others of his works executed at this period, Fra Bartolommeo's influence is plainly visible. If, however, Raphael learned from his friend a greater symmetry and balance in the art of composition, and from the study of his works became more skilled in the management of color and in the disposition of the draperies, Fra Bartolommeo on his part profited no less by the younger painter's knowledge of the laws of perspective, and even acquired from him something of his seductive grace and indefinable charm.

Another influence, however, quite as perceptible in Fra Bartolommeo's paintings, is that of Leonardo da Vinci, and many of the works produced by him at this period bear witness to his study of Da Vinci's methods of modeling and of chiaroscuro. Unfortunately, the use of printer's ink and bone-black, with which in his zeal to imitate the style of that painter he darkened his shadows, has caused such serious injury to his pictures that much of the beauty of their coloring has been lost.

Fra Bartolommeo, who devoted special attention to the construction of the human form, is said to have been the first to make use of a jointed lay-figure on which he could arrange the draperies that he painted with such skill and thus study their folds more accurately. The wooden figure which he used is still preserved in the Academy at Florence.

In the spring of the year 1508, the year in which Raphael, in obedience to the summons of the pope, left Florence for Rome, Fra Bartolommeo accompanied the syndic of his convent on a journey to Venice. Giorgione was then at the height of his fame, Titian had already risen to the foremost ranks in that brilliant Venetian school of which he was soon to be the acknowledged chief, while Sebastiano del Piombo and a host of others were covering their canvases with glowing colors bewildering to the eyes of one accustomed to the more severe and sober qualities of Florentine art. And from this time on, in addition to the influence of Raphael and of Leonardo da Vinci, a third influence becomes apparent in the work of Fra Bartolommeo—that of the Venetian painters, the brilliancy of whose tones so strongly appealed to his color-sense that in all his subsequent pictures we see the effects of this visit to Venice, and in none perhaps more markedly than in the great altar-piece 'St. Catherine and Mary Magdalene in Adoration,' painted soon after his return to Florence, and now in the Lucca Gallery (see plate II).

Once more in his quiet monastery of San Marco, Fra Bartolommeo applied himself more assiduously than ever to his art. His popularity as a painter had increased, and he found himself unable to carry out his numerous commissions without assistance. He therefore obtained permission, by special dispensation, to take his old friend Albertinelli again into partnership. This arrangement continued for some three years, during which time many fine works were produced conjointly by the two artists, all such paintings being marked with the monogram of the studio of San Marco—a cross between two rings—to distinguish them from those executed by each painter alone.

In 1510 the Signory of Florence commissioned Fra Bartolommeo to paint an altar-piece for the Council Hall of their city—a commission that had been given twelve years before to Filippino Lippi, but left unfulfilled by that painter at his death. The subject assigned was the enthroned Madonna surrounded by the patron saints of Florence; and Fra Bartolommeo, conscious of the honor shown him, at once set to work upon his task with enthusiasm. For some unknown reason, however, the picture, like Michelangelo's and Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated compositions executed a few years before and destined for the same hall, was never completed, and the fine underpainting in brown monochrome, now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, is all we have of this great example of the painter's science and skill in the art of monumental composition.

Four years after this Fra Bartolommeo, who had been eager to see the famous works upon which Michelangelo and Raphael were then engaged in Rome, asked and obtained permission from the prior of his convent to visit that city, where he spent several weeks, a welcome guest at the Dominican monastery of San Silvestro. The profound impression produced upon his mind by the sight of the prophets of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel is evidenced in his colossal figures of St. Mark, now in the Pitti Palace, Florence, and of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Quirinal Palace, Rome.

Fra Bartolommeo's stay in Rome was shortened by the fact that the climate affected his health; he returned to Florence seriously ill with malarial fever, and was at once sent by the prior of San Marco to the hospital belonging to the Dominican monks at Pian di Mugnone, in the hope that he would soon regain his strength.

During the three remaining years of Fra Bartolommeo's life, notwithstanding the frequent recurrence of attacks of fever, his industry never flagged. Among the works painted at this period were his great canvas of 'The Madonna della Misericordia,' now in the Lucca Gallery; a figure of St. Sebastian, now in the possession of M. Alaffre at Pézenas, France, which, according to Vasari, he is said to have painted in refutation of the charge that he was unable to paint the nude; 'The Presentation in the Temple,' in Vienna; a portrait of Savonarola as St. Peter Martyr, now in the Florentine Academy; and last of all, his beautiful altar-piece of 'The Deposition from the Cross,' in the Pitti Palace, Florence.

His labors proved beyond his strength, however, and again he was compelled to seek rest at Pian di Mugnone. In 1516, the year before he died,

he received an urgent invitation from the French king, Francis I., to visit his court; but lack of strength, as well as pressure of work at home, caused the painter to hesitate to accept the invitation, which was accordingly left open for his consideration. But Fra Bartolommeo never left his native Italy. Vasari tells us that having labored perpetually beneath a window through which the rays of the sun constantly poured on his back, one side of his body became paralyzed. He was, therefore, advised by his physician to go to the baths of San Filippo to try the effect of those healing waters; but early in the autumn he returned to Florence not much better than when he went away; and one day, having eaten plentifully of figs, of which he was exceedingly fond, he was attacked by an access of fever, and after a brief illness died, on October 6, 1517, at the age of forty-two. Fra Bartolommeo was mourned by all who knew him, and especially by the monks of his Order, by whom he was buried in the church of the Convent of San Marco, which he had honored in his life both as a humble and faithful member and as a great and illustrious painter.—BASED ON THE LIFE OF FRA BARTOLOMMEO BY GUSTAVE GRUYER

The Art of Fra Bartolommeo

HERMANN LÜCKE 'FRA BARTOLOMMEO'

THE range of Fra Bartolommeo's art was by no means wide. He never penetrated into that extended domain of history and mythology that had been rediscovered by the spirit of the Renaissance and in which Raphael reigned supreme; he never attempted the representation of great epic themes in a series of monumental mural paintings, nor did he aspire to portray subjects of a strictly dramatic character. It may be said, indeed, that of the religious works that he painted, either in fresco or on panel, those best suited to his genius were such subjects as afforded him an opportunity of arranging in calm and dignified situations figures that were marked by a stately beauty and sobriety. Even the expression of any intense passion or profound pathos acquired at his hands a certain grave and sober character. The grandeur of form and attitude of each individual figure was, moreover, in perfect harmony with the grandeur and serenity of the composition; and even as he loved to place his figures in settings of stately architecture, so in the general disposition and grouping of the figures themselves a rhythm and harmony prevailed that was, so to speak, architectural in its nature. In the progress of his art we see that the structure of the picture and disposition of the groups assume ever more skilfully balanced and more spacious proportions. There is greater breadth and grandeur in the forms, more prominence is given to the masses of light and shade. Vasari, the first to observe this tendency in the development of art, speaks of it as "the modern manner," in contradistinction to the conventional style of fifteenth-century painting.

Leonardo da Vinci and Fra Bartolommeo were the first painters of the Italian Renaissance to realize the impressive artistic effect produced by perfect unison in the treatment of line and form, and thereby a new epoch was created in art. In the beginning, the feeling of the importance of space composition had been manifested somewhat timidly in Giotto's works; later, it was more clearly marked in the strong and earnest simplicity of Masaccio's; but in those of the later fifteenth-century painters, whose chief aims and ambitions were directed towards the attainment of wholly different ends, it had become more and more of secondary importance, and had often been completely ignored. The full mastery of unison in composition is not indeed met with in the work of any Italian painter before Leonardo and Fra Bartolommeo. The feeling for space as shown in their pictures, and the grandeur of the general effect of their compositions, are evidences of the highest perfection of the Renaissance. This is apparent in its whole significance when their works are contrasted with those of contemporary German painters, whose compositions, with all their otherwise admirable qualities, almost invariably evince a certain embarrassment and awkwardness, and who, in their extreme fondness for detail and their absorption in the portrayal of the characteristics of each individual figure, seldom rise to a free and harmonious disposition of the whole. A clear understanding of the combined effect of forms, lines, and masses; a feeling for the beauty of proportions in space, which to the artist is what the rhythm of verse is to the poet—in short, the faculty for composition, is manifested by Fra Bartolommeo to such a marked degree that it stands forth as the greatest of his artistic qualities. If it be further taken into consideration that a certain uniformity pervades the grand types of his figures and the motives of their actions, we shall agree with that critic who said that Fra Bartolommeo's achievement considered as a whole had a far deeper significance than the invention and disposition of any single example of his work. . . .

Fra Bartolommeo's method of painting was a direct outcome of Leonardo da Vinci's principles. In the underpainting, which in that method required the utmost care, the figures were as a rule first accurately modeled in brown, the general local tone was then applied with a semi-transparency, the gradations of the half-tones were refined by delicate blues, and finally the whole was brought into harmony. Leonardo, however, did not carry the color-scheme to such a state of perfection as to produce its fullest artistic effect. The expression of form was always the principal feature with him, whereas with Fra Bartolommeo color was so intimately connected with the complete development of his style of composition that he may be called a colorist in the fullest acceptation of the term, and as such he occupies a place in the history of Florentine painting similar to that held later by Andrea del Sarto. . . .

There are artists who perhaps in some one work achieve the highest excellence, who in the strength and boldness of a sudden inspiration attain a greatness which far surpasses their average powers; but with Fra Bartolommeo the exact opposite appears to be the case. It is true that the inexhaustible wealth of imagination, the fullness of artistic conception which is displayed so

lavishly and in such ever-fresh and varying forms in the creations of men of the greatest genius, had been denied him, and that in some of his works we feel that his creative faculty is inadequate to invest with life the grand forms that he conceived; but, nevertheless, wherever the soul of the artist succeeds in identifying itself with his subject, there he achieves a beauty of the highest order. The grave and magistral character of the composition, the dignity of the figures and grandeur of their draperies, the rhythmical flow of the lines and deep harmonies of the color, produce a unison of effect such as is almost unparalleled in the history of painting; and if in these qualities Fra Bartolommeo shows himself at the very summit of the Renaissance, his inward sympathy with the spirit of that great epoch is revealed in yet another respect—in the ethical significance of those majestic male figures which in the full consciousness of their own calm strength are ideal types of the free, unfettered character of the Renaissance, wholly released at last from the trammels and limitations of medievalism. In this ethical side of his artistic conception Fra Bartolommeo is raised far above the traditional mode of thought peculiar to those of his religious profession. The last of the cloistral painters, the ardent admirer of Savonarola, he was yet a true child of the Renaissance; and in the grand and characteristic figures that he portrayed we are conscious of the breath of that mighty spirit which broke the spell of the monastic view of life and burst the last fetters of the middle ages.—FROM THE GERMAN

GUSTAVE GRUYER 'FRA BARTOLOMMEO ET ALBERTINELLI'

ALTHOUGH not entitled to a position in the foremost ranks of Italian painters, Fra Bartolommeo occupies an eminent place in the history of art. Born at a period immediately preceding its most complete and perfect development, he evinced certain new qualities which at once aroused the admiration of his contemporaries. Never before had draperies been treated with so much breadth and in so simple and natural a manner. Never before had an artist invested his figures with so serene a majesty or arranged his compositions with such absolute harmony. Never, indeed, had so profound a science been combined with a simplicity so seductive.

Affected as he was in turn by the chiaroscuro of Leonardo da Vinci, by the incomparable grace of Raphael, and by the warmth of color of the Venetian painters, Fra Bartolommeo added to the style peculiar to himself something of the special qualities of each of these different influences; and by combining the resources of a genius of the second order with the inspirations of a pure and lofty soul he succeeded in winning a place for himself beside the greatest painters of his century. Unfortunately, after his journey to Rome, the influence of Michelangelo is only too evident in his work, as is shown in the colossal size of his figures. Eventually, however, he freed himself from this affectation.

As a rule, Fra Bartolommeo refrained from expressing strong emotions, preferring to portray the tender feeling of souls transported by divine ecstasy.

As Paul Mantz has said, "A serious and thoughtful beauty shines from his figures, which seem at times to be glorified by a ray fallen from the golden sky of Venice."

The unfinished picture of 'The Madonna Surrounded by Saints' in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, enables us to judge to some extent of Fra Bartolommeo's processes of working. The figures were first drawn nude from living models. He then arranged his draperies, making use of a lay-figure to aid him. The composition was prepared entirely with bister, all the parts were modeled, the lights and shades carefully defined, and, indeed, the whole work almost completed in monochrome. Finally, he would go over it all with thin colors, after which there remained only the glazing, which imparted transparency and brilliancy to the work.—FROM THE FRENCH

WILHELM LUBKE 'HISTORY OF ART'

FRA BARTOLOMMEO'S peculiar sphere is devotional painting; and here he stands the equal of the greatest and noblest masters. His figures are full of deep sensibility, and at the same time are free in their action, nobly draped, and of a ripe beauty. But what, above all, contributes to the impressiveness of his pictures is the magnificent grouping, the well-balanced composition of the whole—an effect which, nevertheless, is produced without any sacrifice of freedom. In his coloring we see still further developed the same delicate gradation which Leonardo da Vinci exhibited, and by which he laid the foundation of the art of aërial perspective; and in his best works he combines a rare strength and depth with a bright freshness of coloring.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

FRA BARTOLOMMEO forms at Florence the connecting link between the artists of the earlier Renaissance and the golden age. By chronological reckoning he is nearly a quarter of a century later than Leonardo da Vinci, and is the exact contemporary of Michelangelo. As an artist, he has thoroughly outgrown the fifteenth-century style, and falls short by only a little of the greatest. In assigning him a place among the predecessors and precursors of the full Renaissance, I am therefore influenced rather by the range of subjects he selected, and by the character of his genius, than by calculations of time or estimate of ability. . . .

The great contributions made by Fra Bartolommeo to the art of Italy were in the double region of composition and coloring. In his justly celebrated fresco of Santa Maria Nuova at Florence—a 'Last Judgment' with a Christ enthroned amid a choir of saints—he exhibited for the first time a thoroughly scientific scheme of grouping based on geometrical principles. Each part is perfectly balanced in itself, and yet is necessary to the structure of the whole. The complex framework may be subdivided into numerous sections no less harmoniously ordered than is the total scheme to which they are subordinated. Simple figures—the pyramid and the triangle, upright, inverted, and

interwoven like the rhymes in a sonnet—form the basis of the composition. This system was adhered to by him in all his subsequent works.

As a colorist, Fra Bartolommeo was equal to the best of his contemporaries, and superior to any of his rivals in the school of Florence. Few painters of any age have combined harmony of tone so perfectly with brilliance and richness. It is a real joy to contemplate the pure and splendid folds of the white drapery he loved to place in the foreground of his altar-pieces. Solidity and sincerity distinguish his work in every detail, while his feeling is remarkable for elevation and sobriety. All that he lacks is the boldness of imagination, the depth of passion, and the power of thought that are indispensable to genius of the highest order. Gifted with a sympathetic and a pliant rather than a creative and self-sustained nature, he was sensitive to every influence. Therefore we find him learning much in his youth from Leonardo da Vinci, deriving a fresh impulse from Raphael, and endeavoring in his later life, after a visit to Rome in 1514, to "heighten his style," as the phrase went, by emulating Michelangelo; but his attempt to tread Michelangelo's path was a failure. What Fra Bartolommeo sought to gain in majesty he lost in charm. His was essentially a pure and gracious manner, upon which sublimity could not be grafted. The gentle soul who dropped his weapon when the Convent of San Marco was besieged, and who vowed if Heaven preserved him in the tumult to become a monk, had none of Michelangelo's *terribilità*. Without possessing some share of that spirit, it was vain to aggrandize the forms and mass the raiment of his prophets in imitation of those of the Sistine. Nature made Fra Bartolommeo the painter of adoration. The sublimities of tragic passion lay beyond his scope.

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ 'HISTOIRE DE L'ART PENDANT LA RENAISSANCE'

FRA BARTOLOMMEO'S fame rests largely upon the fact that he established certain laws of composition. His aim was to produce an effect by harmony of lines just as earlier artists had sought to do by exact delineation of details. While giving importance to the landscape introduced into his pictures, he nevertheless founded his compositions upon architectural motives which gave them a certain balance and stability. Sometimes pilasters or niches serve as settings for the scenes; sometimes the backgrounds are walls adorned with moldings. The ornamentations of these fragments of architecture are invariably of an extreme sobriety. The skilfully arranged steps of his thrones are used to display still further the figures in his composition by placing them in different tiers. The purely decorative motive of the baldachin, or canopy, upheld by angels over the head of the Virgin was a favorite one with both Fra Bartolommeo and Raphael—as, for example, in Raphael's 'Madonna of the Baldachin' in the Pitti Palace, Florence, and Fra Bartolommeo's representations of the 'Marriage of St. Catherine' both there and in the Louvre.

Figures of angels more supple and graceful than any painted before his time served to enliven Fra Bartolommeo's pictures and to unite the different parts

of the composition. Sometimes he made use of them to support the figure of the Almighty or of the Virgin appearing among clouds. Sometimes he formed a sort of heavenly retinue with them, and, again, he introduced them merely to fill in the empty spaces between the principal actors of the scene.

It should be especially noted that, in addition to this science in the art of grouping, Fra Bartolommeo possessed a rare vivifying power. In the portrayal of subjects in which his predecessors, almost without exception, and in more or less labored fashion, placed stiff, impassive figures alongside each other, he composed groups that were both easy and life-like, arranging them as if the figures were wax in his hands; indeed, if it were not that his compositions were the outcome of profound study and earnest conviction, I should be tempted to say, if I might so express it, that occasionally he manipulated his figures almost too freely. . . .

Idyllic themes—the representation of the happy human Virgins of field and meadow—were less suited to his serious nature than to that of his friend Raphael. Saddened as he had been in early life by the tragic death of Savonarola, his beloved master, and impregnated, moreover, by the austere views of the monastic order to which he belonged, he usually chose to celebrate the Madonna, not so much as the loving and tender mother, as the Virgin in Glory and the Queen of Heaven.—FROM THE FRENCH

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

MORE than any other painter Fra Bartolommeo may be called the one who drew the line deeply between the first and second Renaissance, between the age of upgrowth and the time of perfect flowering. Even Leonardo and Raphael are transitional painters when compared with him, for Raphael begins his early canvases in Urbino and Perugia, and Leonardo's 'Virgin of the Rocks' still recalls the springtime of Italian art. With both of these great painters the transition is gradual and natural, but Fra Bartolommeo seems deliberately to throw aside his earlier and more delicate manner in order to address himself wholly to the search after the monumental. Fra Bartolommeo in his second manner belongs entirely to the new order of things. He announces the culmination, though he does not attain the summit which the greater Raphael and Michelangelo and Correggio reached. It is not inappropriate that this precursor should have worn the Dominican hood, for a great change was coming over Italy, and the first to prophesy it was the Dominican, Fra Bartolommeo's master, Savonarola. Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead, and with him there had passed away a generation of artists whose works were cheerful with carefully studied details of daily life, gay with episodes and contemporaneous costume; in their place were to come the relatively abstract creations of Raphael and Michelangelo. Savonarola strove to raise up a regenerate Italy, and his spirit, which thirty years after his death inspired the defence of Florence of 1529, inspired, too, the artists who heard his words, Michelangelo, Lorenzo di Credi, Botticelli, and, above all, Fra Bartolommeo. Undoubtedly the cloistral life encouraged this love

of abstraction in art; undoubtedly, too, the circumscribed life of the convent is answerable for some of Ba tolommeo's technical weaknesses; but the memory of Savonarola lasted throughout his life, and the precepts of Savonarola may be accounted as a direct factor in the evolution of his art in prompting his rejection of the episodical and accessory, and in inspiring his self-concentration upon what seemed to him the highest qualities—austerity, harmony, elevation.

Technically, Fra Bartolommeo was a better colorist than most Tuscans, though, like Leonardo, he injured his work greatly by the use of black shadows. As draftsman he was sometimes admirable, always dignified, often indifferent as to detail, sometimes careless as to proportions and types, being peculiarly given to a type of profile which is not only ugly but weak. In the beginning much of his work is delicate, even dainty, but a little later we find him sacrificing nearly all of the decorative paraphernalia of the fifteenth century, and, like Signorelli, he is satisfied with man alone; but unlike Signorelli, who depended upon movement as expressed by muscular structure, he always drapes his figures heavily, and counts upon a rhythmical arrangement of the masses. This science of rhythmical composition was the glory of Fra Bartolommeo; the impulse which he communicated, the originality and power which he brought to this science, are what give him his high place in the history of Italian art. The realism and decorative details of the primitives are set aside by him in favor of abstraction in the types, simplicity in detail, and the maximum of compositional effect produced by the minimum of figures. With him commence the academic but grand compositions which may almost be inscribed in a geometrical figure (such, for instance, as the pyramid). He precedes and inspires Raphael, showing him the way to the arrangement of his monumental fresco at San Severo of Perugia, and thence to his 'Disputà' in the Vatican, through the medium of the distribution of the masses in his own fresco of the 'Last Judgment.' By right of this new departure, this grand sentiment in art, Bartolommeo is a great master; but his pictures are the result of thought rather than of observation: together with this magnificent ordering of the lines and masses comes a carelessness in the types, there is little characterization, the drawing is not close or studied, and even the proportions are sometimes grossly violated. His faces are rarely individual, and he apparently relied too much upon the use of the lay-figure (which he is said to have invented); these faults offend the artist, and especially the student, who instinctively resents the careless generalizing of what seem to him supremely important, the human face and figure; but the student of art must not forget that Bartolommeo's beauty is a beauty of line and sweep where all the figures are interdependent and necessary to each other; his grouping is almost architectural, and he elevates composition to a new and higher plane.

The Works of Fra Bartolommeo

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. ELIZABETH AND ST. JOHN' PLATE I

THIS picture, now in the collection of Sir Frederick Cook, at Richmond, near London, was painted by Fra Bartolommeo the year before he died. It represents the oft-repeated subject of the Madonna and Child with St. Elizabeth and the little St. John grouped in Fra Bartolommeo's favorite pyramidal form against the dark trunk of a palm-tree, and with a delicately rendered landscape background. The painting, which is in an excellent state of preservation, has all the transparency and luminousness that characterize this artist's work, the depth and brilliancy of the colors being here, as has been said, comparable to those of Limoges enamel. The picture is painted on wood, and measures four and a half feet high by four feet wide.

'ST. CATHERINE AND MARY MAGDALENE IN ADORATION' PLATE II

WHILE in Venice in 1508, Fra Bartolommeo was asked by the Dominican monks of the Convent of San Pietro Martire, at Murano, near that city, to paint an altar-piece for their church of the value of from seventy to one hundred ducats, and according to the contract the painter was to receive twenty-five ducats in advance, with three additional ones for the purchase of his colors, a portion of which sum was to be raised by the sale of a collection of letters from St. Catherine of Siena in possession of the prior of the convent. Immediately after his return to Florence, Fra Bartolommeo set to work upon this picture, which is considered by many to be his masterpiece. In the upper part of the painting he has represented God the Father, His form enveloped in the heavy folds of a deep red mantle, seated among clouds and surrounded by cherubim. One hand is raised in benediction and in the other He holds an open book in which the Greek letters *alpha* and *omega* are inscribed —symbolic of the beginning and the end of all things. An angel beneath holds a scroll with the words "DIVINVS AMOR EXTASIM FACIT."

Kneeling on light clouds below are Mary Magdalene, in rich blue drapery and under-dress of crimson, bearing her attribute, a vase of ointment, in her hand, and opposite her St. Catherine of Siena in the white habit of a Dominican nun, her hands raised, her eyes upturned to the glory above, her whole form expressive of ecstasy and adoration—"a figure," writes Vasari, "than which it is not possible that anything better can be done in that manner." Beneath, in the distance, is a landscape painted in soft brownish tones delicately blended. The pale blue sky is that of evening, with yellow tones tinged with orange at the horizon. The whole scene is impregnated with a deeply religious spirit and is full of harmonious beauty.

When the picture was completed Fra Bartolommeo notified the Dominican monks at Murano. The value was estimated by two of their members, who were despatched to Florence for the purpose of appraising the work, at over

one hundred ducats, but some misunderstanding concerning the payment of even the reduced amount which the painter agreed to accept for his services occasioned so much delay that after a period of three years, during which time the work remained unclaimed, Fra Bartolommeo gave it to Santi Pagnini, the prior of San Marco. By him it was sent to his native town of Lucca and placed in the Dominican Church of San Romano in that city, whence it was subsequently removed to the Lucca Gallery, where it now hangs. The picture is painted in oils on canvas, and measures about eleven feet high by eight feet wide.

'THE MADONNA OF FERRY CARONDELET' PLATE III

THIS picture, in the Cathedral of Besançon, France, is one of Fra Bartolommeo's most important works. It was painted for Ferjeux, or Ferry, Carondelet, archdeacon of the chapter of Besançon, and envoy of the Emperor Maximilian to the papal court at Rome, and was presented by him to the Cathedral of Besançon, where it still adorns the chapel dedicated to his patron saint, St. Ferjeux.

The subject represents the Madonna and Child surrounded by saints and angels, with the figure of the donor kneeling in the foreground. Fra Bartolommeo has placed these personages in a spacious room adorned with pillars of marble. In the upper part of the picture the Madonna, in a red robe and blue mantle, and supported by cherubs, holds the child Jesus in her arms. His hand is raised in blessing, and his face is turned toward St. Sebastian standing at the left, behind whom is St. Stephen. St. John the Baptist kneels at their feet. On the other side of the picture the most striking figure is that of St. Bernard, in the white habit of his Order. His arms are outstretched and his gaze upturned to the group above. Behind him, barely discernible, stands St. Anthony, and in front, in flowing gown of rich deep red faced with black, Fra Bartolommeo has painted the donor, Ferry Carondelet. His strongly marked face is enframed in smooth dark hair; in one hand he holds his cap, and points with the other to the Madonna and Child. The floor is strewn with roses, and through an open window an Italian landscape is seen, enlivened by figures of bathers outlined against the dark foliage of the trees. Although the painting has been injured by time, which has rendered the outlines indistinct and dimmed the once brilliant colors, the contrasts formed by the red of the donor's gown and the yellowish white of St. Bernard's, by the nude figure of St. Sebastian and the somber colors of the saints beside him, and, again, by the deep hues of the Madonna's draperies and the golden tones of the naked bodies of the infant Jesus and the surrounding angels, still produce an effect that is both striking and harmonious.

Considerable controversy has been raised regarding the date of this altarpiece. M. Castan believes that it should be assigned to the year 1516, and that it was left unfinished by Fra Bartolommeo and completed by Fra Paolino. M. Gruyer and the generality of critics, however, hold that 1511-12 is the period to which it belongs, the period when Fra Bartolommeo was working in collaboration with Albertinelli, who may have painted certain parts. The

picture is undated, and the signature is not regarded as authentic. The painting is on an oak panel which measures eight and a half feet high by seven and a half feet wide. Various studies by Fra Bartolommeo for different portions of the work are in the Museum of Weimar, and a crayon drawing by him for the figure of St. Bernard is in the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris.

'THE HOLY FAMILY' PLATE IV

FRA BARTOLOMMEO painted this picture about the year 1509, soon after the 'Madonna between St. Stephen and St. John Baptist' in the Cathedral of Lucca (plate x), and at a time when the influence of Leonardo da Vinci and of Raphael, as well as that of the Venetian painters, were all perceptible in his work. The skilful blending of the light and shade recall Leonardo; the pyramidal form of the grouping, although first adopted by Fra Bartolommeo, is also frequently met with in Raphael's compositions; while the landscape background, with its bright horizon and green palm-tree, is strongly reminiscent of that painter's representations of this same subject, and in the colors we see the effects of Fra Bartolommeo's visit of the previous year to Venice.

The picture was formerly owned by Filippo di Averardo Salviati, a follower of Savonarola, and friend of Fra Bartolommeo, and for many years remained in the possession of Salviati's descendants. Towards the end of the eighteenth century it was bought by Earl Cowper, then British minister at Florence, and is now in the collection of the present Earl Cowper at Panshanger, near Hertford, England. It is painted on wood, and measures about five feet high by four feet wide.

'THE MADONNA DELLA MISERICORDIA' PLATE V

THIS celebrated altar-piece, containing no fewer than forty-one life-sized figures, was painted by Fra Bartolommeo in the year 1515, at the request of the Dominican monk Fra Sebastiano Lambardi de' Montecatini, for the Church of San Romano in Lucca. It has since been removed to the Lucca Gallery, where it now hangs.

Painted soon after Fra Bartolommeo's return from Rome, when the effects of his study of the great frescos by Michelangelo and by Raphael in the Sistine Chapel and in the Vatican became apparent in his work, the 'Madonna della Misericordia,' or 'Madonna of Pity,' lacks the simplicity of his earlier efforts. But although somewhat academic in treatment, and in spite of the fact that its once brilliant colors have perceptibly darkened, the splendor of the composition and the fervor of expression are such that the picture justly ranks as one of his most important creations.

The Madonna stands upon a pedestal in the center of the picture in an attitude of supplication, imploring pity from heaven for the multitude gathered under the protection of her copious mantle, which is upheld by angels. Above is the figure of the Saviour surrounded by angels holding floating scarfs attached to a tablet upon which the words "MISEREOR SVP. TVRBAM" are inscribed. Among those assembled about the Madonna is St. Dominic, in

whom, it is said, Fra Bartolommeo painted the features of Fra Sebastiano, the donor of the picture; and beside him, kneeling in prayer, is a member of his family.

This picture, which Symonds has called "a poem of glad worship, a hymn of prayerful praise," aroused the enthusiasm of Vasari, who says that Fra Bartolommeo has here "given proof of his power over the difficulties of his art, the perfection with which he knew how to manage the gradual diminution of the shadows, and the softening of the darker tints, imparting extraordinary relief to his work, and showing his admirable excellence in coloring, design, and invention—in a word, this is as perfect a picture as ever proceeded from his hands."

'MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA' PLATE VI

THIS picture, painted in 1511, was purchased in the following year from the Convent of San Marco by the Florentine government and presented to Jacques Hurault, Bishop of Autun and envoy of the French king, Louis XII., at Florence, whose favor the Florentines were desirous of securing. It was bequeathed by Hurault to the cathedral of his diocese at Autun, France, whence it was removed at the time of the French Revolution, and finally placed in the Louvre, where it now hangs.

Fra Bartolommeo has represented the Virgin seated upon a low throne placed under a semi-dome. She is clothed in a red robe and long blue mantle lined with green, and over her head three angels hold a canopy, or baldachin, of green—a favorite motive with Fra Bartolommeo. The infant Jesus stands beside his mother, one hand resting upon her knee, while in the other he holds a marriage ring which he is about to place upon the finger of St. Catherine of Siena, who, in the white habit of the Dominican Order in which she is always represented, kneels before him. On each side of the throne are groups of saints; on the left, St. Peter in a blue tunic and yellow drapery, and behind him St. Vincent and St. Stephen; on the right a young female saint in a green gown and red cloak, and at her side St. Bartholomew and another saint, while in the background St. Dominic and St. Francis are clasped in each other's arms.

This masterpiece marks a new phase in Fra Bartolommeo's art. The tender and meditative type shown in many of his earlier works is here replaced by a broader style. The pyramidal form of composition, which he was the first to adopt, gives prominence to the central group. The saints on either side have a gravity of deportment and a grandeur in the fall of their draperies which illustrate the expansion of the master's mind, and all the figures introduced are placed in correct perspective and stand firmly. The foreshortening of the forms of the flying angels is bolder and more skilful than in his earlier works, and the influence of the Venetian painters is perceptible in the rich coloring.

Although painted at the time of his collaboration with Albertinelli, the picture is entirely by the hand of Fra Bartolommeo, who, when it had been sent to France, painted another representation of the same subject, but with variations, to take its place. This second version is now in the Pitti Palace,

Florence. So popular did the composition become, indeed, that it is stated that the studio of San Marco could not supply repetitions of the subject rapidly enough to satisfy the demand.

'THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE' PLATE VII

NO work by Fra Bartolommeo is characterized by a more tender and simple beauty than this picture in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna. Notwithstanding the defect of insufficient height in all the figures save in that of the Virgin, and in spite of injury to the painting caused by removal of the original glazing, the effect produced by the balance of the composition, unison of the lines, and flow of the draperies is so harmonious that the picture is entitled to the high place it has always held in his achievement.

Upon the steps of an altar the high priest Simeon, in a red mantle and white undergarment, receives the infant Jesus from the hands of the Virgin, who is clad in a long blue cloak, the folds of which almost conceal her red robe underneath. St. Joseph, in dark yellowish drapery which falls in ample folds, St. Anna, kneeling, enveloped in deep red, and St. Elizabeth, with white headdress, are grouped on the other side of the picture. The floor is paved with tiles of various colors, and the dark background is relieved on either side by stone columns. Between the candlesticks on the altar is a small painting of Moses, in a garment of light red touched with black, and holding the tables of the law.

The picture was painted in 1516—the year before Fra Bartolommeo's death—and was originally in the Chapel of the Novitiate of San Marco. In 1781 it was purchased by the Grand Duke Leopold for the Uffizi Gallery, Florence; but in 1792 it passed into the possession of the Emperor of Austria, and is now in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna. It is on wood and measures about five feet in height by a little more than that in width.

'THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS' PLATE VIII

THIS picture, formerly in the Crozat Collection, and now in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, was painted in 1515, as is testified by the inscription on a tablet in the upper part of the panel. The Madonna is seated. She is enveloped in a blue mantle and holds the infant Jesus, whose arms are clasped about her neck. On either side of this group stand angels clad in short tunics playing upon musical instruments.

The transparency of the coloring has been impaired by retouching, and the shadows of the flesh-tints have become somewhat opaque, but in spite of these injuries this Madonna is one of the most beautiful of Fra Bartolommeo's representations of the Mother and Child.

'THE DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS' PLATE IX

THIS picture is one of the latest, and one of the most beautiful, of Fra Bartolommeo's works. "No other treatment of the subject," writes Hermann Lücke, "surpasses the beauty and pathos of the scene as portrayed in this, the most solemn expression of his creative faculty."

The body of the dead Christ, placed upon a white cloth, is supported by St. John, who, in a blue tunic and red mantle, kneels at the left. Mary Magdalene, in a red robe with white sleeves and green girdle, clasps the Saviour's feet, and the Madonna, wearing a dark red gown, gray cloak, and white veil, kneels at his side. In the background the base of the cross is seen.

"It is not possible," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "to cite an instance in which a lifeless form is rendered with more flexibility or more anatomical correctness. The composition is one of those that Fra Bartolommeo carried out most completely, and the whole group realizes at once all the precepts considered as final in the sixteenth century. It is a modification and an advance upon Perugino's work, combining all the tenderness of that painter with greater selection, astonishing individuality, and refined feeling."

Vasari asserts that the picture was finished by Bugiardini, but this has been refuted by more recent critics, although it is generally believed that figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, which were at one time added and afterwards removed as they were not in harmony with the rest of the composition, were by the hand of that artist.

'The Deposition,' or 'Pietà,' as the picture is sometimes called, is in the Pitti Palace, Florence, where it hangs near Andrea del Sarto's representation of the same subject, painted a few years later, and with which it is interesting to compare it (see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. II, part 22, plate X). It measures five feet high by about six and a half feet wide. The figures are life-size.

'MADONNA BETWEEN ST. STEPHEN AND ST. JOHN BAPTIST' PLATE X

FRA BARTOLOMMEO painted this altar-piece in the year 1509 for the Chapel of the Sanctuary in the Cathedral of Lucca, where it is still to be seen. The picture is a repetition of a favorite theme—the Madonna and Child with saints and angels—but in this version of the time-honored subject the figures are so beautifully conceived, the draperies so skilfully disposed, and the coloring so harmonious that it is invested with a new interest.

In a carefully balanced composition, the Madonna with the Child upon her knee is seated upon a low pedestal with a background of blue sky and distant hills. On the left is St. Stephen, in a deacon's gown, holding a palm, and with the stones emblematic of his martyrdom quaintly depicted upon his head. St. John the Baptist, clad in raiment of camel's hair, stands on the right of the picture, a cross in one hand, while with the other he points towards the Christ-child. M. Gruyer has spoken of the singular charm imparted to many of Fra Bartolommeo's pictures by the angels with variegated wings which he frequently introduced, "now flying lightly through the air, and again seated tranquilly playing on the mandolin or lute or lifting their voices in song." In this picture two of these graceful little beings are poised in the air, holding above the Madonna's head a jeweled crown, from which floats a saffron-colored veil, the delicate color of their wings relieved by the lighter tones of the sky; while on the step of the throne-like pedestal a third angel is seated, who, clad in diaphanous drapery and with wings outspread, seems to be singing to the sound of his lute. This little figure, distinctly reminiscent of those painted by Gio-

vanni Bellini and Carpaccio, which Fra Bartolommeo had undoubtedly seen and studied when in Venice the year before this picture was painted, is one of the most charming creations of his brush.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: The Presentation in the Temple (Plate VII) — ENGLAND. ASHRIDGE PARK, COLLECTION OF EARL BROWNLOW: Madonna — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Madonna and Child with St. John — LONDON, COLLECTION OF SIR W. J. FARRAR: Madonna and Child — LONDON, COLLECTION OF LUDWIG MOND, ESQ: Holy Family; Nativity — LONDON, COLLECTION OF LORD NORTHBROOK: Holy Family (in part) — LONDON, COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER: Holy Family — PANSHANGER, COLLECTION OF EARL COWPER: Holy Family (Plate IV); Burial of Sant' Antonino — RICHMOND, COLLECTION OF SIR FREDERICK COOK: Madonna and Child with St. Elizabeth and St. John (Plate I) — FRANCE. BESANÇON CATHEDRAL: The Madonna of Ferry Carondelet (Plate III) — PARIS, LOUVRE: 'Noli me Tangere'; Annunciation; Marriage of St. Catherine of Siena (Plate VI) — PÉZENAS, OWNED BY M. CHARLES ALAFFRE: St. Sebastian — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Assumption (in part) — ITALY. FLORENCE, ACADEMY: Vision of St. Bernard; St. Vincent Ferrer; Portrait of Savonarola as St. Peter Martyr; Madonna and Child (fresco); Half-figures of Saints and of Christ (in fresco and in oil) — FLORENCE, CORSINI GALLERY: Holy Family (in part) — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SAN MARCO: Madonna and Saints — FLORENCE, MUSEUM OF SAN MARCO [REFECTORY]: Crucifixion (fresco); [SAVONAROLA'S CELL]: Madonna and Child (fresco); Christ at Emmaus (fresco) — FLORENCE, GALLERY OF THE HOSPITAL OF SANTA MARIA NUOVA: The Last Judgment (finished by Albertinelli) — FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Deposition from the Cross (Plate IX); St. Mark; Christ and the Evangelists; Marriage of St. Catherine of Siena; Holy Family; Ecce Homo (fresco) — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Isaiah; Job; Nativity and Circumcision; Madonna surrounded by Saints (unfinished) (*cf.* page 22) — LUCCA CATHEDRAL: Madonna between St. Stephen and St. John Baptist (Plate X) — LUCCA GALLERY: Madonna della Misericordia (Plate V); St. Catherine and Mary Magdalene in Adoration (Plate II) — MILAN, COLLECTION OF THE MARQUIS VISCONTI-VENOSTA: Holy Family — NAPLES MUSEUM: Assumption — PIAN DI MUGNONE, HOSPITAL OF SANTA MARIA MADDALENA: Annunciation (fresco); 'Noli me Tangere' (fresco); Head of Christ (fresco); St. Dominic and St. Francis (fresco); Crucifixion (fresco) — PISA, CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE: The Madonna with St. Peter and St. Paul (in part) — PRATO, OWNED BY DR. R. LANETTI: Portrait of Savonarola — ROME, BORGHESE GALLERY: Holy Family (in part) — ROME, CORSINI GALLERY: Holy Family — ROME, QUIRINAL PALACE: St. Peter; St. Paul — ROME, SCIARRA-COLONNA GALLERY: Madonna and Child with St. John (in part) — SIENA, ACADEMY: St. Catherine of Alexandria (in part); Mary Magdalene (in part) — VENICE, SEMINARIO: Madonna and Child — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Madonna and Child with Angels (Plate VIII) — SWITZERLAND. GENEVA, RATH MUSEUM: Annunciation (in part).

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A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH FRA BARTOLOMMEO

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of the Painters,' with notes by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins, in the English translation edited by them (New York, 1897), is also of great value. To these may be added Padre Vincenzo Marchese's life of Fra Bartolommeo in his 'Lives of Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of the Order of S. Dominic,' translated by C. P. Meehan (Dublin, 1852).

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Jean-Baptiste Greuze

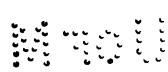
FRENCH SCHOOL

GREUZE
THE LISTENING GIRL
WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON

Blank

GREUZE
THE BROKEN PITCHER
LOUVRE, PARIS

GREUZE
THE MILKMAID
LOUVRE. PARIS



GREUZE
THE KISS
MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION, LONDON

UofM

GREUZE
THE LETTER
MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION, LONDON

Withdrawn

GREUZE
THE VILLAGE BRIDE
LOUVRE, PARIS

GREUZE
THE PUNISHED SON
LOUVRE, PARIS

GREUZE
PORTRAIT OF MLLE. SOPHIE ARNOULD
WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF GREUZE BY HIMSELF — LOUVRE, PARIS

Greuze was of medium height, and distinguished in appearance. His head was well formed, his forehead high, his eyes large and bright, and his expression frank and ingenuous. He wore his hair in curls on either side of his face, and being fond of dress and finery frequently affected striking and gay-colored clothes. The portrait here reproduced was painted by the artist late in life, and is one of the best examples of his skill in portraiture. His hair is powdered, and he wears a blue coat, gray vest, and loosely knotted white cravat.

Jean-Baptiste Greuze

BORN 1725: DIED 1805
FRENCH SCHOOL

JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE was born at Tournus, France, on August 21, 1725. His father, a master-mason and builder by trade, was desirous that his son, who, when only eight years old showed a decided talent for drawing, should adopt architecture as his profession; but the boy had set his heart upon becoming a painter, and no arguments or threats could shake him in his determination. All his spare moments were devoted to sketching, any stray piece of paper or even a whitewashed wall being sufficient to tempt his pencil. When forbidden by his father to waste his time thus, Jean-Baptiste, by no means obedient to his parent's wishes, persistently exercised his skill in secret, drawing and sketching in his own room long after he was supposed to be abed and asleep. Finally a pen-and-ink copy of a head of St. James which he gave to his father as a birthday present, and which was so skilfully executed that it was mistaken for an engraving, convinced the elder Greuze that his son's talent justified the boy in his wish to be an artist; and accordingly Jean-Baptiste was sent to Lyons, where he became a pupil of Grandon, a portrait-painter of that place.

Grandon's studio was a veritable picture-factory, and Greuze, taught to work with more speed than excellence, was expected to produce a finished picture each day. As a result, he became disgusted with this mechanical method, and, conscious of powers which he longed to display in a broader field, decided to go to Paris and try his fortune in the city where so many had gone before him, equally hopeful, equally ambitious, and equally destitute.

Few details of Greuze's early life in Paris are known. He does not seem to have attached himself to any studio nor to have studied under any master, but to have worked alone and in obscurity, earning a living as best he could by the exercise of his profession, which he pursued in spite of hardships and discouragements. In the course of time we hear of him at the Academy, where he studied drawing under Natoire, and where he encountered the hostility and jealousy of his fellow-students, who so hurt the pride and self-esteem of the young provincial artist by the lack of consideration with which they treated him that he finally complained to Silvestre, director of the Acad-

emy. Struck by the ability that the young man's studies and sketches displayed, Silvestre forthwith agreed to have his portrait painted by Greuze—a commission which gave the painter a certain notoriety. It was owing, too, to the protection and patronage of Silvestre and to the kindness of Pigalle, the king's sculptor, that Greuze was later accepted as a candidate for membership in the Academy, thereby acquiring the right to exhibit his pictures at the annual exhibitions, or Salons, held by that body.

At about this time (1755) Greuze had the good fortune to attract the attention of a rich and influential amateur, M. de la Live de Jully, by a picture that he had painted some time previously, entitled 'A Father Reading the Bible to his Children.' This work was bought by M. de Jully, who invited the artists and art-lovers of Paris to his house to see his new acquisition. Its success was immediate, and Greuze suddenly found himself famous. When exhibited at the Salon of 1755 the picture attracted the attention and aroused the enthusiasm of all. Nothing of the kind had been seen in Paris; and people crowded around the canvas to study each detail of this portrayal of humble life, that was as different from the pompous and grandiose pictures of the court-painters, in which royalty was wont to figure under the guise of some Greek or Roman hero, as from the Arcadian scenes and 'Fêtes galantes' of Watteau and his followers, or the frivolous and sensual allegories of Boucher.

This picture by Greuze, in which a venerable peasant propounds the Scriptures to his family, tells a moral story that coincided so exactly with the ideas contained in the dramas of Diderot, a well-known writer of that period in France, that it was no wonder that the painter who had sprung so suddenly into notice should have been spoken of as "a pupil of Diderot." And Diderot, advocating that art should be devoted to the cause of morality, that to make virtue attractive and vice repulsive "was the duty of every honest man who could wield pen, brush, or chisel," was loud in his praise of Greuze, whose fame was vastly increased by these eulogies.

Towards the end of this year, Greuze, now thirty years old, went to Italy with the Abbé Gougenot, who defrayed the expenses of the tour; but although he studied diligently during the two years that were spent in Italy, he was too thoroughly French to acquire anything of the Italian manner. The principal occurrence that marked this period of his career was a love-affair with a young Roman lady, Lætitia, the beautiful daughter of the Duke del Orr . . . , to whom the painter had been given a letter of introduction. Cordially received by the duke, Greuze was engaged by him to give lessons in painting to his daughter; and before long the two young people had fallen in love with each other, and Greuze, fully aware of the hopelessness of his attachment to one so far above him in station, was plunged into so melancholy a mood that he won for himself among his fellow-students the title of "the lovesick cherub," a title which his light curly hair and boyish appearance made especially applicable. Lætitia, fearing that her affection was unrequited, was equally in despair, but upon an avowal of love which she wrung from the painter her gay spirits returned, and it was long before Greuze could convince her that all must be at an end between them. Her reproaches

were hard to bear, and more than once the lover almost yielded to her persuasions that they should elope. Finally, however, feigning an illness that later became genuine, Greuze firmly resisted all temptation to see Lætitia; and it was only at the request of her father, who wished him to paint her portrait, that upon his recovery he again visited the palace. Three months had meantime gone by, and Lætitia's hand had been promised in marriage to a young nobleman chosen by her father as a suitable husband for her; and Greuze, heart-broken, left Rome, secretly carrying with him a copy of the portrait that he had painted of her whom he had so hopelessly loved.

Upon his return to Paris he devoted himself to his art more assiduously than ever. Among the list of his pictures for the year 1757 are many that bear Italian names and in which the figures are dressed in Italian costumes, but beyond this the influence of Italy is not perceptible in his work, and indeed the only foreign influence ever to be observed there is that of the great Flemish master, Rubens, for whose pictures Greuze entertained an unbounded admiration, frequently gaining permission to study those that were at that time in the Luxembourg Palace, where, mounted on a ladder that he might observe them at close range, he would spend hours.

In addition to his subject pictures, Greuze exhibited at this time several portraits and the first of his numerous representations of heads of young girls and children, upon which his fame to-day especially rests. In 1761 he sent a picture to the Salon that vied in popularity with his painting of 'A Father Reading the Bible to his Children,' exhibited six years before. This was 'The Village Bride' ('L'Accordée de Village'), which created a sensation in Paris and called forth a gushing rhapsody from Diderot.

The success of this picture confirmed Greuze in the direction of his art—the representation of moral scenes from the life of the lower classes—and from that time he was indefatigable in his search for such subjects, finding them in the streets and market-places of Paris, on the quays, in the little cafés of the boulevards which he visited in the evenings, sketch-book in hand—anywhere, in short, where he could observe the life of the people. His desire was to paint a series of twenty-six pictures after the fashion of the English Hogarth, in illustration of a narrative of his own composition entitled 'Basil and Theobald, or the Two Educations.' This project was never carried out, but an idea of its intended style may be deduced from the two companion pictures now in the Louvre, painted at about this time, 'The Father's Curse' and 'The Punished Son.'

Greuze was now the fashion, and orders for his works poured in upon him faster than they could be filled. Fortunate and prosperous as he was in his profession, however, his home life was anything but happy. Soon after his return from Italy he had been attracted by Mademoiselle Anne-Gabrielle Babuty, the daughter of a bookseller in Paris, and herself in charge of the little book-shop where Greuze first made her acquaintance. She was then somewhat over thirty years of age, and possessed of a fine figure, a certain doll-like beauty, a pink-and-white complexion, and an innocent, naïve expression, which captivated the fancy of the painter, always susceptible to the

charms of woman; and before long, by the scheming of Mademoiselle Babuty, he had been persuaded into a reluctant marriage.

At first all went well. Greuze frequently painted his wife, whose beauty was of the kind most pleasing to his fancy, introducing her portrait into many of his compositions. Three children were born, of whom two daughters lived to be the comfort of the painter's old age; but as time went on no more wretchedly unhappy household could be found than that of Greuze, whose wife made his life miserable by her extravagant ways, her violent temper and neglect of her children, and finally, by her faithlessness and flagrant immorality. Greuze bore his trials long and patiently, but at last in despair he obtained the legal right of separation from his wife.

In the meantime, a disappointment embittered for a period his artistic career. Although many years had gone by since his admission as a candidate for membership in the Academy, the picture which the rules of that body required that an artist should paint before he could become an academician had never been executed. The necessity of complying with the rules of the Academy was brought home to Greuze by a refusal to admit any more of his works to the yearly exhibitions until he had painted the requisite picture, and accordingly he now set to work upon his task; but as the full honors of membership were granted only to a painter of history, he foolishly selected a classic subject, utterly foreign to his talent, 'Septimius Severus rebuking his son Caracalla for having attempted his Life.'

When completed the work was submitted to the members of the Academy while Greuze confidently awaited their decision in an adjoining room. At the end of an hour he was summoned. "Monsieur Greuze," said the director, addressing him, "you have been received, but it is as a painter of genre. The Academy has considered your former productions, which are excellent, but has closed its eyes upon this picture, which is worthy neither of the Academy nor of you."

Greuze, astounded and deeply hurt, attempted to defend his picture, and even carried on his defence later in the newspapers; but, alas, the public echoed the opinion of the Academy and even Diderot condemned the work. Diderot's fervor, indeed, had cooled, and in his notice of the Salon of 1769, the date of Greuze's unfortunate experience with the Academy, he retracts much of the extravagant praise previously lavished upon the painter, curtly remarking, "I no longer care for Greuze."

From the day of this humiliating repulse Greuze was at daggers drawn with the Academy, and refused for many years to send his pictures to the annual exhibitions. He even left Paris and lived for a time in Anjou. When, however, he returned to Paris his popularity was as great as ever. His studio became the resort of the fashionable world. The Emperor Joseph II. and other foreign princes made it a point when in Paris to visit the famous Monsieur Greuze; the Empress of Russia invited him to her court—an invitation, however, which he did not accept—he was appointed painter to the French king, and assigned an apartment in the Louvre. High prices were paid for his works, notably for his numerous heads of young girls which cap-

tivated the public taste and added immensely to his reputation, and the sale of engravings made from these as well as from his other pictures still further increased his wealth. Such success might well have turned the head of a stronger man than Greuze, who, notoriously vain and easily flattered, was intoxicated by the adulation he received. Sometimes he made himself ridiculous by his bombast and foolish conceit. "O monsieur," he would exclaim, pointing to one of his own works, "here is a picture that astonishes even me who painted it. It is perfectly incomprehensible how with merely a few bits of pounded earth a man can put so much life into a canvas. Really, if these were the days of mythology I should fear the fate of Prometheus!"

"He is a little vain, our painter," wrote Diderot, "but his vanity is that of a child—the intoxication of genius. Take his naïveté from him and you take away his spirit; the fire would be extinguished and all his charm gone. I very much fear that when Greuze becomes modest there will no longer be any reason for his being so." Not every one, however, took so charitable a view of the painter's exaggerated self-esteem as did Diderot, and many of his fellow artists were irritated by his inordinate conceit. On one occasion the Marquis de Marigny, an authority in the artistic world of Paris, as he passed through the rooms of the Salon followed by his usual train of artists, paused before a picture by Greuze and turning to the painter exclaimed, "That is beautiful!" "I know it, monsieur," replied Greuze with his customary complacency; "moreover, every one praises me; and yet I am in need of commissions." Whereupon, Joseph Vernet, the marine painter, who was present, addressing Greuze said, "That is because you have a host of enemies, and among them one who, although he loves you to distraction, will nevertheless be your ruin." "And who is that?" asked the painter. "Yourself," was the reply.

Easily flattered, Greuze was as easily offended by any adverse criticism of his work. The famous Madame Geoffrin, at whose house all the wit and fashion of Paris were wont to congregate, once described a picture of his representing a young mother surrounded by her numerous offspring as "a fricassee of children." Greuze never forgave her. "What does she mean by criticizing such a work of art!" he cried. "Let her beware, or I will paint her as a school-mistress, rod in hand, so that children for all time shall look upon her with terror."

But although irritated by what he considered disparagement of his talent, and at times brusque and rude in his manner, Greuze was, as a rule, an agreeable companion. His conversation was elevated in tone, and when speaking on the subject of his art, in which he was absorbed, he became animated and even eloquent. In his intercourse with women, in whose society he took great delight, he was invariably gracious and charming, and praise from women was especially acceptable to his self-love.

For twenty-five years Greuze was the fashionable painter of Paris. Courted by the rich and influential, popular as well among the lower classes, to which his work so strongly appealed, he was at the height of his success when suddenly the Revolution swept like a wave over Paris, bringing destruction to the

old order of things and engulfing the fortunes of thousands. Greuze lost all that he possessed. Even his glory had waned, for the star of David had arisen, and at once the fickle taste of the public turned to the new art that he represented—the classic, severe, and "antique-heroical"—and away from the moral scenes and pretty faces painted by the artist who but yesterday had been its idol. Greuze, in short, had outlived the movement in art of which he had been the interpreter. Neglected, almost forgotten, he realized that his day was over. In spite, however, of every discouragement, he worked on indefatigably to the end. The pension that had been granted him by the king came to an end with the cessation of royal authority, and at seventy-five he was reduced to the utmost poverty. The touching appeal that he addressed to the Minister of the Interior tells of his changed fortunes. "The picture that I am painting for the government," he writes, "is only half finished, but my circumstances are such that I am forced to ask you to pay me part of the money in advance, that I may be enabled to go on with the work. . . . I have lost everything but my talent and my courage. I am seventy-five years old and I have not a single order for a picture. It is the saddest hour of all my life."

On the twenty-first of March, 1805, Greuze died at the age of eighty years. To the last he had retained the affection and regard of a few faithful pupils and the devotion of one of his daughters, who lived with him. It is said that when Napoleon heard of his death he exclaimed, "Dead! Poor and neglected! Why did he not speak? I would gladly have given him a pitcher of Sèvres filled with gold for every copy ever made of his 'Broken Pitcher.'"

The Art of Greuze

CHARLES NORMAND — 'J. B. GREUZE'

IN his own day Greuze was all the fashion. From the time of Boucher to that of David, his works aroused an enthusiasm that was beyond their deserts. But, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the public, his contemporaries saw clearly just where the weakness of this so much vaunted painter lay; and Diderot's estimate of him, if all its qualifications—all its "buts" and "howevers"—be included, would, after all, form quite a comprehensive criticism of Greuze, for in his various notices of the artist's pictures he has pointed out his monotony and artificiality, the dryness of his inspiration, his carelessness in the drawing of draperies, his excessive use of purplish tones, and many other things.

Diderot says that one day while visiting La Tour, the famous pastellist, he asked La Tour why it was that in so charming a picture as the 'Little Girl with the Dog' by Greuze, where the painter had so admirably succeeded in the difficult art of painting flesh, he had not been able to paint linen, for that the drapery falling over one of the girl's arms was like a piece of stone furrowed out to resemble folds. "The reason," answered La Tour, "is also

the cause of many other and more important faults, which all come from teaching pupils to embellish nature before they have learned to know what nature really is, so that when it comes to any faithful delineation of details they are completely at sea."

This was the case with Greuze. La Tour's words applied to his work explain the relative depreciation which it has undergone, and from which its good qualities, however real they may be, have not been able to save it. First of all, his principal fault—the prevailing fault, indeed, of his century—is that he is *artificial:* artificial in the choice of his moral subjects, which attained their excessive popularity because they responded to a passing state of mind which for us of the present day has only a historic interest; artificial in his attempt to preach morality by means of art, which in preoccupying itself with an end foreign to its nature overlooks its own proper aim and object—itself. This attempt led the painter to appeal to the eye of the spectator by means of a wholly scenic arrangement, in which antitheses jar upon one, and in which the exaggerated gestures and melodramatic attitudes are far more unnatural than any seen upon the stage. . . .

In addition to this absence of sincerity there is great sameness in his works, a sameness that results from the paucity of his imagination. Never did a painter repeat himself more persistently or more zealously. Having seen a few carefully selected samples of his works we know them by heart; there is no fear that he will ever take us by surprise. Blondes or brunettes, with a ribbon in the hair and a bouquet of flowers in the bosom, his young girls are all the same; or, at least, the family resemblance among them is so strong that there is no mistaking them. The same may be said of his puffy little urchins, of his lean and bony old men, and of his blooming young mothers surrounded by their numerous offspring. There is nothing more irritating and tiresome than this *unfruitful abundance*, so to speak, forever placing in different situations three or four figures invariably the same.

In addition to these faults of a general nature, there are others in Greuze's work which more especially concern his technique. We have seen what La Tour and even Diderot thought of the lack of frankness and truth in his compositions; he was also reproached, and justly, with not knowing how to paint large figures, with suspiciously avoiding the nude, with not paying sufficient heed to the disparity of age between the heads and the bodies of his figures; and, finally, he was accused of such carelessness in painting draperies that they resembled plaster casts. In regard to this last point, however, Greuze seems to have been more inclined to take credit to himself than to try to correct the fault, saying that he neglected the draperies intentionally, the better to bring out the flesh-tones—an ingenious excuse, which he found preferable to an acknowledgment of inability. Finally, exception might well be taken to the lighting of his pictures—to the way in which the light is scattered, to the heavy atmosphere surrounding his figures, to the whites, which have turned to dirty gray, to the stiffness and the metallic finish of his materials, to his purplish tones, and to his dull backgrounds, which darken scenes already insufficiently lighted. . . .

But, after all is said and done, his faults and his failings have not prevented Greuze from maintaining, after a passing eclipse, his position in the estimation of connoisseurs. The reasons for this are, first of all, that he is documentary. That is to say, he marks an epoch in the history of the evolution of ideas, and of the art that interprets those ideas by giving them pictorial form. He is the painter of the period overflowing with good and generous impulses and tender emotions, as well as with the illusions that preceded and prepared the way for the French Revolution. He personified a manner of thought which, carried to excess, became somewhat ridiculous, but which had its excuse in the lofty ideal for which it stood. Like that ideal, Greuze is theatrical and declamatory; and again, in accordance with that ideal, he preaches love for the humble and unfortunate, practice of domestic virtues, family affection, labor, order, economy—in a word, all the virtues in which the strength and honor of the middle classes in France still consist. In this sense, his moral scenes have a historic value that would alone be sufficient to assure him a distinct place in the history of French art of the eighteenth century. Another reason for the position which he occupies is that he represents a special style of painting that was, if not created, at least revived by him. Every new state of society calls for a new kind of art, and that art Greuze tried to give to his own time. Whether he succeeded, or whether he was prevented from succeeding by too great a deference to the prevailing art tendencies of the day, to say nothing of his own individual tendencies as well, is another question. He painted human nature as he conceived it in the lower classes, giving rights of citizenship to the bourgeoisie, to peasants—to all those, in short, whom the fastidious taste of the upper and fashionable class, the nobility, had until then banished with supercilious scorn. He did not wholly accomplish this, it is true, but he started the movement, and was the first to open up the path and to attempt a new formula for the portrayal of the world's sorrows and hopes. Not to every man is it given to be an initiator, and it would be unjust to Greuze were he denied that glory.

There are, moreover, other and more technical reasons which help to save his name from oblivion. He had an unusual gift for composition. True there is bombast in his moral scenes, but there is also movement and vigor; and there is unity in the action which animates his personages. His pictures of familiar every-day subjects, less theatrical than the others, show an astonishing abundance of life. No one understood as he did how to depict the pretty disorder which children occasion in the family circle. He scarcely varied his compositions, but he knew how to arrange them. His portraits, too, are well composed, and in recognizing that fact no slight praise is awarded him.

Greuze has still other qualities, one in especial. He is the painter *par excellence* of woman, or, more strictly speaking, of the young girl. Man, in his achievement, is the exception; the young girl is the rule. He never grows weary of her, but portrays her in every situation and in every attitude. She is always the same and always charming. He paints her with pure love of the subject and in a way that clearly shows that in his eyes she is the most

important thing in nature. This exclusive passion for painting young girls of that uncertain age between the child and the woman added immensely to the artist's reputation, concentrating the admiration of the public, which likes to feel sure of its ground, upon one single point in his work, and resulting in the creation of a type of young girl peculiar to him and to which his name will always be attached.

A subject that is dear to the heart of a painter is sure to inspire his brush. So it is with Greuze each time that he paints the red lip or the blushing cheek of a young girl. Although as a rule unpardonably careless in his treatment of draperies and accessories, his brush lingers lovingly on these youthful faces, so full of health, so round and firm, beautiful as flowers, tempting as ripe fruit. Dull and gray at other times, Greuze is in these pictures a colorist; and when we see these delicate and harmoniously blended tints we can well understand the enthusiasm they aroused in a public accustomed to the substitution of rouge and paint for the natural colors of the complexion.

As a matter of fact, however, Greuze was more of a draftsman than a colorist. The inexorable school of David, it is true, found that his drawing was not accurate, his modeling weak, and that the bodies of his figures were not always definable beneath the amplitude of their draperies. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Greuze, without manifesting the impeccability of more recent masters, drew when he so wished (especially is this the case with heads) correctly and accurately. And this is hardly enough to say: his preliminary studies have a certain personal accent; they are better, indeed, than the finished figures which he painted from them, for these suffered from what La Tour called "the embellishment of nature." In short, Greuze's pencil was truer than his brush. One was guided by the daily, incessant observation of the artist; the other obeyed the fashion, and was subservient to the influence of superannuated precepts or of preoccupation foreign to art.

To conclude: Jean-Baptiste Greuze is a painter of the second order whose position among the foremost of his time was due to a happy chance. That he lived when he did was his good fortune; that he knew how to profit by the fact is to his credit. His works were all the fashion for about twenty-five years. He came just between Boucher, whose day was over, and David, who was destined to revolutionize all the traditions of the French school of painting. Greuze was not an originator—the familiar scenes that he portrayed were no novelty after those painted by the Flemish and the Dutch; he merely revived them by adapting them to the taste of his day. In that respect, he became the interpreter of a special condition of mind which found in him its painter, as it had found in others its poets or its philosophers. To personify an epoch, however short—a moment, it may be, in the busy and tumultuous life of a nation like France—is a piece of good fortune which is at the same time a warrant of perpetuity. Greuze had that good fortune to an extent that was, perhaps, beyond his deserts. He is one of those men whom one cannot praise highly without running the risk of over-praising, and whom it would be equally unjust to disparage to the point of contempt. He had the qualities of a great painter along with faults and weaknesses which he never overcame.

He was more sentimental than feeling, more moral than pure, more declamatory than pathetic, more prolific in his gift than fertile in his fancy. He was moreover a mediocre painter of light, understanding but imperfectly the management of chiaroscuro. Compared with the brilliant colors of some painters, his palette is too often heavy, gray, and monotonous. But for all that, Greuze possesses charm, and grace, and a delightful freshness that he seems to have borrowed from his favorite subjects—children and young girls. And this is sufficient to insure him a permanent place among painters, if not in the orchestra itself, at least in the front rows of the parquet.—FROM THE FRENCH

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT 'L'ART DU XVIII^ME SIÈCLE'

TO the unethical eyes of the present generation it has become apparent that the charm of Greuze, his true talent, his originality, and his strength are evidenced in his heads of children and young girls, and almost only in them. They alone serve to redeem the faults, the weaknesses, and the defects of color so apparent in his large pictures, with their leaden and heavy color schemes, their mixtures of purple and shot hues, their uncertain reds and dirty blues, their muddy backgrounds, and their opaque shadows. Indeed, since these story-telling pictures have gone out of fashion it would seem as though the light had faded from them.

But turn to one of Greuze's little blonde heads, which seems lighted by a ray of sunlight that gleams over it like a caress, and we feel that here the brush that rounded this rosy cheek, modeled this smooth, white little forehead, gave these blue eyes the light of the sky, softly shadowed the delicately penciled eyebrows, and set the cherub-bow lips between the soft curve of the cheeks, was the inspired brush of a true painter. Surely nothing could be fresher, more lifelike, or more delicately handled.

Excelling as a delineator of childhood, Greuze was a master when he painted the head of a young girl, and an unmatched master in depicting that transient and ephemeral loveliness wherein the woman's beauty is just beginning to work its wondrous transformation in the contours of the child. With what adorable lightness does he paint the fleecy, fly-away locks of hair, vainly confined by a ribbon, the shadowy golden down where the forehead joins the hair, the delicate network of blue veins that branch across the temple! What a slumberous veiled flame, or what a swimming glance, he gives the eyes, and how tremulously sweet is the look when a tear hides in the lashes! Indeed, he loved all the signs of maiden youthfulness—the fine sensitive nostrils, the bated breath that half opens the pouting lips with vague wonder and aspiration.

Glazings strengthened by dashes of opaque color, rays of light gleaming through liquid half-tones and sparkling against thin under-tints—with such slight means did Greuze evoke on his canvases those fair, rosy faces, the tender warmth of flushed and downy flesh, those slender necks, those rounded shoulders like twin doves, and those little breasts that catch reflections from the gauzy drapery that half hides them. Such pictures—happy inspirations of color—plainly painted because of the artist's love of them, recall at times

Rubens, the great master whose genius and whose secrets Greuze studied assiduously for hours together, perched upon a ladder in the Luxembourg Palace.—FROM THE FRENCH

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

GREUZE painted some really good pictures as well as some that are very poor, if not actually bad. He belongs so completely to his own day that there is no wonder that his popularity should have been great—far greater, for instance, than any accorded to Chardin, who belongs to all time.

Greuze had a decidedly individual feeling for grace; not however for grace of a simple and natural kind. His heads of young girls, bewitching as they are at first glance, are, as a matter of fact, artificial and affected. His best works, however, in the opinion of the critical, are these very heads of young girls. They are, indeed, the works of a true painter, whose touch is delicate, and who has selected subjects both fresh and charming.

After all, the chief reason why Greuze, although his vogue is not now what it once was, is still one of the most interesting painters of his century, is that he owes absolutely nothing to any other artist. His color, which is often inharmonious and commonplace, his drawing, which is uncertain and affected, although at times bold and clever, his melodramatic and bombastic composition, his sensual kind of virtue—in a word, all his qualities and all his faults are wholly his own.—FROM THE FRENCH

SIDNEY COLVIN 'PORTFOLIO' 1872

GENERALLY, in discussing the French painters of the eighteenth century, we find that they are a long way removed from our taste. In the case of Watteau the brilliant, of the admirable Chardin—to some extent even of Boucher, the careless and voluptuous—what we have to do is a work of vindication, the work, most welcome to the true critical spirit, of reviving extinct sources of pleasure or trying to create new ones, of defining and putting their value upon things delightful in their degrees, and of which the delightfulness had in part escaped us. But as to Greuze the case is different. With the other masters of the eighteenth century Greuze had in his own country undergone his day of depreciation; with the rest of them he was rescued from that slight esteem, when it would have been just, or little less than just, that he should have remained in it. Like his betters, he now commands immense favor and immense prices. A French critic has remonstrated with us for making so much of a painter who, "after all," says he, "is of the second rank; whose drawing is meanly rounded; whose modeling is heavy and soft; who has no knowledge of chiaroscuro; whose simplicity is part affectation; the movements of whose figures are vulgar or pseudo-dramatic." Beneath whatever may be trivial, affected, or in the worst case vicious, in the art of Greuze's predecessors and contemporaries, there is always a real artistic gift—a first-rate dexterity of observation and draftsmanship in one, a profuse ingenuity and surprising decorative knack in another. Beneath what is wrong in Greuze, however, there is little but pretense. He has that

shallow and obvious attractiveness, both in the look and meaning of his work, which appeals at once to coarse observations. It is this surface fascination which makes him so dangerous to such as are young in these things—to the public; it is for this he might be banished by the legislators of no matter how liberal a republic of art. Just as surely as Greuze offends the skilled perceptions, so surely does he take the crowd; until it makes you fume to hear the exclamations of well-meaning fellow-creatures over his empty beauty, his ogling innocence, his immoral moralities, his styleless grace, his sentimentality without refinement, his artistic sententiousness, his ill composition and ill drawing, and the affectations in which he is steeped.

One of Greuze's merits is that he was original in his vein, such as it is —the vein of bourgeois and peasant life, treated from a dramatic and moralizing point of view. Middle-class and humble life, so treated, starts by the middle of Greuze's century into the first place in the literary romance of the time. It preoccupies and gives its color to, more than any other one element, the literary sentiment in France of the days preceding the Revolution. But Greuze was its first exponent in art. . . .

He has four main kinds of sample besides portraits. They are, first, the class of compositions of several figures telling a distinctly dramatic story, such as the famous 'Village Bride.' Of this class again are the pendants in the Louvre of 'The Father's Curse' and 'The Punished Son'—here, the old peasant stretching out his hands to curse a graceless son, mother and elder children variously deprecating or distressed, younger ones bellowing with dismay; there, the same old man dying, the runaway coming home a cripple, just in time to see his father's death, mother and children again reproaching or lamenting. Of this class, too, are many of the pieces in which Diderot especially delights, and which tickle perpetually with the same allusion. It is a girl pouting or crying over something lost or broken—broken eggs, a broken pitcher, a broken looking-glass, a dead bird, a withered bunch of flowers, and so on, and so on. Some of these belong to the class of large compositions with accessories and a story; some to another class of single figures with accessories and a story. Then there is another variety of the large compositions, which simply represents scenes without any or much narrative interest. And there is the fourth and best-known class of single symbolical heads: innumerable heads and shoulders of girls with faces fourteen years old and figures eighteen, smiling or ogling, languishing or devout, and set to typify Innocence or Repentance; to stand for Psyche or Magdalene, or whoever it may be; to entice with pulpy complexions and bare throats, disordered ringlets and fluttering scarfs, great violet-colored eyes and little coral mouths, and all the recipe fascinations of a shallow prettiness. Sometimes there are formal mythologies, a Diana and Callisto, a Nymph sacrificing to Venus; once there is a great history-picture of Septimius Severus rebuking Caracalla; but these, especially the last, are failures. . . .

In the history of the world as well as in the history of art, the work of Greuze has no doubt some importance, as it embodied the social and literary sentiment which we have seen—as it reflected, and in its way glorified, the classes in society who were to make the great Revolution and to change the old world into a new. But it will not escape the student who can see when

expressional or dramatic painting is dexterous and true, and when historical or ideal painting is dignified and beautiful, that the painting of Greuze has neither the virtues of the one class nor of the other. It will not escape him that these types of village patriarch, virtuous poor matron, and sturdy peasant children, are shallow and false types, that their attitudes are forced and pretentious, that in their gesticulation, their facial contortions, the outspread hands and exaggerated passion of the actors, there is a vain display of science which does not exist. He will acknowledge, both in these and in the single heads which the majority find so seductive, a personal and not unpleasant choice of color—a skilful manner with the brush. Greuze, he will say, worked not unpleasantly in a key of his own, of light violet, quiet blue, gray, and maroon or cocoa-color. In an age when "touch" was everything, he found out a touch of his own, more like that of Rubens than of another; he laid on his thick smooth flesh-tints, creamy yellow in the lights and cool violet in the shadows, with something of the same rich and buttery succulence with which Rubens laid on his very different scale of carnations. He painted with a certain prettiness and cleverness the jumble of a boudoir or cottage. And it is to the credit of his technical processes that they have stood the test of time surprisingly. But he was one of the few Frenchmen who never had any instinct of composition; who told his story clumsily and heavily, and was tedious as well as affected. And he could not really draw; most of the heads and bosoms which a blunt perception finds so fascinating are atrociously ill drawn; he had not even properly mastered the charms which he was continually repeating. Grant him a few portraits in which he catches with some elegance and dignity, and without too much display, the elegance and dignity of the sitter. Still, to see through Greuze is in art the beginning of knowledge.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS 'ART JOURNAL' 1901

THREE chief phases are to be noted in the talent of Greuze. He is the sentimental moralist, starting not from a study of humanity as it is, but from a preconceived idea of his own—or rather, perhaps, of the men of letters of his time. He is the erotic sentimentalist, outwardly decent in his reticence, yet in suggestion infinitely more insidious than a Boucher, a Baudouin, or a Fragonard, since he lacks their open-air frankness, their humor. Finally, he is the portraitist, modest, charming, and distinguished in his rendering of women, simple and even severe in his rendering of men.

It was as a sentimental moralist of the brush that his great fame was won at a bound, with such pictures as 'A Father Reading the Bible to his Children,' 'The Village Bride,' 'The Father's Curse,' and 'The Punished Son.' But this is not the stern, wholesome moralizing of a Hogarth, who lays on the lash without mercy, pitying, it may be, yet abating nothing of his cruel flagellation; it is the outcome of the affected sensibility, the sentimentality worn as a becoming garment, which is so peculiar to the eighteenth century. It is to be found in a loftier phase in the greatest literature of the moment, in the works of Diderot himself, and preëminently in those of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Here, in the painted work of Greuze, we have the sentimentality

in the sniveling stage. It protests too much, and there is in it too little of real sympathy, of real comprehension. Greuze is playing "*grand premier prix de vertu*" for the gallery, and Diderot too hastily accords to him the laurels—almost the halo. And then from the technical standpoint it is impossible to enjoy these once famous pieces, so cold is the color, so black are the shadows, so defective and dramatically inexpressive is the general arrangement, so limited the power to realize tragic gesture, or the soul as it burns through the human physiognomy in culminating moments of emotion.

Greuze's great glory with the connoisseur and amateur of yesterday—and, in a less degree, of to-day—is his vast gallery of young women in the bloom of womanhood, but more especially of young girls and children. Even here he is but rarely a true colorist, if we compare him to a Watteau, a Lancret, a Pater, a Boucher, or a Fragonard. His tints are at the best cold and porcelain-like in their prettiness; the sense of atmosphere is absent. But he has, it must be confessed, certain very striking qualities of his own; and to express for these celebrated studies of girlhood and womanhood, by which he even to-day maintains his place as a popular painter, too exaggerated a disdain would be to yield to an instinct rather than to a conviction. He has an admirable way of stating his subject, of composing his single figure in such fashion that it stamps itself in the memory of the beholder. The brush is wielded with more energy and decision—especially in the broadly disposed and broadly painted draperies—than the casual observer at first imagines. There is undoubted sprightliness, undoubted attractiveness of a kind in these things, though it is anything but the fresh unsullied charm that the admirers of "*les mœurs dans l'art*" may have chosen to discover in them. The typical instance, though not by any means the best picture, is 'The Broken Pitcher,' of the Louvre; and with it, as regards the mode of presentment and the quality of the suggestiveness, may be classed many others in which Greuze gives with a rare subtlety, with a suggestiveness the more unpleasant because it is so decently veiled, the unripeness of sweet youth that has not in it the elements of resistance to temptation. . . .

In the category of portraits are some exquisite things which might quite as well be placed in the class which we have just been discussing. Among these should be cited the discreetly fascinating 'Madame de Porcin' in the too little visited museum of Angers, and the voluptuous 'Mlle. Sophie Arnould,' in the Wallace Collection. Among the portraits of men, none is more typical of the austere side which so seldom peeps out in the art of Greuze than the portrait of the master himself in the Louvre. He appears here grave, almost grim, in all the bitter disenchantment that came into his life of brilliant popular success when the French Academy, estimating at its true value his historical picture, 'The Emperor Severus Rebuking Caracalla,' consented to accept him, but only as a "painter of genre." . . .

Let us strive to be just to the once so over-rated and now so often underrated painter, from whom the truest lovers of art of to-day recoil with a curious kind of aversion, yet whom in fairness they cannot wholly deny, and some of whose pictures are veritable inventions—something added to art.

The Works of Greuze

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE LISTENING GIRL' PLATE I

"AMONG all the pretty heads painted by this Carlo Dolci of France," writes Mr. M. H. Spielmann, "'The Listening Girl' holds a leading place. It is well painted and the expression is fresh as well as charming."

This picture, for which the late Marquis of Hertford paid a sum equivalent to $6,300, is one of the most popular of the twenty-one examples of Greuze's work in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, London.

'THE BROKEN PITCHER' PLATE II

NO picture by Greuze is so celebrated, nor has any been so often copied, as 'The Broken Pitcher' ('La Cruche Cassée'), now in the Louvre, Paris. She is familiar to us all, this young girl dressed in white, with a gauze scarf loosely tied about her neck, a violet ribbon and a flower in her chestnut-brown hair, and with an expression so naïve and charming as she holds her lapful of flowers and carries over one arm the pitcher that she has just broken that she has captivated the public taste from the time that she was first painted down to the present day.

Madame Roland, in a letter written before her marriage, speaks of visiting Greuze in his studio and of seeing 'The Broken Pitcher' there. "It represents a little girl," she writes, "innocent, fresh, and fair, who has broken her pitcher. She stands near the fountain where the accident has just taken place. Her eyes are not opened too wide, and her lips are still parted as she wonders how the misfortune happened and whether she is to blame. Nothing could be prettier nor more piquant, and the only fault to be found with Monsieur Greuze is that he has not made the little girl quite sorry enough to prevent her going to the fountain again! I told him this, and he was amused."

'The Broken Pitcher' is a thoroughly characteristic example of Greuze's favorite theme of Innocence in Distress, and if in this picture Innocence is a trifle theatrical in her pose, if she is, as M. Charles Normand has said, "a flower that has sprung up between the pavements of Paris," she has nevertheless retained sufficient freshness and charm to constitute one of Greuze's most fascinating creations.

'THE MILKMAID' PLATE III

'THE Milkmaid' ('La Laitière'), one of Greuze's most graceful and beautiful works, was sold soon after the painter's death for 7,210 francs ($1,442), but when bequeathed to the French nation by Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild in 1899, its value was estimated at 600,000 francs, or $120,000. It is now in the Louvre, Paris, where it hangs as a pendant to 'The Broken Pitcher' (plate II).

Greuze has here represented a milkmaid holding a measure in one of her pretty hands while she rests the other upon the neck of a brown horse laden with baskets. She wears a white dress and white linen cap. Touches of scarlet and amber produce a frank harmony of color. An idealized milkmaid, certainly, is this young girl of the type so often portrayed by Greuze —not one, as M. Charles Normand has said, whom we should expect to find in the barn-yard milking the cows, but for whose delicate beauty the operatic stage would be a more suitable setting, or the picturesque palace of the Little Trianon at Versailles, where so dainty and aristocratic a milkmaid might well have played at dairy work with Marie Antoinette.

'THE KISS' PLATE IV

THIS picture in Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's London Collection is so exquisitely graceful and tender that even those to whom Greuze's art does not appeal can hardly resist it. It offers "a supreme example of the art of that period of unreflective enjoyment and facile prettiness which this painter represented."

Technically, the painting is somewhat thin in quality and the composition mannered, but these faults are counterbalanced by the grace of the figure of the young girl who stands at a window draped with a green curtain to throw a kiss to her lover.

'PORTRALT OF THE COUNTESS MOLLIEN' PLATE V

THERE is a story that when Greuze, having painted the portrait of the Dauphin of France to that prince's satisfaction, was asked by him to paint one of the Dauphiness also, the artist, seeing the enormous quantity of rouge with which the lady's face was covered, hastily begged to be excused, adding with more sincerity than politeness, "I can't paint such heads as that!" If, however, Greuze was hampered by the artifices of rouge and powder, he was at his best when he undertook to transfer to his canvas the fresh and delicate colors of youth, as in this portrait of the little Countess Mollien, in which his brush has so well rendered the soft flesh, the curves of the rounded cheeks and exquisitely modeled little chin, and the unconscious expression in the eyes of the child, whose fair skin seems yet fairer by contrast with the black coats of the puppies that she holds in her lap.

'INNOCENCE' PLATE VI

THIS characteristic example of the art of Greuze is one of the most celebrated of his works in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, London. The motive of the picture was a favorite one with the artist, the keynote of whose work was sentiment, and who was fond of placing lambs and doves, emblems of innocence, in the arms of his pretty little girls; and although many of his faults are apparent in the picture—although the lamb is unreal and the little girl, like so many of her sisters, has the head of a child upon the shoulders of a woman, and is somewhat affected in her pose—there is, nevertheless, so much charm about the conception and beauty in its pre-

sentment that it is easy to understand the popular favor that has always been accorded to it.

'THE LETTER' PLATE VII

THIS picture in Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's Collection, London, is one of Greuze's most charming representations of those young girls whom he painted so frequently that, as Charles Blanc has said, "a whole convent might be peopled with them." The painting in this celebrated portrayal of his favorite subject is unusually delicate, the flesh-tones tender, the white drapery less like marble or plaster than is often the case in the artist's work, and both the pose and the expression of the face of the young girl, in whose hand is the letter that gives the picture its title, are free from the affectation that so frequently mars his compositions.

'THE VILLAGE BRIDE' PLATE VIII

'THE Village Bride' ('L'Accordée de Village') was exhibited at the Salon of 1761. It met with an immediate success and aroused the most enthusiastic praise from one and all. "At last I have seen this picture by our friend Greuze," wrote Diderot, "but it was not without some difficulty, for it continues to attract the crowd. . . . It is certainly the best thing that he has painted, and does him honor both as a painter skilled in his art and as a man of taste and genius. . . . The composition seems to me to be very good; the subject is full of pathos and appeals to the tenderest emotions."

The De Goncourts, writing a century and more later, when a truer estimate had been made of Greuze's artistic achievement, remark that the public "shut their eyes to the inharmonious colors, the discord of tones, the glittering of the lights, and all the faults of the picture, and were charmed, fascinated, captivated by the idea—in a word, by the *sentiment* which breathed from every portion of the canvas."

The scene of this celebrated picture is the interior of a cottage. A wedding has just taken place, and the notary, in a black coat and colored breeches, is seated at a table to the right holding the marriage contract in his hand. In the center the pretty young bride, dressed in white and with a rose in her bosom, bends gently towards her mother and sister, linking her arm the while within that of her husband. The father of the bride has given his son-in-law a bag containing his daughter's marriage portion, and with arms outstretched seems to address the young couple in heartfelt words. Another sister of the bride leans upon her father's chair, and several younger children, one of whom is engaged in feeding some chickens in the foreground, serve to enliven the scene. The picture is now in the Louvre, Paris.

'THE PUNISHED SON' PLATE IX

STUDIES for 'The Punished Son' ('Le Fils Puni') and its companion picture, 'The Father's Curse' ('La Malédiction Paternelle'), of which it is the sequel, were exhibited at the Salon of 1765 and produced a profound impression. Diderot, enraptured, praised them in extravagant terms. "This

is your painter and mine," he wrote, "the first who has attempted to introduce morality into art." His opinion reflected and expressed the general feeling of all who saw these two domestic dramas which attained so great a celebrity and added so much to the reputation of the painter, but which to our changed views and tastes seem theatrical, over-strained, and sensational.

Both the pictures painted from these studies are now in the Louvre, Paris. The first, 'The Father's Curse,' represents a father pronouncing a malediction upon his degenerate son in the presence of various members of the family, who, horror-stricken, are grouped about him in melodramatic attitudes. In the second picture, the one reproduced in plate IX, the son, who we are led to suppose from his wounded condition has been to the war, has returned to the paternal roof only to find his father lying dead, and his mother, sisters, and brothers distracted with grief. Overwhelmed with remorse, he bows his head in tears, realizing that his repentance has come too late.

Apart from the exaggerated sentiment of this picture, it is technically inferior to many of the painter's less ambitious and less famous works. The colors are dull and opaque and are rendered more so by the greenish-black, heavy background; the draperies, noticeably the coverlet of the bed, are solid and metallic in their folds, and the pose of many of the figures is strained and affected. But even when these and other faults are taken into consideration there is something striking in the composition—in the attitude and gesture of the mother as she shows her repentant son the dead body of his father, and in the calm face of the dead, contrasted with the agitated movement of the figures about the bedside. No wonder that in painting such scenes of domestic life, Greuze should have found favor with a public weary of the cold and ceremonious pictures of the court painters, and satiated as well with the countless heathen deities which adorned the canvases of Boucher and his followers; and that this painter of the life of the people, however artificial his portrayal of that life may now seem to be, should mark an epoch in the history of French art of the eighteenth century.

'PORTRAIT OF MLLE. SOPHIE ARNOULD' PLATE X

ALTHOUGH Greuze established his reputation and won his immense popularity by his portrayal of moral and sentimental scenes, and has retained it by his pictures of pretty young girls, it is nevertheless in portraiture that he is often at his best. There no insincerity nor affectation mars his work; indeed we are told that so faithfully did his brush transcribe the features and characteristics of a face that his portraits often failed to please his sitters. One of the most charming that he ever painted is the one in the Wallace Collection, London, reproduced in plate X, representing Mlle. Sophie Arnould, the celebrated French actress and singer, in which there is just a touch of the *poseuse*—"the affectation of the pretty woman who, with all her consummate wit and self-command, could not quite lose her self-consciousness when standing before the easel of the painter."

It has been stated that Sophie Arnould was not really beautiful—that her mouth was too large and her skin too dark; but all admit that her figure was

perfect, her presence graceful, and her fascination irresistible. In his portrait of this famous queen of the stage Greuze shows her to us with her broad hat tilted to one side, her air of easy confidence, and her attitude graceful, careless, and yet half-studied—all characteristic of the gifted actress and opera-singer who by her genius and her keen and subtle wit dazzled and dominated the brilliant world of France in the eighteenth century.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY GREUZE IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

OF the vast number of pictures painted by Greuze, many are in private collections, among the most notable of which are, in England, the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace, London, the Duke of Wellington's Collection at Apsley House, London, those of the Earl of Dudley, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, Lord Normanton, Lord Yarborough, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, who owns 'The Kiss' and 'The Letter' (plates IV and VII), Captain G. L. Holford, Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Beit, and Mr. Reginald Vaile; in Paris, the collections of the Duc de la Trémoille, of Count Greffühle, the Collection of Baron de Schlichting, of the Marquis de Laborde, the Marquis de Pange, the Countess de Goyon, M. Pradelle, M. Édouard André, M. Léon Say, and different members of the Rothschild family; in Germany, the Collection of Count Axel Wachtmeister at Wanas; in St. Petersburg, that of Prince Youssoupoff, who owns at least a dozen pictures by Greuze; and examples are to be found in private possession in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities of the United States. The following list includes the chief works by Greuze contained in collections that are accessible to the public.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. BUDAPEST GALLERY: Head of a Girl — VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Three Heads of Young Girls; Head of a Young Man — VIENNA, CZERNIN GALLERY: A Magdalene — ENGLAND. CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Beggar-boy; Beggar-girl — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Girl with an Apple; Girl with a Lamb; Two Heads of Girls — LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Innocence (Plate VI); Sorrow; Roguishness; Fidelity; The Listening Girl (Plate I); A Bacchante; Girl with a Scarf; Boy with a Dog; Portrait of Mlle. Sophie Arnould (Plate X); Ariadne; Girl in a Blue Dress; Girl in a White Dress; Portrait of a Lady; Girl with Doves; Study of Grief; The Offering to Cupid; The Broken Mirror; Girl Leaning on her Hand; Cupid with a Torch; Filial Piety; The Letter-writer — FRANCE. AIX MUSEUM: Triumph of Galatea; Study of a Child — ANGERS MUSEUM: Portrait of Madame de Porcin — BESANÇON MUSEUM: Paul Strogonoff as a Child; Head of a Girl — CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: 'Tendre Désir'; The Surprise; Two Heads of Girls — CHERBOURG MUSEUM: Portrait of Baron Denon — DIJON MUSEUM: Study of a Head — LILLE MUSEUM: Psyche Crowning Cupid — LYONS MUSEUM: Portrait of Greuze; The Kind Mother; The Artist's Daughter — MARSEILLES MUSEUM: Portrait of a Man — MONTPELLIER MUSEUM: Morning Prayer; 'Le Gâteau des Rois'; The Little Mathematician; Girl with a Basket; Girl with Folded Hands; Study of Old Man's Head; Portrait of a Young Girl; Study of a Child; Head of a Girl — NANTES MUSEUM: Portraits of M. de Saint-Morys and his Son — NIMES MUSEUM: Study of Old Woman's Head — PARIS, LOUVRE: The Emperor Severus Rebuking Caracalla; The Village Bride (Plate VIII); The Father's Curse; The Punished Son (Plate IX); The Broken Pitcher (Plate II); The Milk-maid (Plate III); Portrait of Étienne Jeaurat; Portrait of a Man; Portrait of Duval; Head of a Girl; Danaë; Portrait of Gensonné; Portrait of Fabre d'Eglantine; Portrait of Greuze (Page 64); Portrait of Greuze (sketch); Head of a Boy; Two Studies of Young Girls — TROYES MUSEUM: Portrait of Baculard d'Arnaud — VERSAILLES, PALACE: Portrait of Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Head of a Girl — GOTHA GALLERY: The Emperor Caracalla — LEIPSIC MUSEUM: Study of a Woman — METZ MUSEUM: Danaë; Head of Bacchus; Head of a Boy; Portrait of Count d'Angevilliers — MUNICH GALLERY: Head of a Young Girl —

HOLLAND. ROTTERDAM, BOYMANS' MUSEUM: The Happy Mother — ITALY. ROME, ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE: Contemplation — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Death of a Paralytic; Head of a Girl; Head of a Young Man; Head of a Boy — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: Girl with Dead Canary; Girl with Broken Pitcher (study for 'The Broken Pitcher' in the Louvre); Girl with Folded Hands; Boy with Lesson-book; Cottage Interior — GLASGOW, CORPORATION GALLERIES: The Sulky Boy; Head of a Child — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: 'Le Chapeau blanc' (loaned) — NEW YORK, GALLERY OF ART OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY: A Nymph of Diana; Replica of 'L'Avengle trompé'; Portrait of the Duke de Choiseul; Head of a Young Girl; Virginie (a study); Sketch of a Female Head.

Greuze Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS DEALING WITH GREUZE

THE most complete studies of the life and works of Greuze are the biography of the artist contained in 'L'Art du XVIII^me^ siècle' by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt (Paris, 1881-82), and M. Charles Normand's monograph 'Greuze' (Paris, 1885). The 'Notice sur Greuze' by Madame C. de Valori, published in the *Revue Universelle des Arts*, 1860; and a special number of *L'Artiste*, 1868, form valuable additions.

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The Engravings of

Albrecht Dürer

GERMAN SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
FROM THE ENGRAVING ON COPPER

ALBRECHT DÜRER
MELANCHOLIA

ALBRECHT DÜRER
CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS
FROM "THE GREAT PASSION"

Microfilm

ALBRECHT DÜRER
THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

UofM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

FROM THE ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER

ALBRECHT DÜRER

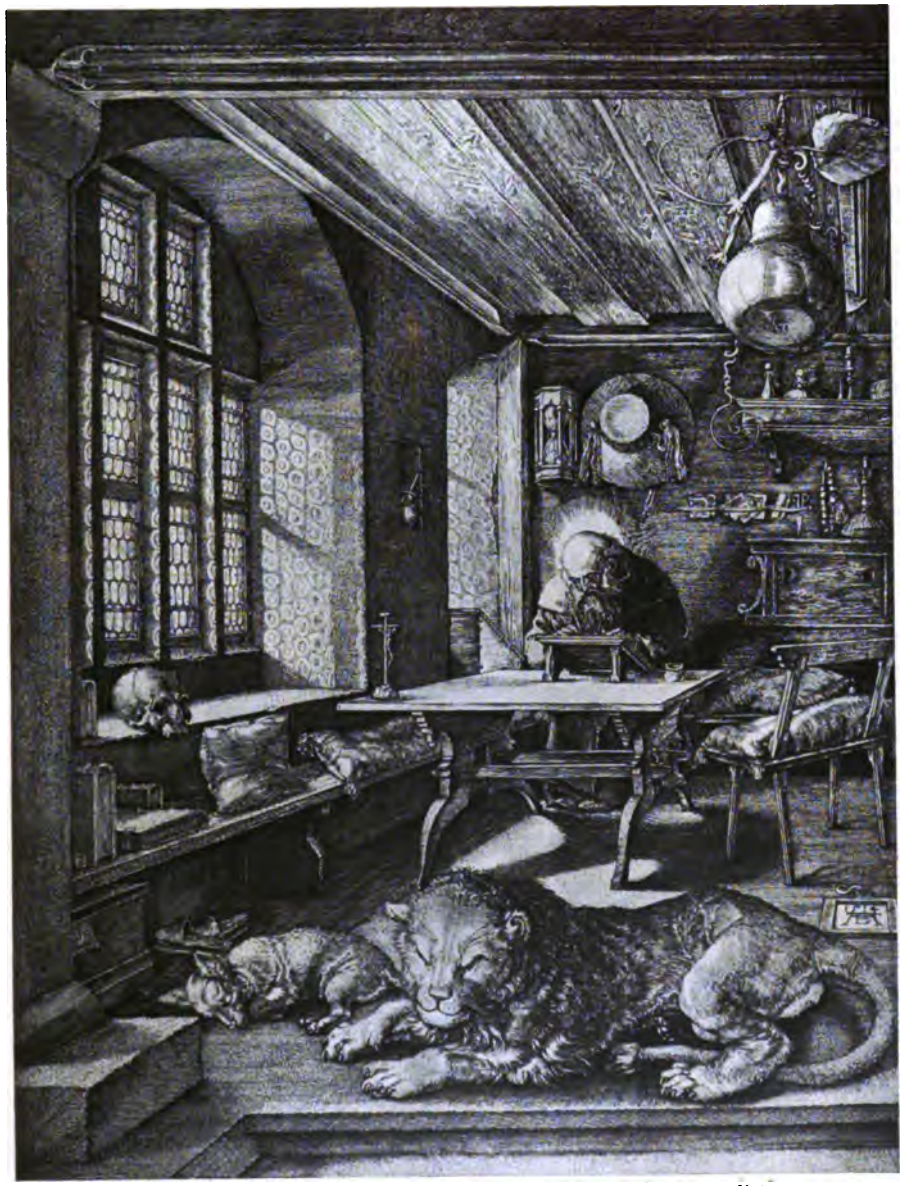
THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

FROM 'THE PASSION ON COPPER'

ESP

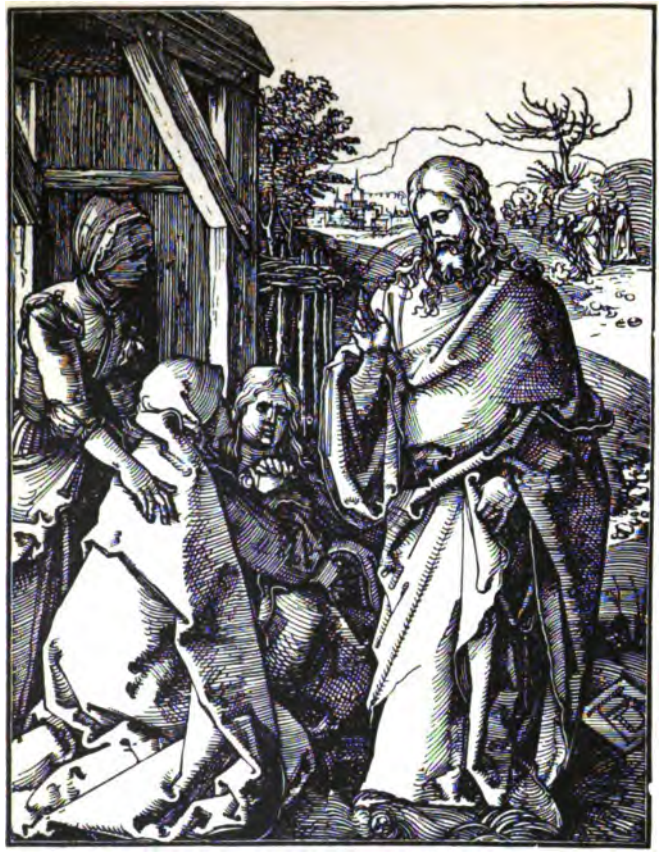
ALBRECHT DÜRER
ST. EUSTACE



ALBRECHT DÜRER
ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY

ALBRECHT DÜRER
THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL

Mael



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MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

FROM THE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD

ALBRECHT DÜRER

CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER

CHRIST AS THE GARDENER

FROM 'THE LITTLE PASSION'

SECRET

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
FROM THE ENGRAVING ON COPPER
[108]

ALBRECHT DÜRER
THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH THE MONKEY

Main

ALBRECHT DÜRER
THE REPOSE IN EGYPT
FROM 'THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN'

PORTRAIT OF DÜRER BY HIMSELF — PRADO GALLERY, MADRID

Dürer painted this carefully executed portrait of himself when he was twenty-six years old. He is fashionably dressed in a tight-fitting white coat bordered with black, a fine gold-embroidered linen shirt cut low in the neck, and a black and white striped cap. A violet mantle, held in place by a black and white cord, falls over one shoulder. His gray gloved hands rest on a parapet; and through a window in the background is seen a landscape with snow-capped hills.

Albrecht Dürer

BORN 1471: DIED 1528
GERMAN SCHOOL

The present monograph treats only of Dürer's engravings. His paintings were considered in MASTERS IN ART, Volume 2, Part 15, in which will be found a fuller and more detailed account of his life and further criticisms of his art. The following biographical sketch, amplified in parts, is taken from an article by Albert Fleming in *The English Illustrated Magazine* for 1890.

IN Dürer we have a definite national type. A Teuton always, with stubborn Gothic elements ever struggling against the spirit of the Renaissance, he expresses the old northern delight in the grotesque, its instant sacrifice of grace to truth, its love of pure craftsmanship, and its quaint mingling of austerity and playfulness. All the fifty-seven years of his life he lived in one city, Nuremberg—"that venerable city, my Fatherland." I know of no life so clearly defined, within its limits, as Dürer's. His work is wrought in the clear light of a godly and quiet life, not defiled by pride nor soiled by luxury—a life so beautiful in its serene completeness that it shines down upon us still, through nearly four hundred years, with an ever-widening splendor of repute.

In 1471, Nuremberg, of all places north of the Alps, was the ideal birthplace for an artist. True always to the emperor, true always to herself, Nuremberg was the supreme type of a free town. She was a Venice clothed in homespun. All the trade of the East paused at her gates. Already the city had produced a long list of great men when Albrecht Dürer came as the coronal of all. There was Peter Vischer, "the inspired brazier," as he called himself; Veit Stoss, whose carving greets you still in the old city; Adam Kraft, busy with his wonderful ambry, or sacrament house; and, above all, a certain Hans Sachs, who made boots and verses, both excellently.

Dürer was one of a family of eighteen. Thus with quaint precision does his father register his coming into the world: "At six o'clock on St. Prudentius' day, the Friday in Holy Week, 1471, my housewife bore another son, to whom Anton Koburger was godfather, and he called him Albrecht, after me."

Dürer's art life began, like Verocchio's and Leonardo da Vinci's, in the

training of a goldsmith's workshop—in Dürer's case, his father's. After that he was apprenticed to the painter and engraver Michael Wolgemut, from whom he learned the technicalities of his art. After his three years' apprenticeship was over Dürer went on his *Wanderjahre* and traveled for four years. No one knows whither he journeyed; he himself chronicles his wanderings in four bare lines. Perhaps he went to Venice; certainly to Colmar, where the works of Martin Schongauer (then just dead) impressed him. Directly he returned home, a certain wealthy burgher, one Hans Frey, treated with the elder Dürer, in the usual commercial fashion, for his son; and in a few weeks Albrecht found himself married to pretty Agnes Frey, round whom a tremendous controversy has raged; hitherto she has been ranked as a shrew, but is now rehabilitated. The charge against her rests mainly on a memorable letter written by her husband's old friend, Wilibald Pirkheimer, just after Dürer's death. He says in effect that Agnes worried Albrecht into his grave. He admits that she was virtuous and pious, but candidly owns that he would for his part "prefer a light woman who behaved in a friendly way, to such a nagging, suspicious, scolding, pious woman."

In 1498 appeared Dürer's sixteen great woodcuts of the 'Apocalypse,' which introduced a new epoch in the art of wood-engraving. These were soon followed by the famous copperplate of 'Adam and Eve,' a demonstration of Dürer's theories of human proportions, and the result of the influence of the half Venetian, half German artist, Jacopo di Barbari (called in Germany Jacob Walch), from whom Dürer learned much in the science of the structure of the human body. Many other engravings may be assigned to this period, notably several of the series on wood known as 'The Great Passion,' completed some years later, and almost the whole series of the twenty designs, also on wood, that form 'The Life of the Virgin.'

In the autumn of 1505 occurred Dürer's memorable visit to Venice. He was weary with work and greatly desired change; perhaps, as Vasari says, he had war in his heart against fraudulent Marcantonio, the Italian engraver, and his forgeries. So he borrowed money of Pirkheimer and fared forth on horseback, and at last reached Venice. Giovanni Bellini was then very old, but magnificent still; Vittore Carpaccio was in his prime; and Titian and Giorgione were young but already waxing famous. From Venice Dürer wrote ten letters home to his friend Pirkheimer—vivid, eager letters brightened by a kind of lumbering humor. At first he finds many good fellows among the artists at Venice, so that it "holds one's heart up," but after a time jealousies arise, and they find that he does not lean enough to the "antique;" but Bellini, though his eyes are dim with ninety years, sees and honors his work. They said—and said truly—that Dürer was better in engraving than in color; but this so vexed him that he painted his great picture of the 'Feast of the Rose Garlands,' and that, he says, silenced them. He himself says, "It is good and beautiful in color;" but posterity has repeated what the Venetians said.

Dürer resisted the influence of Italian art, and Andrea Mantegna, whose death prevented their meeting, to Dürer's great regret, alone permanently

affected him. In 1507 he journeyed home, where he formed a school, and pupils and apprentices gathered round him. Quaint traditions used to be repeated (till Professor Thausing disproved them), telling how the thrifty Agnes had a peep-hole made in the ceiling of his studio, and would rap overhead if she found him idling over his work. But he never did idle: from 1507 to 1514 no less than forty-eight engravings and over one hundred woodcuts were produced by Dürer. Among his principal engraved works executed at this time may be mentioned the series of sixteen plates known as 'The Passion on Copper;' another series of thirty-seven woodcuts forming 'The Little Passion;' and the celebrated copperplates of 'Melancholia,' 'The Knight, Death, and the Devil,' and 'St. Jerome in his Study.' "Verily," as was said of Sir Walter Raleigh, "he could toil terribly." In 1509 came the painting of the famous 'Assumption of the Virgin.' Linked with this picture is the no less famous correspondence between Dürer and the man who gave him the commission—one Jacob Heller, a rich merchant of Frankfort. At last, after many angry letters, the picture was finished, and Dürer was greatly pleased with the good work in it. "It will last fresh and clean," he wrote to Heller, "for five hundred years," but holy water was not to be sprinkled on it, nor was Heller to venture to varnish it. Dürer wound up the matter by saying that henceforth he should stick to his engravings, else he would become a beggar. The famous picture was not destined to last five hundred years, for it was burned at Munich in 1674. Bearing in mind what 'The Feast of the Rose Garlands' may once have been, and what 'The Adoration of the Trinity,' now in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna, still is, the Heller 'Assumption' must have been Dürer's greatest achievement in actual painting; but still we are compelled to indorse the opinion of those Venetian painters who said that he was greater at engraving than at painting. A dozen men have given us pictures more wonderful than these, but in all the wide realm of art no man has arisen who could give us another 'Melancholia,' a 'Knight, Death, and the Devil,' or a 'St. Jerome.'

Between the years 1514 and 1519 Dürer was engaged upon work for the Emperor Maximilian, in whose favor the Nuremberg artist stood high. For this august patron he decorated with his own hands with marginal arabesques the celebrated 'Prayer Book of Maximilian,' which is still preserved at Munich; and in the emperor's honor, and upon his commission, designed an immense work in wood-engraving in two parts, one of which, composed of ninety-two blocks, was to represent when put together 'The Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Maximilian,' and the other was an allegory called 'The Triumphal Car of the Emperor Maximilian.'

In 1520, the year following the death of the emperor, Dürer set off on a tour in the Netherlands, taking with him his wife and her maid Susanna. In his diary he has carefully recorded his daily expenses, what he gave to his hosts and what they gave him, how many prints he sold, and above all, the banquets he went to, and all the other high and stately junketings. He had kept fresh the healthy faculty of wonder, and records how they showed him a golden sun and a silver moon, and armor and head-gear, and strange

clothes, and "never," he adds, "in all the days of my life, have I seen anything that so rejoiced my heart as these things." He bought all kinds of curiosities, and was often swindled, for he ends by saying, "I am a fool at a bargain."

Dürer lived for seven years after his return to Nuremberg, but already sickness had begun to break him down. He busied himself with scientific writings, with engraving on copper, and with the execution of the famous paintings of the four 'Apostles,' now in the Munich Gallery, which he presented to the town of Nuremberg. But illness now pressed him close; the busy hand and head were weary; and on April 6, 1528, as spring brightened the rich Franconian fields, Dürer laid down the burden of his long laborious days. All through life he had dreaded death, but towards the end he grew to welcome its approach, and so gentle was his departure that his friends hardly knew the moment of his death. They carried him out to the quiet cemetery of St. John, along the road lined by Adam Kraft's solemn Stations of the Cross. Often Dürer said and wrote that perfect truth in art was never to be attained in this life, yet he served truth strenuously all his days, dedicating to her service the fervor of his youth and the assured skill of his ripened years.

The Art of Dürer

CHARLES PEBODY 'THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE' 1878

ALBRECHT DÜRER was, like Luther, the man of his time. The year in which he saw the light was the year in which Caxton set up his printing-press in Westminster Abbey and the Pope sent Savonarola to the stake. The public mind of Europe was quickening for a great revolution, and the life of Dürer was coincident with one of the stormiest periods in its history. It was coincident with the great struggle between light and darkness, between knowledge and ignorance, and in that struggle Dürer as an artist took a conspicuous and honorable part. He was the Luther of art. He was not the first of the race of engravers; that distinction belongs partly to Martin Schongauer, partly to Hans Grün, and partly to Jacob Walch. These men had shown by their use of the graver what could be done upon wood, and Albrecht Dürer inherited, with a genius all his own, the result of their lifelong labors. The tools were ready to the hands of the workman when the workman appeared, and Dürer possessed the instinct and skill to use them. What a generation of engravers had done indifferently well, that Albrecht Dürer did superlatively well; and appearing at a time when Europe was stirring itself from the sloth and superstition of ages, his engravings traveled far and near, were eagerly bought, and treasured with intense appreciation where the sheets of Schongauer, of Grün, and of Walch were glanced at with ignorant admiration and awe. . . .

The man's character comes out in his works—his imagination, his truthfulness, his grave cast of thought, and his grotesque earnestness of manner;

and these, with his keen eye for effect, for form, and the multiform variations of light and shade, are distinguishable in all that he did. In the slightest thing that passed from his graver, as well as in the most finished production from his easel, he put his heart and soul into whatever he did, and throughout his life acted rigidly up to his own maxim that art and nature ought to be interchangeable terms, and that perfect art is the highest expression of nature. . . .

Even in the crudest of his designs a rich and tender fancy is distinguishable through the quaint symbolism of his subject, and the worst of his faults are set off by the firm and delicate touches which marked every piece that came from his burin. Dürer's technical skill is a skill that has seldom been surpassed, and it has been well said that, if we merely consider his command of the graver as well as the neatness and clearness of his stroke, he will appear an artist of extraordinary merit, not only for the time in which he lived, but at any period of the art that has succeeded him. Even after the experience of over four centuries it would be difficult to find a more perfect specimen of executive excellence than the 'St. Jerome' engraved in 1514. His woodcuts are equal to the best of those of Hugo da Carpi; and the wood-engravers who flourished in Italy and Germany in the sixteenth century owed all their excellence to his example and inspiration. . . . Dürer was indeed the first to make the skill of an engraver rank with the fine arts. As a painter he had many rivals—successful rivals—men whose works were superior to his in color, in drawing, in execution; but as an engraver he stood alone, and almost all the reputation that he enjoyed beyond the gates of his native city was derived from the circulation of his prints. The Italian engraver, Marcantonio, reproduced them south of the Alps with rare precision and finish, marked them with Dürer's initials, and sold them in Venice, in Florence, and in Rome. In Germany, France, Spain, and Belgium the originals were to be seen everywhere—exquisite works of art in themselves—manifesting the highest gifts of imagination, mingled with touches of character worthy of the Flemish painter Teniers, and imbued in every line with the religious spirit of the time. These engravings of Dürer stood, as they still stand, quite alone. They were a fresh revelation to the world; and, as a fresh revelation, they brought him all the honor that oil-paintings brought to the brothers Van Eyck, all the honor that the cartoons in the Vatican brought to Raphael, and all the honor that the glories of the Sistine Chapel brought to Michelangelo.

EDWIN WILEY 'THE OLD AND THE NEW RENAISSANCE'

DESPITE the spirituality of Dürer's nature, his love for the real was so intense that it became at times a more or less unattractive mannerism. It seemed as if he could not get beyond the confines of his daily life, and for this reason he fails to approximate ideal beauty. The harshness and ruggedness of the German life of his day, its lack of grace and loveliness, are revealed in his art, yet through its very uncouthness at times shines the glory of superb genius. That power and earnestness which shattered the fabric of the greatest hierarchal tyranny the world has ever known are evident in the

work of this man's hand. He holds us by the sheer magnetic force of his genius even when more ideal treatment of ideal themes fails to have lasting charm. . . .

How much of this realism is due to personal idiosyncrasy and how much to custom and artistic tradition, it is difficult to determine; yet it is true that Dürer is not the only one guilty of this fault, for the Holbeins, Schongauer, and the other German painters reveal the same tendency to err in the direction of strength rather than of delicacy, of vitality rather than of ideality. Along with Martin Luther, the painters of Germany were also reformers; and so supremely did they hate evil, even though it might be clothed in tissues of silver and gold, that they went to the other extreme and glorified the common and the ugly. The light of beauty, however, was in Dürer's soul, and here and there in his work it gleams forth clear and radiant. . . .

Like that other great thinker and painter Michelangelo, Dürer humbly ascribes his noble genius to divine inspiration, teaching also that "art lies in nature; and who can draw her out obtains her, and, once obtained, she will glorify your art."

Another trait that Dürer had in common with Michelangelo was the tremendous seriousness of his art. Here was no half-hearted endeavor, no jesting with eternal verities, no sacrificing of the meaning to the method. The Teutonic melancholy of his nature, deepened in a mind so intense, caused him ever to wrestle with life's great questions, always foiled, yet always divinely hopeful. The problems of life, death, and evil held him as they have held mankind since the human mind awoke to their realization, yet which come to temperaments like Dürer's with tragic insistence. "Whence came we, and whither bound?" These were the questions that surged in upon the man standing, as he was, upon the threshold of the modern world—questions that had gained sad emphasis from the long years of struggle just past.

S. R. KOEHLER 'GROLIER CLUB CATALOGUE OF DÜRER'S ENGRAVINGS'[1]

OF all the artists whose names are in everybody's mouth, Dürer is the one least understood. Max Allihn is quite right when he says of some of his compositions that they "may be fittingly likened to the sphinx of the old legend, for they attack every one who, either as critic or historian, or harmless wanderer, enters the realm of art, and propose to him their insolvable riddles."

The difficulties which beset the Dürer student are manifold, and of a peculiar kind. Rembrandt, who always comes up in the mind as Dürer's rival in the fascination which he exercises upon those who venture within the reach of his influence, repulses at first by his apparent ugliness, and to the specialist in prints brings many a sore trial through the Protean shapes which his plates assume in the way of "states;" but as to the subject-matter of his compositions, it is as easily understood as the conversation of a neighbor of to-day. But with Dürer it is different. It seems as if it were even more difficult to understand him than the older artists still farther removed from us, not only in time,

[1] Courtesy of the Grolier Club.

but also in feeling. And therein we may possibly find a first clue to the nature of our troubles. These older men were of the same metal throughout, and thus present a unity which, although foreign to us, we may hope to understand by contrast. Rembrandt, on the other hand, is thoroughly modern, and we understand him, therefore, by similarity. Dürer, however, is neither the one nor the other; or rather, he is both. We think we have divined his innermost thoughts by approaching him from the side of the middle ages, when, lo and behold, we suddenly find ourselves face to face with an idea with which the middle ages had nothing to do; and we are equally vanquished if we look at him from a modern point of view. It is this, precisely, that makes him so thoroughly typical of his age, which was racked and confused by conflicting desires: the love of, and inability to get away from, old ideals; an undefined longing for the new out of which the modern world was to rise; and the vain hope that by returning to the dead past, as embodied in the Rome of antiquity, the two might be reconciled and enjoyed together.

But the difficulties which the age in general interposes are measurably increased in Dürer's case by his nationality. He was a German, or, more broadly speaking, a Northerner. To the limitations which bound all the intellects of his time there were added those which inhered in his race. However the spirit of classical antiquity might be misunderstood on the other side of the Alps, the favored son of the south had at least retained through all the vicissitudes of the dark ages an instinctive feeling of form and refinement which his northern brother had never possessed. . . .

To these racial difficulties, however, there must finally be added in the case of Dürer still others which arise out of the individuality of the artist himself. With Faust, he also might have sighed that two souls dwelt within his breast: one, that of the scientific investigator, the man of facts, the reasoner; the other, that of the artist, burning with a constant yearning for the visual embodiment of his longings, which included ever evasive visions of beauty. It was the conflict between these two tendencies, and the endeavor to reconcile them, which still further helped to mar Dürer's art. Over and over again he repeats, in the many drafts for passages in his theoretical works which he left behind, that the artist is full of figures inside, which he would not have time enough to draw were he to live a hundred years or more; and quite as often he warns the young artist that the truth is in nature. As to beauty, he quite agrees with Raphael: "But what Beauty may be, that I know not." While, however, Raphael was content to follow his artistic instinct, Dürer thirsted for knowledge. It was his never-tiring endeavor to find the key that would unlock the secret of beauty in the human form and put him into the possession of the ideal measurements according to which might be constructed a perfect body. It was the old vain struggle after the absolute, leading at last to disenchantment, if it does not lead to intellectual death—and Dürer was no exception. In spite of the fact that he was just engaged in seeing his book on proportions through the press when death overtook him, he acknowledged to his friend Pirkheimer that only late towards the evening of life had he learned to esteem at its true value the simplicity of nature, and there is

no denying that his speculative labors exerted a deadening influence on his art. Moved by these conflicting impulses, we see him, almost from the very beginning of his career, draw ugly naturalistic figures, which are the outcome of his speculations and his striving after the absolute.

Noting all his limitations, and listening to all the "ifs" and "buts," what, it may be asked, is there left to explain Dürer's fame and the value universally set upon his works? There is probably no other artist who is so freely criticized as Dürer by even his most ardent admirers. That he really was not a *painter* in the modern sense of the word is all but universally admitted; that he rarely, if ever, attained beauty; that most of his compositions are next to impossible to understand; and worse than all, that much of his engraving, which is that part of his work by which he is most widely known, is commonplace and has the flavor of market ware, being redeemed only by careful and conscientious workmanship—all these points are equally conceded. And yet, ask whomsoever you please to name to you the six greatest artists of the past, and Dürer is sure to be amongst them. Here is another enigma, seemingly the greatest of them all. To the real student of Dürer, however,—to him who knows the story of his aspirations and his struggles,—this apparent enigma is not insolvable. The story of Dürer's life is a sad one, and it expresses itself in his art. The man "full of figures inside;" the true artist to whom the greatest need of life was to give form to that which was in him; the spirit that yearned for the truth and longed to see ideal beauty, living in the sixteenth century in a burgher community like Nuremberg, at the commencement of the Reformation, which tended rather to lead men away from than towards art; compelled to work for markets and fairs, where his wares were exposed to the gaze and the criticism of peasants and lansquenets, and others of like ilk, together with "Lebkuchen" and nuts and even less esthetic things—what an anomaly! And, moreover, hampered in himself by the racial shortcomings, intensified by those of the individual discussed above! It is truly an elevating spectacle to see so much achieved under such terrible limitations, and our hearts go out in pity towards the man who bravely carries on the unequal struggle, so that we are ready to sympathize with him, even in his defeats.

If, however, Dürer had no other claim on the public in general, the argument just advanced might be open to the charge of begging the question, and the universal estimation in which he is held would still be unexplained. We shall, therefore, have to continue our questioning, and the answer received is this: It is a patent fact that most of Dürer's designs, and this is more especially true of his engravings, exercise a strong fascination over the beholder, even while they are not in the least understood—a welcome assurance that the admiration expressed by those who have not taken the pains to study them is not all mere lip service. It is precisely their enigmatical character which proves to be their strength; and this enigmatical character, again, is due, in the sense now under consideration, to the curious mixture of allegory and realism, of vague idea and definite form, which characterizes them and invests them with the charm of a vivid dream. There is

such intense outward life in them that it seems almost impossible not to be able to comprehend them; and yet their meaning is so hidden to us, or so intangible in itself, that it evades us at the very moment when we hope to grasp it. It is the lack of this contrast between intangible essence and tangible form that makes all later allegory so distasteful. In it, wrongly so-called idealized forms—that is to say, forms out of which all individuality has been generalized—are united with unpictorial ideas, and the result is an unutterable insipidity from which Dürer's realism happily saves him. We must not forget, however, that this fascinating incongruity is not of Dürer's intending, and we must be careful, therefore, not to impute wrong motives to him. But in this unconsciousness again lies part of the fascination of his work—a fascination which it shares with much of the work of the primitive Italians—it is naïve. There is incongruity also in much of the most modern art, but it is conscious—it is not naïve—wherefore it betrays itself as spurious and is condemned.

RICHARD FORD HEATH 'ALBRECHT DÜRER'

IT is chiefly in Dürer's engravings that we are able to get an insight into the depths of his character. Perfect in detail and marvelous in execution, each one conveys a lesson often too deep for minds unaccustomed to introspection, unmoved by the questionings and doubts, the hopes and the despair, which afflict a nature dissatisfied with the conditions in which it exists, and striving ever to fathom the surrounding mysteries. Given to melancholy thoughts from his earlier years, and seldom able to divest himself of them, restless in the pursuit of knowledge, Dürer's mind was full of the fantastic shapes which appear in the creations of his pencil. Humble and faithful in his search after good, he was rewarded by revelations which he strove to communicate. The more subtle and diversified his fancies, the more careful is he in giving them expression, lest any fragment should be lost. Hence the strange variety of forms, the wonderful mixture of the sublime and the homely, the real and the imaginary, which crowd upon a single picture—legends from those shadowy lands reserved for the visits of genius, relieving the monotonous story of every-day life.

JOHN LA FARGE 'MC CLURE'S MAGAZINE' 1902[1]

IT is by engraving that Dürer made a reputation which, great at the beginning, has never decreased. To this new art of engraving he gave some of the characters of painting, and developed it both on copper and on wood in special manners of which the technical success is still the highest mark reached in each special line. He progressed slowly, his first work being little distinguishable from that of others; but as he obtained control of his material he gave to his work the result of continuous outside study, and acquired a firm confidence which is, perhaps, as striking as the delicacy of skill and the strange capacity for copying nature. And yet it is in the ruder work that one can best gauge the extraordinary quality of mind brought to ordinary

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popular work. We little think to-day of the practical use of his religious images with the ordinary public of Catholic countries. This demand began with the invention of engraving and printing and the improved manufacture of paper, all of which are just developed as Dürer begins to draw. He made for the ordinary public a number of woodcuts, then accepted by the public as in the run of trade, and now ranking with the great works of less humble appeal and materials. 'The Life of the Virgin,' as later 'The Passion of Christ,' gave cheap pictures, as accessible to the common likings and kindly feelings of the multitude as they seem to the special lovers of art masterpieces of design and examples of technical fitness. Perhaps the very fact of a more humble material allowed Dürer to display in some of these, and notably in the great 'Apocalypse,' without timidity or fear of comparison in technique, a grasp of imagination unsurpassed by the efforts of any artist at any time.

They are, perhaps, the only designs which seem adequate to the prophetic poetry of the text. The images of the words are translated literally into facts with the vision of actual sight, as if in a record of those things that one feels assured of in dreamland. He has mentioned himself the effort to recall the wonders of his dreams on waking, and also the fact, simple to every artist, that the number of his imaginings was greater than he could possibly record. It is useless to describe these great and simple works of art—the woodcuts. A single copy is worth more than pages of admiration or explanation. We may note in them (though less, perhaps, than in the great engravings on copper) the passionate desire to reproduce in every piece of work something studied or observed, and to make of such details both an interesting addition and a manner of continuous progress in study. This in the other engravings —those on copper—which are carried to extraordinary finish of accuracy, is so great that to an artist accustomed to analyze the original form of conception it might almost seem that the study is the main thing, and that the great artist has dignified the study by beauties of texture and line; and yet more, as if the most precious and most difficult was the easiest, by an impression of poetry powerful as the finest verse or musical sound. . . .

In Dürer's works "Nuremberg's hand goes through every land," according to the proverb. But the German side of his work is its limitation. The national or race side of any work of art is its weakness. What is called German is probably nothing more than a form of less lengthy civilization. The reason of the superiority of Italian expression in art is the extreme antiquity of its origins, which for thousands of years have never aimed at a national, but on the contrary, at a general, human expression. Not that Dürer was guilty of error in this, but his habits were those of his training (a training struggling into shape). His personal expression is not exactly Teutonic; rather, perhaps, that of his Hungarian ancestry. Whatever may be the hidden causes upon which his own efforts worked, he is one of the world's great masters. His fortunes were so shaped by duty as to prevent his having obtained the desire of his life, to become a painter equal to his extraordinary capacities. But the history of engraving cannot be understood without him. The work of his life is behind every print we see.

ALFRED WOLTMANN AND KARL WOERMANN 'GESCHICHTE DER MALEREI'

ALBRECHT DÜRER was the most original, the most thoughtful, and the most imaginative German artist of any period. His greatness was fully recognized by his contemporaries, and his fame quickly spread far beyond the limits of his own country. The Italians regarded him as the greatest foreign artist of his time, admitting that he might have been as great as the greatest of the Italians if fate had so ordained that he had lived in Florence or in Rome and had had opportunities to study the antique. It cannot be denied that Dürer lacked that purity and simplicity of form which gives the greatest Italians their higher rank; but if the importance of an artist's influence is to be estimated by the independence of his genius—always taking into consideration the conditions of his life and period—Dürer's very peculiarities may be said to have made him what he is to German art. . . .

It was by engravings and woodcuts that his fame was first and most widely known. The inventive draftsman and the actual engraver of woodcuts were, generally speaking, two different persons; and Dürer was accustomed to draw on the block with the pen or brush, and intrust the cutting to others skilled in that special kind of work. So that, when we speak of Dürer's woodcuts, we mean only the drawings that he made for them. By his skill, however, in adapting his designs to the conditions of the material and technique, he was a reformer in this branch of art. Before him wood-engraving had been restricted almost exclusively to outline, which was frequently colored afterwards by hand; but Dürer, by introducing light and shade, imparted to the woodcuts *tone*, instead of coloring.

Dürer's engravings on copper, however—not less than a hundred executed by his own hand—are a more direct record of his personal impressions and method than the woodcuts. In them we can best study his many-sided genius, his profound mind, and his original interpretation and rendering of life. . . . Moreover, these works enable us, better than do his woodcuts, to follow the progress of his development in style and drawing. In his early productions we see the stiff and awkward forms of Wolgemut's school; after his first visit to Italy the influence of Mantegna becomes apparent; and under that of Jacopo di Barbari we find him eagerly studying the laws of human proportions, and finally being led by his own individual love of nature and feeling for style to an independent conception and an intrinsically German Renaissance.

Nowhere, indeed, more clearly than in Dürer's engraved works do we find interpreted the feelings and the trend of thought of his day. Religious subjects occupy the most prominent place in his achievement, and it was in his earlier rather than in his later years that he portrayed mythological themes, closely allied to which are the allegories in which he shows himself to be a true son of his time. Of these the most remarkable perhaps of all, and the most interesting, are the 'Melancholia,' of the year 1514, and the purely German 'Knight, Death, and the Devil,' of 1513. . . .

Never did an artist struggle more earnestly than did Dürer to master and

to express his ideal of truth and beauty; his scientific writings prove this as plainly as the vast mass of his studies and his finished works. We see the traces of this struggle in the differences of style resulting from foreign influences; but the independence of his mind and his strongly marked nationality constantly triumph; invariably the force of his individuality is more powerful than any outside influence. While he inherited the hardness, angularity, and ungraciousness characteristic of the school in which he grew up, yet the freedom and purity of style achieved by his Italian contemporaries undoubtedly left some mark upon his work. It was, however, characteristic of Dürer that he never was an imitator; all that he derived from others he absorbed and assimilated, making it fundamentally his own before giving it expression. We see this in his seemingly fruitless speculations on the value of numbers in the proportions of the human figure; and also in his unbounded reverence for nature, which, in spite of the intense idealism of his conceptions, made him one of the most realistic artists that have ever lived. No artist in all the world, perhaps, ever drew every stroke with such conscientious forethought as did Dürer in his best time. It is for this reason that his compositions impress us to this day as being the best—nay, the only—way of treating their subjects; and that his sketches and studies, especially of landscape, impress us as being absolutely original—everything that he touched seeming to be stamped with his own individuality and with his unmistakable nationality. It was for this reason too that engraving, or even a delicately executed pen-and-ink drawing, a water-color, or a slight sketch on parchment sufficed to give expression to his thoughts. . . .

The oftener we return to the study of Dürer the more we care for him and appreciate him. His beauties seldom lie on the surface; but the deeper we penetrate into his art the grander does he appear. No one who considers his work as a whole, absorbing it into his mind as a lasting intellectual possession, can fail to feel that, in spite of much superficial ruggedness, Dürer is one of the few great masters of all races and of all times.—FROM THE GERMAN

The Engravings of Dürer

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MELANCHOLIA' PLATE I

ENDLESS speculation has been aroused by this most famous of Dürer's engravings, but in spite of the many theories advanced as to its meaning, it remains to this day an unsolved enigma. In his Netherlands diary Dürer speaks of the print (executed in 1514) as the 'Melancholy'—a title that is inscribed on the picture itself—and according to the opinion of Professor Thausing and others, it is the first in a series of engravings typifying the 'Four Temperaments' (see plates VI and VII). The original measures a trifle over nine by seven inches.

"The picture," writes Mr. Edwin Wiley, "reveals the figure of a robed

woman with wide-spreading wings, bearing keys and a purse at her girdle, her head wreathed with a garland of spleenwort. She is gazing, with the look betokening a wearied brain, across a dark and sullen sea. At her feet sleeps a great wolf-hound, while an unhappy looking Cupid makes idle marks upon a slate. Scattered about the feet of the woman are the tools of carpentry and other crafts, mingled with apparatus for alchemy and necromancy. A ladder, which apparently rises from nowhere and leads to nowhere, stands near a great block of stone hewn into a strange shape. Around the base of a monumental structure, just behind the winged figure, hang an hour-glass, a magic square, empty balances, and a silent bell. In the far background, lit by the mingled light from a rainbow and a fearful comet, a dead and dreary waste of water laps the wharves of a deserted city. Across the strangely lighted sky flies a horrible batlike creature, both demon and beast, bearing a scroll upon which is inscribed the legend MELENCOLIA. . . .

"Whatever may have been in the artist's mind when he drew the many symbols of this picture, it may be taken as a vision of a mood that comes not seldom to the artistic and creative mind, and as a profound though unconscious commentary on the spirit of the Renaissance itself. As on a magic screen, Dürer has revealed in concrete form that divine unrest, that unceasing quest for change, which will not permit the soul a moment's surcease from activity, but crowds it on and on to new and ever new endeavor. In the figure of the sad-eyed woman we have the embodied soul of an age that had tired itself out with great endeavor, yet ofttimes endeavor that was fraught with disastrous consequences or furthered by ignoble means. This was the age that sought to solve the deepest mysteries of life, but could not bring to their solution aught save the hand, the brain, and the fruitless instruments that they create. All these have been tested; the mind, borne upon its great pinions, has flown to the uttermost confines of the world, and even dares to wing its way through unimagined depths of space, where new suns are growing into being; but still the mind knows itself but as a speck of the finite submerged and lost in the infinite. The methods of natural science are appealed to with no result but wonder growing upon wonder; so when necromancy fails to tear aside the curtain that hangs at the threshold of the unknown, hope, based on visions, dies, and the mind sits among her idle playthings, desolate, lost. This picture is the reply of a profoundly imaginative mind to the question, 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

'CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS' PLATE II

IN the year 1511 Dürer published a folio volume of the completed series of twelve large woodcuts known as 'The Great Passion,' because of their size. They measure fifteen inches high by ten and three-quarters inches wide. Some of the undated prints for this series were probably executed several years before their publication; five bear the date of the previous year. The one here reproduced, 'Christ Bearing the Cross,' is an early example, and is considered the most remarkable composition of the whole series. "In this

print," writes Professor Thausing, "Dürer was the first to adopt from Schongauer's large engraving the motive of Christ sinking on his knees; and this attitude—one arm grasping the cross, the other supporting his weight on a stone as he turns his head back towards the holy women, while a soldier drags him along by a rope—has become a model for subsequent representations of the same scene."

"Not only is this one of the finest designs of 'The Great Passion,'" writes Mr. S. R. Koehler, "but of all Dürer's works put forth in the shape of prints; and in the nobility of the faces, especially of Christ and of some of the women, it goes beyond almost anything that he did later. . . . The influence of Schongauer seems to be upon the young artist here, but the delicacy and over-elegance of the former become more virile under the hands of Dürer."

'THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE' PLATE III

"FOR the lover of Dürer's work," writes Mr. W. M. Conway, "one publication stands out from among all the other woodcuts of his early period, a monument of the artist's genius in its own line never surpassed. This is the volume of prints illustrative of the Apocalypse. Though Dürer's designs were not altogether original, they were animated by a new spirit. His 'Apocalypse' is the first considerable work of art which strikes a blow for the Reformation. In it 'Babylon the Great' is Rome; the pope and all ecclesiastical authorities are the victims of the destroying angels. On page after page Dürer pours forth the vials of wrath upon the heads of men of his own day. The book has nothing antiquarian about it; it makes no attempt to realize the Apocalypse as he of Patmos saw it. It is a sermon preached to the men of Nuremberg of the year 1498, the vision of St. John being merely the text."

Of the fifteen woodcuts of this series, each measuring about fifteen and a half inches high by eleven and a quarter inches wide, the one reproduced in plate III is the most celebrated. It represents the vision of the four horsemen, described by Saint John in the sixth chapter of Revelation.

"For simple grandeur," writes Professor Thausing, "this justly famous design has never been surpassed. Its composition has more of a plastic than a pictorial character, and is all arranged as it were on the surface, like a bas-relief, without any background; so much so, indeed, that the margin cuts off part of the head of the foremost horse, and of the tail of the last one. But it is just this double limitation of the space which proves so uncommonly effective, for it concentrates the attention upon the headlong course from left to right, and makes it look swift and unending. Besides this, there is a vivid impression produced upon the spectator of the impetuosity of the rush forward, an impression which Dürer heightens in a masterly manner, by showing only the forepart of all the horses. The riders themselves, looking angrily forward, one drawing a bow, another brandishing a sword, and the third swinging a pair of scales behind him, are accoutred in the fantastic costume of the day. The fourth horseman, whose worn-out jade limps haltingly along, is Death, brandishing the infernal trident, and represented, not as a skeleton, but as a with-

ered old man, with staring lidless eyes. Behind him follows Hell, under the form of a gigantic dragon, about to engulf within its yawning mouth an earthly crowned head. The group on the right represents the 'fourth part of the earth,' which is to be slain. It includes the various classes of society of that day; a Nuremberg housewife, a fat merchant, a shrieking peasant, a frightened burgher, and, in the extreme right-hand corner, a tonsured head."

SCENES FROM 'THE PASSION ON COPPER' PLATE IV

SOON after Dürer's return from Venice in 1507 he began a set of engravings on copper illustrative of the Passion of Christ. The majority of the plates for this series, known as 'The Passion on Copper' or 'The Engraved Passion,' were completed in 1512, and in the following year the entire set, consisting of sixteen small designs, each about four and one-half inches high by two and three-quarters inches wide, was published, though never, as were the other 'Passions,' in book form. The two scenes here reproduced — 'The Agony in the Garden' and 'The Descent from the Cross'—are both early productions; the latter, indeed, bears the earliest date of any of the series. Although not equal in mechanical perfection to those executed later, these plates are more spontaneous, and evidence a greater freedom of pictorial expression. So delicate is the workmanship of 'The Passion on Copper' and so full of feeling the portrayal of the subjects of these "poems of deep emotion," that the series ranks among the highest achievements in the art of engraving.

'ST. EUSTACE' PLATE V

IN this engraving Dürer has represented the legend of St. Eustace, or, as he was called before his conversion to Christianity, Placidus, a valiant captain of the guards of the Roman Emperor Trajan, especially noted for his prowess in the chase. One day while hunting in the forest, a radiant vision of Christ on the Cross appeared before him between the antlers of a white stag that he was pursuing, and the voice of Christ, or as some say of the stag itself, was heard saying, "Why dost thou pursue me? I am Christ whom thou hast heretofore worshiped in ignorance." Falling upon his knees, Placidus, filled with awe, answered, "Lord, I believe!" nor did the prospect of the suffering which he was told he should be called upon to endure for Christ's sake shake him in his resolve to become a Christian, but immediately upon his return home he was baptized, together with his wife and two sons, and received the name of "Eustace."

A similar story is told of the French St. Hubert; hence confusion has arisen, and Dürer's engraving is frequently called 'St. Hubert.' This, however, is a mistake, as the artist in his diary repeatedly makes mention of the plate as 'St. Eustace.'

Authorities differ as to the date of the execution of this engraving. It has been placed as early as 1497 and as late as 1509. It is Dürer's largest and most elaborate plate, measuring thirteen and a half inches high by ten and a quarter wide, and called forth extravagant praise from the older writers, whose

only adverse criticism was that the background was too dark. Recent critics, however, estimate the work less highly; and Professor Thausing's judgment has been indorsed that "the invention and arrangement are far surpassed by minute delicacy of technique, and by careful execution of each separate detail."

'ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY' PLATE VI

IT has been suggested, and is now generally supposed, that this engraving, one of the few works by Dürer so simple in the presentment of its subject as to need no explanation, is the second of a series of four plates (of which the 'Melancholia' and 'The Knight, Death, and the Devil' are the only others that were completed) intended to represent the 'Four Temperaments'—St. Jerome being chosen to typify the meditative or scholarly temperament.

The engraving, which was published in 1514, has always been one of the most popular as it is one of the most beautiful of Dürer's works, both in design and execution. It measures nine and one-half inches high by seven inches wide, and is the earliest example of that combination of etching and engraving frequently employed by Dürer in his later work. Ephrussi calls attention to the striking effect of light in the plate, so successfully obtained that "only later the Dutch, and notably Rembrandt, attained to such marvelous skill in this respect."

The story of St. Jerome, author of the Vulgate, or Latin translation of the Bible, was a favorite one in Dürer's day. The learned father of the Church is here shown in his quiet study, engaged in his work. The room is a faithful representation of a medieval German interior. From the oak ceiling a huge gourd is suspended; a cardinal's hat and an hour-glass hang on the wall; a crucifix stands on the table; and on the broad sill of the window is a skull —emblem of mortality. The sun streams through the leaded window-panes, falling on the table and on the various objects in the room, lighting up the figure of the saint, and marking bright spots upon the floor, where a dog and a lion, the latter the ever faithful follower of St. Jerome, lie sleeping side by side. The atmosphere is one of peace and contentment; and we feel, in the words of Vasari, who was loud in his praise of this plate, that "in this branch of art there could not well be imagined anything better."

'THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL' PLATE VII

THIS celebrated engraving, one of the greatest of Dürer's works, was executed in 1513, and shows the artist at the height of his creative power and technical skill. Dürer himself has given no explanation of the intended meaning of the subject, simply speaking of the plate in his diary as 'The Horseman.' Various interpretations have been suggested, some writers believing it to portray a robber-baron going forth on a marauding expedition attended by specters of death and sin; others that it represents a Christian knight riding on, fearless and undaunted, though waylaid by death and the horrors of hell; again, it has been said that the horseman represents Franz

von Sickingen, a famous knight of the Reformation, or perhaps the artist's friend Stephan Paumgärtner, for either of whom the letter S, placed before the date on the tablet in the corner of the picture, might stand. Vasari speaks of the figure of the horseman as "the symbol of human force;" and in old catalogues we find it stated that the engraving depicts a Nuremberg soldier, Rinck by name, who lost his way and encountered death and the devil. Professor Thausing is of the opinion that the plate was intended to form the third of a series illustrative of the 'Four Temperaments,' to which the 'Melancholia' and the 'St. Jerome' (see plates I and VI) also belonged, and that the letter S signified *sanguinicus*, the sanguine temperament, typified by the knight as the man of action.

The original print measures nine and a half inches high by seven and one-quarter inches wide.

SCENES FROM 'THE LITTLE PASSION' PLATE VIII

IN 1511 Dürer published, in book form and with accompanying and explanatory verses in Latin written by a Benedictine monk named Chelidonius, a set of thirty-seven woodcuts, each measuring about four by five inches, known as 'The Little Passion,' in which the story of the redemption is related in greater detail and in a more popular manner than in either 'The Great Passion' or 'The Passion on Copper.'

Of this series two designs are reproduced in plate VIII—'Christ Taking Leave of His Mother' and Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, entitled 'Christ as the Gardener'—both admirable examples of Dürer's skill in the art of engraving on wood, which in his hands first became a recognized medium in black and white for pictorial representation. The simplicity of treatment and the expressive presentment of the Bible narrative as told in these woodcuts made this series one of his most popular works.

'THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH THE MONKEY' PLATE IX

"AMONG all the Virgins of Dürer," writes Mr. S. R. Koehler, "this is one of the most beautiful and dignified, or it may perhaps be quite safe to say, *the* most beautiful and dignified, not only in the figures of the Virgin and Child, but also in the breadth and airiness of the landscape, the loveliness of which was early recognized." The presence of the monkey has been variously accounted for, some commentators believing it to symbolize the devil; others that it is a plaything for the child. As plausible an explanation might be that the ape was introduced merely as a decorative accessory.

The engraving, which measures about six inches high by four and one-third inches wide, is one of Dürer's early plates, probably executed about 1500. Its handling is of the utmost simplicity and delicacy, and gives evidence of the touch of a workman already skilled in his art.

Doubts have been expressed regarding the originality displayed by Dürer in this and in some other plates of which versions exist by an engraver whose signature is "W." Professor Thausing has endeavored to prove that this engraver was Wolgemut, Dürer's teacher, and that Wolgemut's plates of the

repeated subjects were the originals, while those bearing the pupil's monogram were copies. Mr. Sidney Colvin and others indorse Professor Thausing; Professor Springer believes that the "W" stood, not for Wolgemut, but for Jacopo di Barbari, the engraver who was known in Germany as Jacob Walch; but the argument advanced by an equal number of critics, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Max Lehr and Mr. S. R. Koehler, that the author of the prints bearing the signature "W." was Wenzel von Olmütz, and that they are copies from originals by Dürer, are equally strong, one reason for their conclusions being the fact that nearly all of the copies of the subjects in question made by other engravers were based not upon "W's" versions, but upon Dürer's.

'THE REPOSE IN EGYPT' PLATE X

OF all Dürer's engravings on wood the series of twenty plates known as 'The Life of the Virgin' has retained to the greatest extent the popularity that it enjoyed in the artist's own day. First published in 1511, when the series appeared in folio form, the designs were cut and, with a few exceptions, issued separately about seven years before that date.

The print here reproduced, one of the most charming and naïve of the set, represents the repose of the Holy Family in Egypt. "The fugitives," writes Knackfuss, "are busied about their daily work not far from the steps of an abandoned, half dilapidated house, near which a jet of water plashes into a tank. Joseph is hewing a piece of timber into shape with an axe, while Mary sits, in quiet enjoyment of a mother's happiness, spinning beside the cradle. Angels are grouped around the head of the cradle; a troop of little angels busy themselves with childlike energy in picking up and clearing away the chips which drop from Joseph's carpentry; others bring toys to amuse the infant Jesus when he wakes from sleep. In the sky God the Father and the Holy Spirit look down on the scene."

The original woodcut measures nearly twelve inches high by about eight and a half inches wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL ENGRAVINGS BY DÜRER

ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER. THE PASSION ON COPPER (series of sixteen prints): The Man of Sorrows (title-page); Agony in the Garden (Plate IV); Betrayal; Christ before Caiaphas; Christ before Pilate; Christ scourged; Christ mocked; Ecce Homo; Pilate washing his Hands; Christ bearing Cross; Crucifixion; Descent from Cross (Plate IV); Entombment; Descent into Hell; Resurrection; St. Peter and St. John healing the Lame—APOSTLES (series of five prints): St. Thomas; St. Paul; St. Bartholomew; St. Simon; St. Philip—SINGLE PRINTS: The Ravisher; Little Courier; Holy Family with Dragon-fly; Foot-soldiers and Turk; Coat of Arms with Death's Head; Apollo and Diana; Adam and Eve; Nativity; Virgin and Child with Monkey (Plate IX); Prodigal Son; Promenade; Four Naked Women; The Dream; Amymone; Hercules; The Man of Sorrows; St. Sebastian (*bis*); Lady on Horseback; Penance of St. Jerome; Penance of St. John Chrysostom; Satyr's Family; Offer of Love; Standard-bearer; St. George; Monstrous Pig; Turkish Family; The Cook and his Wife; Peasant and his Wife; Three Peasants; Dancing Peasants; Little Fortune; Great Fortune; Sorceress; Little Horse; Great Horse; St. George on Horseback; St. Eustace (Plate V); St. Anne and the Virgin; Three Genii; The Witch;

Coat of Arms with Cock; Justice; Little Crucifixion; Sudarium held by Angels; Knight, Death, and the Devil (Plate VII); St. Jerome in his Study (Plate VI); Melancholia (Plate I); Virgin with Pear; Virgin as Queen of Heaven; Virgin by Wall; Virgin on Crescent; Virgin nursing the Child; Virgin crowned by Angel; Virgin crowned by two Angels; Virgin with Child in Swaddling-clothes; Bagpipe-player; St. Anthony; Albert of Brandenburg; Frederick the Wise; Wilibald Pirkheimer; Melanchthon; Erasmus — ETCHINGS. The Ravishment; Christ crowned with Thorns; Mount of Olives; Angel with Sudarium; The Cannon; Study of Nude Figures — DRY-POINTS. St. Veronica; Christ bound; St. Jerome by Willow-tree; Holy Family — ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD. APOCALYPSE (series of sixteen woodcuts): Vision of St. John (title-page); Martyrdom of St. John; Calling of St. John; St. John directed towards Heaven; Four Horsemen (Plate III); Breaking of Fifth and Sixth Seals; Angels who hold the Winds; Distribution of Trumpets; Angels of the Euphrates; St. John commanded to swallow the Book; Woman clothed with the Sun; Combat with Dragon; Worship of Dragon; Triumph of Elect; Babylonian Woman; Binding of Satan—LIFE OF THE VIRGIN (series of twenty woodcuts): Virgin on Crescent Moon (title-page); Joachim's Offering rejected; Angel appearing to Joachim; Joachim and Anna at Golden Gate; Birth of Virgin; Presentation of Virgin; Marriage of Virgin; Annunciation; Visitation; Nativity; Circumcision; Adoration of the Magi; Presentation; Flight into Egypt; Repose in Egypt (Plate X); Christ among Doctors; Christ taking Leave of his Mother; Death of Virgin; Assumption of Virgin; Adoration of Virgin — THE GREAT PASSION (series of twelve woodcuts): Christ mocked (title-page); Last Supper; Agony in Garden; Betrayal; Christ scourged; Christ presented to the People; Christ bearing Cross (Plate II); Crucifixion; Christ mourned; Entombment; Descent into Hell; Resurrection — THE LITTLE PASSION (series of thirty-seven woodcuts): Christ crowned (title-page); Adam and Eve; Expulsion from Paradise; Annunciation; Nativity; Entry into Jerusalem; Christ driving Money-changers from Temple; Christ taking Leave of his Mother (Plate VIII); Last Supper; Washing of the Feet; Agony in Garden; Betrayal; Christ before Annas; Christ before Caiaphas; Christ mocked; Christ before Pilate; Christ before Herod; Christ scourged; Christ crowned; Ecce Homo; Christ condemned; Christ bearing Cross; Sudarium; Christ nailed to Cross; Crucifixion; Descent into Hell; Deposition; Christ mourned; Entombment; Resurrection; Christ appearing to His Mother; Christ as the Gardener (Plate VIII); Supper at Emmaus; Incredulity of St. Thomas; Ascension; Descent of the Holy Ghost; Last Judgment — SINGLE WOODCUTS: The Bath; Holy Family with Rabbits; Samson; Hercules; Knight and Soldier; Martyrdom of St. Catherine; Martyrdom of Ten Thousand Saints; St. Christopher; St. Francis; St. Onuphrius and St. John; St. Paul and St. Anthony; St. George; St. Mary of Egypt; Virgin with Apple; Holy Family with Angels; Calvary; Three Saints; Three Bishops; Death and Soldier; Beheading of John the Baptist; Salome with Head of John the Baptist; Adoration of the Magi; Mass of St. Gregory; Head of Christ; Christ on the Cross; St. Jerome; St. Christopher; St. Jerome in Grotto; Rhinoceros; Pirkheimer's Book-plate; Coat of Arms; Triumphal Arch of Maximilian; Triumphal Car of Maximilian; Patron Saints of Austria; Two Portraits of Maximilian.

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A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH DÜRER AS AN ENGRAVER

A BIBLIOGRAPHY of Dürer, exclusive of the literature treating primarily of his engravings and drawings, was given in the number of MASTERS IN ART devoted to the paintings of Dürer (Part 15, Volume 2). The following list includes the most important books and magazine articles that treat of his engravings, to which have been added a few works of a more general character, which, with the exception of Prof. Moriz Thausing's impor-

tant study of Dürer, were not included in the previous Dürer number of this Series. For a more comprehensive bibliography of the artist than it is possible to give in the present limited space the reader is referred to Dr. Hans Wolfgang Singer's 'Versuch einer Dürer Bibliographie' (Strassburg, 1903).

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Lorenzo Lotto

VENETIAN SCHOOL

LOTTO
PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH A FAN
BRERA GALLERY, MILAN

UofM

LOTTO
MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS
MPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

ISSN 2

LOTTO
THE ANNUNCIATION
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA SOPRA MERCANTI, RECANATI

LOTTO
THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE
BERGAMO GALLERY

LOTTO
SAN BERNARDINO ALTAR-PIECE
CHURCH OF SAN BERNARDINO, BERGAMO

M-401

U of M

LOTTO
PORTRAIT OF THE PROTHONOTARY JULIANO
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

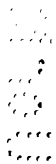
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

LOTTO
ST. ANTONINUS AND THE POOR
CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO, VENICE

LOTTO
PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A CLAW
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

LOTTO
AGOSTINO AND NICCOLÒ DELLA TORRE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

LOTTO
ST NICHOLAS IN GLORY
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, VENICE



Lorenzo Lotto

BORN 1480: DIED 1556
VENETIAN SCHOOL

THE honor of being the birthplace of Lorenzo Lotto has been claimed alike by Bergamo and by Treviso, but documents discovered within the last few years prove him to have been one of the few great artists who was actually a native of Venice, where he was born in the year 1480.

Until lately he has been numbered among the scholars of Giovanni Bellini, but is now generally regarded as the pupil of Alvise Vivarini, the head of a rival school, who held an important place in Venetian art at the close of the fifteenth century.

Much of Lotto's life was spent away from his native Venice. The district of Treviso, that pleasant and joyous land of the old Venetian writers, was the scene of his first efforts, and here, between 1503 and 1506, he painted his first important altar-pieces, at Santa Cristina and at Asolo. In 1505, when only five and twenty, he is mentioned as a "*pictor celeberrimus*," living at Treviso; and yet when he left that town a year later he was so poor that he had to give up his furniture and most of his clothes to pay the rent of his lodgings. All his life Lotto seems to have been the same—a hard worker but an improvident man, generous and kindly to others, but setting little store by his gains, and taking no thought for the morrow.

From Treviso he went to Recanati, in the province, or march, of Ancona, where he spent the next two years, and painted an altar-piece for the Church of San Domenico there.

From 1508 to 1512 Lotto was in Rome, and was employed in the Vatican during the memorable days when Raphael was painting the Stanze in that palace and Michelangelo was at work in the Sistine Chapel. A document preserved in the Corsini Library, Rome, records that Lotto received one hundred ducats for frescos to be painted in the upper story of the Vatican. No trace of these works remains; but whether he ever executed them or not, he was certainly brought into contact with Raphael, whose influence is apparent in many of his works.

In 1513 Lotto was summoned to Bergamo by Alessandro Martinengo (a grandson of Bartolommeo Colleoni, whose statue by Verocchio is in

Venice) to paint the altar-piece now in the Church of San Bartolommeo, Bergamo; and during the next twelve years that city was his headquarters. This was the most prosperous period of Lotto's life, a period fruitful in great works, and in which he first began to reveal the full extent of his powers. His quick sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the men and women about him, his tender interest in humanity, led him to fill the backgrounds of his sacred pictures with the most varied and lively imagery. It may be that his sympathies were deepened by the circumstances of his own existence, for all his life Lotto was a lonely man, a wanderer from city to city with no fixed place of abode and no close family ties. As early as 1513, before he went to Bergamo, he had no home of his own at Venice, but was living in the great Dominican convent of San Giovanni e Paolo, and in two wills which he made at different times he left the friars of this convent all his possessions.

In 1524 Lotto was engaged in executing several series of works in fresco, the most important of which are those in the Oratorio Suardi at Trescorre, near Bergamo, illustrating the stories of St. Barbara and St. Clara. In the sacristy of the old church of Credaro, not far from Trescorre, are some much injured frescos by him, and in Bergamo itself are the remains of others in a chapel in the Church of San Michele del Pozzo Bianco. Interesting also are the *intarsias* of the choir stalls in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, Bergamo, illustrating scenes from the Bible, made from Lotto's designs, many of which are so full of thought and feeling that "regarded even as mere illustrations," writes Mr. Berenson, "they are of such an order that had Lotto been an engraver and scattered these designs through the world instead of squandering them upon the church of a provincial town, it is likely that he would have come down to us as the acknowledged rival of Dürer."

Towards the end of 1526 Lotto returned to Venice, where he spent most of the next sixteen years. Here he renewed an early friendship with the painter Jacopo Palma, and became intimate with Titian, who in after years retained a sincere regard for Lotto, and sent him friendly messages from the court of the Emperor Charles v. "O Lotto, good as goodness, and virtuous as virtue itself," wrote Pietro Aretino in April, 1548, "Titian from imperial Augsburg, surrounded as he is by all the glory and favor of the world, greets and embraces you. In a letter which he sent me two days ago, he says that the pleasure that he feels in seeing the emperor's satisfaction with his works would be doubled if he could show them to you and have the benefit of your approval. For he feels how much the value of your judgment is increased by the experience of years, by the gifts of nature and of art, as well as by that sincere kindliness which makes you judge of the pictures and portraits of others with as much justice and candor as if they were your own. Envy is not in your breast. Rather do you delight to see in other artists certain qualities which you do not find in your own brush, although it performs those miracles which do not come easy to many who yet feel very happy over their technical skill."

This letter from Aretino, a will which Lotto made in 1546, and an account-book which he kept during the last fifteen years of his life, tell us more

about his old age than we learn of any other part of his career. They all bear witness to the gentleness and seriousness of the painter's nature, to his kindliness of heart and religious spirit. Years had only deepened his habits of devotion, and his unworldliness and earnest piety were well known in Venice. "Holding the second place in the art of painting," wrote Aretino to him, "is nothing compared to holding the first place in the duties of religion, for doubtless heaven will reward you with a glory beyond all the praise of this world."

These deeply religious convictions may well have brought Lotto into relation with some of those earnest reformers, such as Contarini or Sadoleto, who, without forsaking the fold of the Church, longed to purify it from its sins and errors. Venice was at that time the meeting place of many such thinkers, and although there is no actual evidence of Lotto's intercourse with them, the personal nature of his religion and his profound interpretation of Old Testament history render it probable that he was familiar with some members of this little band; and it is significant that one of the first entries in his account-book should be a note of the completion of the portraits of Martin Luther and his wife, which he finished in October, 1540.

Meanwhile the painter's relations with the monks of San Giovanni e Paolo remained as intimate as ever, and their convent in Venice was still his favorite home. In March, 1542, he finished his great altar-piece for their church, showing St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, throned in glory. The price of the picture was fixed at one hundred and twenty-five ducats, but Lotto asked only ninety, on condition that at his death he should be buried in the convent church free of charge, and in the garb of the Dominican Order. But San Giovanni e Paolo was not to be his last resting place after all. That autumn he went to Treviso and took up his abode in the house of a friend, Zuane del Saon, hoping to find that care and family affection for which he longed, "seeing," he tells us himself, "that I was advanced in years, without loving care of any sort, and of an anxious mind." It was Lotto's hope that Zuane's son would be benefited by him in the art and science of painting, "for my friend greatly delighted in me," he wrote, "and it was very dear to him to have me in his house, not only to him, but to his entire family, by whom I was respected and honored. Nor would he have me spend anything or pay a farthing, but remain always with him. And thus I was persuaded to enter into such fellowship, united in Jesus Christ, with the firm intention, however, of repaying so much courtesy and Christian kindness. So I went there. Then they besought me to be pleased to assure them that in case of my death he [their son, who was to be Lotto's heir] should not be molested or annoyed in any way by my relatives. Thereupon I most willingly set my signature to a declaration that in case of my death no relative of mine should be empowered to ask for an account of any goods left over by me." When, however, this agreement became known in Treviso "respectable people," Lotto tells us, "turned a cold shoulder to me, saying that I had become a child's nurse, eating away under the roof of another without earning my salt." This was more than the painter could bear, and accordingly it was

arranged that he should pay his host a yearly sum for board and lodging. But the experiment proved a failure; and after three years Lotto left Treviso, "for divers reasons," he says, "and chiefly because I did not earn enough by my art for my own support."

A few months after his return to Venice, on March 25, 1546, he made another will, again leaving all his possessions to the Hospital of San Giovanni e Paolo, and directing that the thirty cartoons which he had made for the tarsias, or pictorial designs inlaid in wood, of the Bergamo choir stalls, on which he seems to have set special store, should be given as a dowry to two maidens, "of quiet nature, healthy in mind and body, and likely to make thrifty housewives," on their marriage with two "well-recommended young men setting out in the art of painting, likely to appreciate the cartoons and to turn them to good account."

In June, 1549, Lotto left Venice to paint an 'Assumption' in a church at Ancona; and early in the following year, having resolved to spend the rest of his life in the Marches (certain Adriatic provinces in the central part of Italy), he sent for the pictures which he had left behind in the charge of Titian's friend Sansovino. He remained at Ancona painting altar-pieces for neighboring churches two years longer, and, in August, 1552, he settled at Loreto, attracted by the beauty of the spot and the presence of the famous sanctuary there. On September 8, 1554, "being tired of wandering, and wishing to end his days in that holy place," he dedicated himself and all his worldly goods to the service of the Blessed Virgin, and became an inmate of the Holy House of Loreto. Among the conditions named in the deed of gift it was expressly stipulated that he should have rooms, clothing, and a servant, "that he should enjoy the same consideration as a canon, be prayed for as a benefactor, and have one florin a month to do what he pleased with."

In this quiet retreat Lotto spent the last years of his life, growing daily more feeble, and having almost entirely lost his voice. To the end he worked with his brush, painting not only pictures for the chapels in the basilica of the town, but a series of works in the Palazzo Apostolico there. The last entry in Lotto's account-book belongs to the latter part of 1556, so that his death could not have occurred until the close of the year. "The last years of the painter's life," remarks Vasari, "were exceedingly happy. His soul was filled with a blessed peace, besides which, they had the advantage of winning him eternal life, which he might, perhaps, not have attained had he remained plunged in the affairs of this busy world."

Of Lotto's personal appearance we have no information, and no authentic portrait of him has come down to us.

[The foregoing life of Lotto is based upon an article by Julia Cartwright in *The Art Journal* for 1895.]

The Art of Lotto

UNTIL the appearance in 1895 of the first edition of Mr. Bernhard Berenson's 'Lorenzo Lotto, an Essay in Constructive Art Criticism' many beliefs concerning the painter had been unquestioningly accepted as facts which Mr. Berenson's exhaustive study has rendered no longer tenable. Vasari's statement that Lotto was a pupil of Giovanni Bellini, as were his contemporaries Giorgione, Titian, and Palma, has been repeated by every writer of the history of Italian art, including Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and even Lotto's more appreciative critic, the late Giovanni Morelli. Mr. Berenson, however, refutes this tradition with many and carefully considered arguments. Lotto, he believes, was the direct pupil, not of Bellini, but of Alvise Vivarini, a Muranese painter of distinction who became the chief of a school in Venice which rivaled, but was in no way connected with, that of Bellini. The influence of Alvise Vivarini, he points out, is plainly perceptible in the work of his pupil, Lorenzo Lotto, who, long after the fifteenth century had ceased to be aught but a memory to Giorgione, Titian, and Palma, his older contemporaries, remained, in composition, coloring, and technique, immersed in its traditions, carrying them on even into the perfect Renaissance of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Berenson divides Lotto's works into various periods. Those painted prior to 1509 are in his first manner and bear most distinctly the marks of his early training. In them the types are antiquated, almost archaic, the coloring timid, and the composition simple and somewhat severe.

Always susceptible by nature, Lotto was quick to feel the influence of other artists, and in the course of his career we can trace in his works the impress, not only of his master, Alvise Vivarini, but of Jacopo di Barbari, Bartolommeo Montagna, Cima da Conegliano, Giovanni Bellini, Carlo Crivelli, and others. After his return from Rome in 1512 the influence of Raphael is perceptible in many of his paintings, which show more dramatic treatment and an inclination to exaggerate certain of Lotto's own inherent tendencies—a blond, almost golden, tone of coloring and an over-expressive gesture of the hands. The effect of the artist's acquaintance with Jacopo Palma is also observable in works of about this time. Occasionally, however, Lotto, so to speak, asserted his independence, and especially in his portraits gave evidence that neither Palma nor Raphael nor any other had been followed, but that a distinctly individual note had been struck and a delicate psychological insight shown such as none of his contemporaries could surpass, if, indeed, they could equal.

During the twelve years following 1513, which Lotto, with occasional breaks, spent in Bergamo—a time that has been designated as his "Bergamask period"—he was thrown little with other Venetian painters, and in consequence his individual style became more developed. The works executed at this time have a freshness and exuberance about them that invest them with a peculiar charm.

It was, however, after this, between 1529 and 1540, that his greatest pictures were painted—pictures that most clearly reveal his powers as a psychologist, a poet, and a profound thinker. Indeed, as M. Müntz has said, "No more striking instance could be found of the metamorphosis of a primitive painter into a champion of the golden age of art." Titian's influence has been traced in the breadth of treatment and rich coloring which characterize many of Lotto's religious pictures of this late period, as well as in some of the wonderful portraits painted at this time in which the technique recalls the greatest of the Venetian masters, but in which he shows a certain subtle introspective quality and suggestiveness peculiarly his own.

During the last years of his life Lotto produced many works remarkable for their vigor and keen insight into character. He continued painting to the end, and his last works—a series of pictures of unequal merit, almost monochrome in tone—are at Loreto, where his days were ended. Mr. Berenson lays stress upon the modern quality of much of Lotto's latest works, and notes that the way in which the paint is put on strongly recalls the French impressionists of to-day.

Lotto left but few imitators. His style never attained the popularity of many of the artists of his time. His types, when different from those of his precursors and contemporaries, were too much the expression of his own personality to admit of any imitation that was not caricature. "Like Raphael, like Michelangelo, like Correggio," writes Mr. Berenson, "Lotto completely exhausted a certain vein, leaving nothing for followers; and it must be added that Lotto himself approached too close to the brink of decadence for imitators not to plunge into the gulf."

EDMUND G. GARDNER 'THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE' 1898

WITH few exceptions, all Lotto's works are religious pictures or portraits; the former marked by an intense fervor, the latter by an extraordinary psychological insight into character, and a power of catching and perpetuating transient emotions and delicate shades of feeling. His peculiar melancholy sentiment, that anxious craving expression seen in so many of his portraits, together with certain qualities of coloring and an extreme gracefulness of form, distinguish his pictures from those of the other Venetian masters. . . .

There are no Madonnas in the whole range of Venetian art more lovely than those in Lotto's three great altar-pieces at Bergamo, in which the painter poured out the poetry of his soul. There is a freshness and brightness about them which we scarcely find in his later altar-pieces, splendid though these often are; they are more lyrical, more free, and almost joyous. Lotto's angels, even at the end of his career, breathe forth a purely Raphaelesque tenderness and grace quite unlike those of any other Venetian painter of the sixteenth century; in his picture of the 'Madonna and Child with Saints' at Vienna, where the angel crowns the Madonna with a garland of flowers, in the 'Nativity' at Brescia, in his 'Annunciations' at Recanati and Ponteranica, they are spiritual beings of surpassing beauty. . . .

Exquisite though his religious pictures are, however, it is his portraits especially which place Lotto among the world's great artists; and it is his sensitiveness, sometimes almost morbid, and his great psychological skill that make these portraits so marvelous. Morelli has observed: "To understand Italian history it is absolutely necessary to study portraits both male and female, for some portion of the history of the period is always written in those faces if we only knew how to read it."

Lotto in his art, as in his life, seems the type of the class of persons who, sickened with the immorality of their century and conscious of Italy's downfall, were turning to religion and anticipating the Catholic reaction. The burden of the portraits he painted is, that all Italy was not so corrupt as we sometimes are inclined to suppose; there were men and women untainted by its vices; there were priests and prelates full of apostolic fervor and pure zeal. Look at the portrait of the 'Prothonotary Juliano' in the London National Gallery, and at the deacons receiving petitions and distributing alms in the St. Antoninus altar-piece in the Church of San Giovanni e Paolo, Venice—these are the new clergy arising, as the Rome of the Borgias passed away, to perform within the Church what Luther was professedly doing without. Equally admirable are Lotto's portraits of the laity, men and women; each tells us a life history, a soul's comedy or tragedy, as the case may be. The comedy is perhaps rarer, for, as a rule, there is an air of oppressive sadness about Lotto's sitters, as though the painter's own melancholy view of life made him read into them a little of his own morbid self-consciousness and his religious aspirations.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'LORENZO LOTTO'

IN 1480, when Lotto was born, Giorgione, Titian, and Palma were already alive. These three pupils of Giovanni Bellini form a group who carried painting beyond the methods and ideals of their master, even before his death; and Lotto, although not their fellow-pupil, but attached to the kindred school of Alvise Vivarini, kept abreast of the advance they made. Giorgione died young; Palma's talents were not of the highest order; Titian, therefore, remained without a rival among the younger generation of Bellini's followers, taking that place in the Venice of the sixteenth century which was Bellini's in the fifteenth. This position he took and continued to hold, not by mere chance, but by right, for his genius was of the kind which enabled him to embody the dominant tendencies of his age, as Bellini had embodied those of an earlier generation. Titian alone, of all the Italian painters of the sixteenth century, expressed the master feelings, the passions, and the struggles then prevailing. The expression he gave to the ideals of his own age has that grandeur of form, that monumental style of composition, that arresting force of color, which make the world recognize a work of art at once, and forever acclaim it a classic; but with all these qualities, Titian's painting is as impersonal, as untinged by individuality, as Bellini's. Indeed, to express the master passions of a majority implies a power of impersonal

feeling and vision, and implies, too, a certain happy insensibility—the very leaven of genius, perhaps.

This insensibility, this impersonal grasp of the world about him, Lotto lacked. A constant wanderer over the face of Italy, he could not shut his eyes to its ruin, nor make a rush for a share in the spoils. The real Renaissance, with all its blithe promise, seemed over and gone. Lotto, like many of his noblest countrymen, turned to religion for consolation, but not to the official Christianity of the past, nor to the stereotyped Romanism of the near future. His yearning was for immediate communion with God, although, true to his artistic temperament, he did not reject forms made venerable by long use and sweet association. He is thus one of the very few artists who embodies in his works a state of feeling in Italy which contained the promises of a finer and higher life, and a more earnest religion. As these promises were never realized, Lotto at times seems more like a precursor of the counter-Reformation; but at all events, he is there to witness to an attitude of mind in Italy which, although not the dominant, could have been by no means rare. To know the sixteenth century well it is almost more important to study Lotto than Titian. Titian only embodies in art-forms what we already know about the ripe Renaissance, but Lotto supplements and even modifies our idea of this period. . . .

The chief note of Lotto's work is not religiousness—at any rate not the religiousness of Fra Angelico or the young Bellini—but personality, a consciousness of self, a being aware at every moment of what is going on within one's heart and mind, a straining of the whole tangible universe through the web of one's temperament. This implies exquisite sensitiveness, a quality which could not be appreciated by a people who were preparing to submit to the double tyranny of Spain and the papacy. Nor was a man who strained the whole universe through a sensitive personality like to interpret Scripture and the legends of the saints in a way that would be pleasing to the new catholicism.

Lotto's temper of mind was thus a hindrance to his success, but a sensitive personality has a more vital drawback still in those inevitable fluctuations of mood which make it so much more difficult for a man like Lotto than for one like Titian to keep the level he has once attained. But Lotto's very sensitiveness gave him an appreciation of shades of feeling that would utterly have escaped Titian's notice.

He was, in fact, the first Italian painter who was sensitive to the varying states of the human soul. He seems always to have been able to define his feelings, emotions, and ideals, instead of being a mere highway for them; always to recognize at the moment the value of an impression, and to enjoy it to the full before it gave place to another. This makes him preëminently a psychologist, and distinguishes him from such even of his contemporaries as are most like him: from Dürer, who is near him in depth, and from Correggio, who comes close to him in sensitiveness. The most constant attitude of Dürer's mind is moral earnestness; of Correggio's, rapturous emo-

tion; of Lotto's, psychological interest—that is to say, interest in the effect things have on the human consciousness. . . .

Like other painters of the Italian Renaissance, Lotto, precocious as he seems to have been, did not attain full expression of his genius at a single bound. Although the entire series of his early works, from Sir William Martin Conway's 'Danaë' (London), painted before 1500, to the Recanati altarpiece of 1508, have qualities of drawing, of chiaroscuro, and of color which clearly distinguish them from the work of any other artist of the time, nevertheless the dominant note of his spirit is as yet scarcely apparent. Nor is this surprising when we stop to reflect that even the born psychologist must have the material of experience to work upon. In these early essays, therefore, we find Lotto even more dependent in spirit than in technique upon the school he comes from. The religious severity and asceticism which characterize the school of the Vivarini, even at a time when the Bellini had become paganized, stamp all Lotto's youthful works. They have none of the pagan quality that marks the Madonnas Giorgione and Titian were painting at the same time, and nothing could be more utterly opposed to them in feeling than the decorous little garden-parties—the "Sante Conversazioni"—infallibly called to mind when the name of Palma is mentioned. . . . Unpsychological as Lotto is in his first works, he is groping toward something far more conscious and personal than any of his Venetian predecessors had attained; and it is this initial note of personality, added to the asceticism of the school in which he was trained, that gives his own early pictures a moral earnestness and a depth of feeling which place them beside Dürer's. . . .

It is a temptation to speak of the portraits at greater length than their relative number warrants, because they gave freest scope to psychological treatment. But Lotto was not like Moroni, a mere portrait painter. Religious subjects occupied most of his energies, and we shall see presently to what extent his psychological spirit permeates these works as well. Devoting our attention for a moment, however, to his portraits, we find that not one of the score still existing leaves us indifferent. They all have the interest of personal confessions. Never before or since has any one brought out on the face more of the inner life. His psychological interest is never of a purely scientific kind. It is, above all, humane, and makes him gentle and full of charity for his sitters, as if he understood all their weaknesses without despising them, so that he nearly always succeeds in winning our sympathy for them; and even where he has sitters to whom no other painter of the time would have managed to give a shred of personality, he succeeds in bringing out all that is more personal in them, all that could possibly have differentiated them from other people of their age and station. Taken all together, his portraits are full of meaning and interest for us, for he paints people who seem to feel as we do about many things, who have already much of our spontaneous kindness, much of our feeling for humanity, and much of our conscious need of human ties and sympathy. . . .

I have said that Lotto, as distinguished from other artists of his time, is

psychological. He is intensely personal as well. But these qualities are only different aspects of the same thing, psychological signifying an interest in the personality of others, and personal, an interest in one's own psychology. In his portraits Lotto is more distinctly psychological; in his religious subjects —the only other class of paintings which, with few exceptions, he ever undertook—he is not only psychological, but personal as well. He interprets profoundly, and in his interpretation expresses his entire personality, showing at a glance his attitude towards the whole of life.

. . . . . .

When Lotto went to Bergamo he was thirty-three years old, and complete master of his craft. He was in the full vigor of manhood and entering upon the happiest period of his career. His pictures of this time, particularly those still preserved at Bergamo, have an exuberance, a buoyancy, and a rush of life which find utterance in quick movements, in an impatience of architectonic restraint, in bold foreshortenings, and in brilliant, joyous coloring. There is but one other Italian artist whose paintings could be described in the same words, and that is Correggio. Between Lotto's Bergamask pictures and Correggio's mature works the likeness is indeed startling. As it is next to impossible to establish any actual connection between them, this likeness may be taken as one of the best instances to prove the inevitability of expression. Painters of the same temperament, living at the same time, and in the same country, are bound to express themselves in nearly the same way—not only to create the same ideals, but to have the same preferences for certain attitudes, for certain colors, and for certain effects of light. Yet Lotto, even in these Bergamask works, differs from Correggio by the whole of his psychological bent. Correggio is never psychological; he is too ecstatic, too rapturous. He is as tremulously sensitive as Lotto, but his sensitiveness is naïvely sensuous, while Lotto reserves his most exquisite sensitiveness for states of the human soul. His expression is less complete than either Correggio's or Titian's, for in him there is ever the element of self-consciousness, of reflection, reduced for a brief while within the narrowest limits, yet never entirely absent. The altar-pieces in Bergamo at San Bartolommeo, at Santa Spirito, at San Bernardino, the larger tarsias at Santa Maria Maggiore in that city, and the frescos of the chapel at Trescorre are all full of this Renaissance intoxication, sobered down before it grows Dionysiac by a correcting touch of self-consciousness. They have beauty, they have romance, they have quickness of life and a joy in light, as if sunshine were the highest good; but the beauty is an extremely personal ideal, too strange, too expressive, to be unconscious; the romance is too delicate, the quickness of life too subtle, and the joy in light too dainty not to betray an artist vividly conscious of it all as he lives and creates.

This consciousness is at the very opposite pole from ordinary self-consciousness. It is in no way connected with social ambitions or unattainable ideals. Its whole result, so far as beauty is concerned, is to make the artist linger more over his work with a more intimate delight. Lotto has too keen

a joy in his art to treat any detail, even the smallest, as a matter of indifference or convention. His landscapes never sink to mere backgrounds, but harmonize with the themes of his pictures like musical accompaniments, showing that he was well aware of the effect scenery and light produce upon the emotions. Far from treating the hand as a mere appendage, he makes it as expressive, as eloquent, as the face itself, and in some of his pictures the hands form a more vital element in the composition than even in Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper.' Even in decoration Lotto entirely casts loose from architectural convention, letting himself be swayed by his personal feeling only for what is tasteful. He displays a sense almost Japanese for effects to be obtained from a few sprays of leaves and flowers arranged as it were accidentally, or joined loosely with a ribbon so as to form a frame—for scattered rose-petals or trees blown by the wind on a cliff.

It is in this period of his career, while he was at Bergamo, that Lotto, as we have seen, is most in touch with the general spirit of his time. This explains why his Bergamask pictures appeal far more than his earlier or later works to all lovers of classic Italian painting—that is to say, to all people who feel the spell of the Italian Renaissance. Yet even here his way of painting separated him widely from his more successful Venetian contemporaries. They were without exception followers of Giorgione. It is true that in delicacy of touch and refinement of feeling no one came so near to that great master as Lotto, but these qualities counted for little with a public indifferent to what was individual in Giorgione's spirit, but so enamored of the glitter and flash, the depth and warmth of his coloring, that they would welcome no picture which did not give them a distinctly Giorgionesque effect. Lotto's coloring is never distinctly Giorgionesque. In the works of his earlier and of his Bergamask years it is subtle, it is spontaneous, but it is a world removed from Titian's. . . . His type of beauty also, although during these Bergamask years it comes nearest to being a definite type, differs from Titian's and Correggio's in the same way in which his spirit differs from theirs, being more refined, more subtle, more expressive, and, as compared with Titian's at any rate, less like a mask. Lotto cannot always reproduce the same face. He colors it too much with his own mood; it is too highly charged with expression to conform to any fixed ideal of outline or feature. . . .

Both Titian and Lotto are dramatic. Titian attains his dramatic effect by a total subordination of individuality to the strict purposes of a severe architectonic whole. The bystanders are mere reflectors of the emotion which it is the purpose of the artist their presence should heighten; their personality is of no consequence. Lotto, on the other hand, attains his dramatic effect in the very opposite way. He makes us realize the full import of the event by the different feelings it inspires in people of all kinds. He does this, of course, because his real interest is psychological, while Titian's method follows with equal consequence from the epic nature of his genius. But what makes both Titian and Lotto in their different methods equally dramatic is that they have an equal power of vivid representation. In the one case, the

subject is the event itself; in the other, the emotion roused by the event—not the emotion of a chorus, but the emotion as felt by distinct individuals.

. . . . . .

Lorenzo Lotto was, then, a psychological painter in an age which ended by esteeming little but force and display, a personal painter at a time when personality was fast getting to be of less account than conformity, evangelical at heart in a country upon which a rigid and soulless catholicism was daily strengthening its hold. Even the circumstances of his life, no less than his character, were against his acquiring a reputation. Restless and a wanderer, he left but few pictures in Venice, his native town, so that the sixteenth-century amateurs, from whom we have derived our current notions about the art of that time, did not find there enough of Lotto's work to carry away enthusiastic accounts of it. But even if circumstances had been more favorable, it is probable that Lotto's reputation would have paled before that of his great rival, who gained and kept through a long lifetime the attention of the public. Achievements so brilliant and so well advertised as Titian's could leave but scant room for the European fame of a painter the appreciation of whose peculiar merits required a better trained eye and a more delicate sense of personality than were common in the camp of Charles v. or the court of Philip II.

But for us Lotto's value is of a different sort. Even if modern art were not educating us, as it is, to appreciate the technical merit of work such as his, nevertheless, in any age personality molding a work of art into a veritable semblance of itself is so rare a phenomenon that we cannot afford to neglect it. Least of all should we pass it by when that personality happens to be, as Lotto's was, of a type towards which Europe has moved during the last three centuries with such rapidity that nowadays there probably are a hundred people like Lotto for one who resembled him in his own lifetime. His spirit is more like our own than is, perhaps, that of any other Italian painter; it has all the appeal and fascination of a kindred soul in another age.

VERNON LEE 'COSMOPOLIS' 1896

ALTHOUGH a Venetian in the essential painting quality, and in a certain voluptuous solemnity, Lorenzo Lotto stands out quite separate from the two great exchangeable earlier Venetians, Giorgione and Titian, and their retinue. Separate, different, shining out in virtue of a more lively composition, more vehement and momentary gesture, a more pathetic, episodic fancy, as of Tasso's poignant romance compared with the idyllic heroism of Spencer —the restless, inventive romance as compared with the lyric—steeped in sentiment and suggestion, he leaves in the mind, with his brilliancy and sort of diagonal vivacity, a sense of discomfort mingled with delight. His pictures can be distinguished from those of other Venetians almost across the width or length of a church. They call one, as with clarion march music, with their vivid, unusual tints. The sapphire blues and geranium reds of the Virgin's robe; the meadow green and shot orange with which these are balanced; the exquisite rose-color and lilac, which make certain groups of flut-

tering angels like hyacinth plantations in spring; nay, the whole picture, the lovely ivory-faced Virgin on her throne, the blond St. Sebastian with the first down on his cheeks, the dark, passionate St. Roch, the stately St. Barbaras and St. Catherines, palmed and towered into so many human or celestial flowers. This man loves—which is uncommon in great painters—beautiful things, not merely things which look beautiful when painted. His women are exquisite, not merely in hair and skin, but in body and feature, delicately carved of living ivory. His draperies have dyes of gem-like depth and vividness, sapphire blue and marvelous lacquer scarlet; and he studies plants for their beauty, not merely for decoration and suggestion. . . .

Even more noticeable in this highly-strung, over-excitable artist is the romantic, imaginative light in which he sees actions and men, insisting upon the element of hidden pathos or trouble in all his sitters, and composing his religious pictures, not like the other Venetians, as solemn liturgic pageants, but as rapid, unclutchable visions born of ecstatic hope.

The Works of Lotto

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH A FAN' — PLATE I

IN a letter dated April 19, 1543, Lotto speaks of two half-length portraits upon which he was then at work, one representing "Messer Febo da Brescia," and the other his wife, "Madonna Laura da Pola." These paintings were completed in the following spring, and in all probability are the companion pictures now in the Brera Gallery, Milan, of which that of the lady is reproduced in plate I.

Madonna Laura (if the attribution may be accepted) is richly dressed in a gown of dark silk with a gold chain about her waist. Red drapery covers a high-backed chair behind her, and at one side is a red curtain. She wears an embroidered head-dress, and around her throat a necklace of pearls. In one hand she holds a prayer-book, and in the other a fan of ostrich plumes.

The portrait is painted in a broad and masterly manner with delicate gradations of light and shade and subtle atmospheric effect. "There is harmony in every part," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle; "in true contrasts of tint, in true balance of chiaroscuro, and in modeled relief."

The picture measures three feet high by two and a half feet wide.

'THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS' — PLATE II

THIS picture, in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna, is the only existing 'Santa Conversazione' (Holy Conversation), as such compositions are sometimes called, which Lotto painted in the style of Palma, though Palma's influence is clearly marked in the works of one period of his career.

In an open and sunny landscape the Madonna, in a pale blue dress falling in billowy folds about her feet, is seated beneath an oak-tree. Behind her an angel, with golden hair and rose-colored draperies, holds a crown of blossoms above her head. The Child raises one hand in blessing, and with the other turns the pages of a book held by St. Catherine who kneels before him, richly dressed in a green robe. Beside her is St. James the Elder, in a gray tunic and red over-garment.

"There is no picture by Lotto," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "in which better grouping or a more delicate feeling of worship are found, where clearness of flesh is more purely allied to transparent gaiety of tinting, where harmony and sparkle are more intimately united to charms of expression and movement."

The picture was painted in 1527–28. It measures about three feet eight inches high by nearly four feet wide.

'THE ANNUNCIATION' PLATE III

THIS picture, in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Mercanti, Recanati, was painted in 1527–28. In execution it is one of Lotto's best works; the painting is delicate and the lights and shadows skilfully managed, while in its interpretation of the sacred subject a curiously modern note is struck; —the Virgin in her humble surroundings is represented simply as a woman, thoroughly human in look and mien, and not as the mystical bride of heaven invested with supernatural attributes. Startled by the appearance of the announcing angel, who has suddenly alighted in her chamber (his outspread wings, bluish green in color, his fluttering blue drapery and streaming flaxen hair all bespeaking his rapid flight), she has turned from her prayers, awe-struck by the message that he brings.

The details of the scene are admirably rendered. "Carpaccio himself," says Mr. Berenson, "never painted a better interior than this bedroom of the Virgin's." The bed with its white coverlet is curtained with green; books and a candle-stick stand on a shelf upon the wall. A cat, terrified by the presence of the angel, scampers across the floor. Through a broad opening is seen a parapet, and beyond, a garden in which green vines and dark cypress-trees stand out against a pale blue sky.

The picture is on canvas and measures five feet four inches high by three feet nine inches wide.

'THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE' PLATE IV

IN this picture, one of the most charming of Lotto's works, the Madonna, seated before a parapet over which a Turkish carpet is hung, holds the Child towards the kneeling St. Catherine that he may place the marriage ring upon her finger. An angel stands at one side, and at the other Messer Niccolò di Bonghi, in whose house at Bergamo the picture was seen by the "Anonimo," an unknown writer of the sixteenth century, generally supposed to be Marcantonio Michiel, a wealthy art amateur of that day.

"This is a picture of rare charm," writes Mr. Berenson. "St. Catherine's features are not remarkably beautiful, but the Madonna is one of the loveliest women ever painted. The grace of their movements is so simple and natural that we shall scarcely find elsewhere in Italian art anything better. They are both dressed in ample robes, with a great deal of shining damask silk, producing a dazzling effect. . . . St. Catherine has pearls in her hair, and is clad altogether as a lady of her time; her features, indeed, lead us to suspect a portrait. The Child, with his 'grown-up' way of ceremoniously placing the ring on St. Catherine's finger, is a trifle comic. This otherwise perfect composition is somewhat marred by the too obtrusive presence of Niccolò di Bonghi, who evidently insisted on being placed where he could be well seen. . . . The coloring is perhaps a trifle too dazzling, the scarlets and flashing whites being both too highly pitched for each other's comfort."

Ridolfi tells us that when the French occupied Bergamo this picture was placed in the Church of San Michele for safety, but that not even in that sacred place was it secure from the vandalism of the soldiers, one of whom, having been pleased with a view of Mt. Sinai, originally represented in the picture as seen through a window, cut out that portion of the painting and carried it away. This space is now covered by a piece of dark canvas.

The figures in the picture are almost life-size. It is dated 1523, and hangs in the Carrara Collection of the Bergamo Gallery.

'SAN BERNARDINO ALTAR-PIECE' PLATE V

LOTTO painted this altar-piece in 1521 for the Church of San Bernardino, Bergamo, where it is still in its place. As a proof of the value set upon it by the Bergamese, and of the high esteem in which they held the painter who had lived for so many years among them, Tassi tells us that in the year 1591, when the monks of San Bernardino entertained the idea of selling their altar-piece, the town voted to become its purchaser rather than suffer it to be taken away.

Seated upon a draped and throne-like pedestal the Madonna, clad in a bright red robe, expounds to the listening saints about her the glory of the divine Child, who stands upon her knees. On her left are St. John the Baptist pointing to the group above, and St. Anthony Abbot (or Hermit) in a green mantle, leaning upon his crutch, symbol of his age and feebleness, and holding his attribute, the bell, significant of his power to exorcise evil spirits by its sound. On her right stands St. Bernard in the white habit of his order, and beside him St. Joseph, in a yellow mantle, leans upon his pilgrim's staff. On one of the steps of the rose-strewn pedestal an angel, in orange-colored drapery, writes in a book the words that the Madonna speaks, and in the air above four other angels, bathed in a luminous atmosphere, hold a green curtain which they spread like a canopy over her head.

A similarity has often been remarked between this picture and some of Correggio's works, noticeable in the daringly foreshortened figures of the flying angels, in the attitude of St. John, and in the soft contrasts with which the gradations of light are conveyed—a similarity the more surprising when

it is remembered that in all probability the two painters had no personal knowledge of each other's works.

Mr. Berenson has pointed out qualities in this altar-piece that show the influence of Lotto's master, Alvise Vivarini: the gesture of the Madonna's hand, the figure of St. John—the prototype for which he finds in the compositions of Alvise and his school—and the spreading of the curtain behind the Madonna's throne. "Faults," he writes, "this picture has, but, Lotto once granted, they are slight. For a work in which the touch is so dainty and where there is so much movement and feeling, the arrangement is too architectural, the pedestal too massive, and unfortunately the canopy and the angels supporting it make the composition a little top-heavy. In structure, also, the figures leave much to be desired, and the snail-shaped coil of drapery over the Baptist's left arm is scarcely to be excused. Yet in few other pictures is an idea conveyed to the spectator so directly and through such flower-like line and color."

The altar-piece is on canvas, and measures about ten feet high by nine feet wide.

'PORTRAIT OF THE PROTHONOTARY JULIANO' PLATE VI

THIS portrait of a prothonotary apostolic, or member of the college of ecclesiastics charged with the registry of acts and proceedings relating to canonization, etc., was painted by Lotto in or about the year 1522. It represents a man past middle life standing by a table covered with a Turkish carpet, on which, besides the book that he holds in both hands, lie two letters addressed to himself. He wears a black velvet gown trimmed with ermine, and his head with its smooth gray hair and clear-cut features is relieved against a dark green curtain. Through an open window in the background is seen a landscape with a range of hills and a low horizon. Thoroughly modern in its rendering, "it is," writes Mr. Berenson, "the quietest of all portraits by Lotto, and—if I may be allowed the word—the most 'gentlemanly.' "

The picture measures about three feet high by a trifle over two feet wide, and hangs in the National Gallery, London.

'ST. ANTONINUS AND THE POOR' PLATE VII

ST. ANTONINUS, a member of the Dominican Order of Monks of San Marco, the archbishop of Florence in 1441, and a close friend to Fra Angelico, is here represented seated upon a high throne holding an open scroll in both hands. Angels draw aside heavy red curtains revealing a rose-hedge behind the throne, and above the blue sky dotted with cherubim, while other angels whisper into the ears of the saint, noted for his many deeds of charity, prayers of intercession for the poor who are gathered below. At the feet of Antoninus, behind a balcony hung with an Eastern carpet, stand two deacons distributing alms and receiving petitions from the crowd which eagerly presses forward beneath.

In execution this work is broad and free; the composition is marked by originality, and the coloring, although somewhat dimmed by time, is rich and

deep. The faces of the two deacons are full of individuality, and, especially in that of the one receiving petitions, there is much of the psychological interest with which Lotto invests his portraits. The varied and expressive gestures are noteworthy, as is the skill with which the few figures pressed together in the foreground are made to produce the impression of a multitude.

According to an entry in Lotto's account-book he finished this famous altar-piece for the Dominican Church of San Giovanni e Paolo, Venice, where it still remains, on March 28, 1542. The canvas measures about eleven feet high by seven feet nine inches wide.

'PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A CLAW' PLATE VIII

ONE of Lotto's finest and most characteristic portraits is the life-sized one here reproduced, representing a Venetian nobleman. He wears a dark flowing gown brought into relief by the scarlet curtain that forms the background of the picture. His hair and beard are light brown, his eyes blue, his face pale. One arm rests upon a table covered with a green cloth, and in one of his white, delicately formed hands is the claw of an animal modeled in gold. "The head," observes Morelli, "as in all Lotto's portraits, is full of subtlety, intellect, and distinction."

The belief that this was the portrait of the celebrated Italian naturalist, Ulysses Aldrovandi, has been proved to be without foundation, for Aldrovandi was but a child of five when in 1527 Lotto painted this picture. It now hangs in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna, where it has been successively attributed to Titian and to Correggio before being justly ascribed, as it now is, to Lotto.

'AGOSTINO AND NICCOLÒ DELLA TORRE' PLATE IX

THIS picture, purchased in Bergamo from the late Signor Giovanni Morelli in 1862, and now in the National Gallery, London, represents Agostino della Torre, a professor of medicine in the University of Padua, and Niccolò, his brother, who stands behind him. It was painted in the year 1515. Lotto was then temporarily in Venice, and, on his return to Bergamo, where he was at that time living, probably stopped over at Padua, and there painted the portrait of Agostino della Torre. He then took the picture with him to Bergamo and delivered it to Niccolò, who was living in that city. Morelli's suggestion that Niccolò's portrait was added as an afterthought seems plausible from the crowded and somewhat awkward composition; but both in technique and in conception this is, nevertheless, one of Lotto's most vigorous and characteristic works.

It measures two feet nine inches high by two feet three inches wide, and the figures are the size of life.

'ST. NICHOLAS IN GLORY' PLATE X

PAINTED in 1529, when Lotto, then nearly fifty years old, was at the height of his powers, this altar-piece in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, Venice, although in a much ruined condition, gives proof of his mastery in composition and technique. In no other of his works is the in-

fluence of Titian so perceptible, for though conception and feeling are thoroughly characteristic of Lotto, the rich reds, delicate whites, and ruddy flesh-tints recall the glowing colors of that Venetian master.

In the upper part of the picture St. Nicholas, a patron saint of Venice and Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor (often called St. Nicholas of Bari, from the place where he was finally buried), is seated between angels, two of whom bear his insignia of office, while a third holds a dish containing purses, emblematic of the saint's charity in giving three purses of gold to a poor nobleman as dowries for his three daughters. At the feet of the bishop are seated St. John the Baptist in an attitude of prayer, and St. Lucy wearing a green robe and a red mantle. Beside her in a dish are her eyes, which according to the legend she herself plucked out and sent to an importunate lover who had declared that they had captivated his heart. Beneath, in a landscape opening upon the sea, Lotto has painted St. George in combat with the dragon, while the princess, whose life he thus saves, flees towards a castle. Such, however, is the ruined condition of this great altar-piece that these minor details are scarcely distinguishable.

"The incomprehensible neglect in which this masterpiece is still left," writes Mr. Berenson, "is all the more to be regretted because, everything considered, it seems to have been one of Lotto's greatest achievements. In few other works has he created types so strong and beautiful, and seldom has his drawing been so firm, his modeling so plastic, and his coloring so glowing and harmonious. The landscape must have been one of the most captivating in Italian painting, and even now, although it is coated with candle-grease, the sweep of its outlines, the harmony of its colors, and the suggestiveness of its lights make an unwonted appeal to the imagination."

The picture is on canvas and measures nine feet ten inches high by about five feet wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF LOTTO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA–HUNGARY. BUDAPEST GALLERY: Angel — CRACOW, OWNED BY COUNT PUSLOWSKI: Madonna and Child — VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Portrait of a Man with a Claw (Plate VIII); Madonna and Child with Saints (Plate II); Three Views of a Man — ENGLAND. HAMPTON COURT, ROYAL GALLERY: Portrait of Young Man; Portrait of Andrea Odoni — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Agostino and Niccolò della Torre (Plate IX); The Prothonotary Juliano (Plate VI); Family Group — LONDON, BRIDGEWATER HOUSE: Madonna and Saints — LONDON, OWNED BY MRS. MARTIN COLNAGHI: Madonna and Saints — LONDON, OWNED BY SIR W. M. CONWAY: Danaë — LONDON, DORCHESTER HOUSE: Lucretia — WILTON HOUSE, LORD PEMBROKE'S COLLECTION: St. Anthony — FRANCE. NANCY MUSEUM: Portrait of a Man — PARIS, LOUVRE: St. Jerome; Christ and the Adulteress; Recognition of the Holy Child — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Christ taking leave of His Mother; Portrait of Young Man; St. Sebastian and St. Christopher; Portrait of an Architect — BERLIN, PROF. R. VON KAUFMANN'S COLLECTION: Portrait of a Jeweler — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Madonna — HAMBURG, CONSUL WEBER'S COLLECTION: St. Jerome — MUNICH GALLERY: Marriage of St. Catherine — ITALY. ALZANO, PARISH CHURCH: Assassination of St. Peter Martyr — ANCONA GALLERY: Madonna Enthroned — ASOLO, CATHEDRAL: Assumption of the Virgin — BERGAMO GALLERY, CARRARA COLLECTION: Marriage of St. Catherine (Plate IV); Por-

trait of a Lady; Predelle to San Bartolommeo Altar-piece — BERGAMO GALLERY, LOCHIS COLLECTION: Holy Family; Sketches for Predelle of San Bartolommeo Altar-piece — BERGAMO, CHURCH OF SANT' ALESSANDRO IN COLONNA: Deposition — BERGAMO, CHURCH OF SANT' ALESSANDRO IN CROCE: The Trinity — BERGAMO, CHURCH OF SAN BARTOLOMMEO: Altar-piece of Madonna and Saints — BERGAMO, CHURCH OF SAN BERNARDINO: San Bernardino Altar-piece (Plate V) — BERGAMO, CHURCH OF SAN MICHELE: (frescos) God the Father; The Visitation; Marriage of the Virgin; Presentation of the Virgin — BERGAMO, CHURCH OF SANTO SPIRITO: Altar-piece of Madonna and Saints — BERGAMO, OWNED BY SIGNOR A. FRIZZONI: Two Angels (frescos) — BERGAMO, OWNED BY SIGNOR PICCINELLI: Madonna and Two Saints — BRESCIA, TOSIO GALLERY: Adoration of the Shepherds — CASTELLO DI COSTA DI MEZZATE: Marriage of St. Catherine — CELANO: Assumption of the Virgin — CINGOLI, CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO: Madonna and Saints in Rose-garden — CREDARO, CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO: (frescos) God the Father; St. Joseph, Saints and Shepherds; St. Stephen; St. George; St. Catherine and John the Baptist; Annunciation; St. George; St. George and the Princess — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Madonna and Saints — JESI, LIBRARY: Entombment; Annunciation; Madonna and Saints; St. Lucy before her Judges; Visitation and Annunciation — JESI, MUNICIPIO: Story of St. Lucy (three panels) — LORETO, PALAZZO APOSTOLICO: Christ and the Adulteress; St. Sebastian, St. Roch, and St. Christopher; Recognition of the Holy Child; Sacrifice of Melchizedek; Two Prophets; St. Michael and Satan; Presentation; Baptism — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: Assumption; Portrait of a Lady with a Fan (Plate I); Portrait of a Man; Portrait of an Old Man; Portrait of a Man; Pietà — MILAN, BORROMEO COLLECTION: Crucifixion — MILAN, MUSEO CIVICO: Portrait of a Youth — MILAN, POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM: Madonna and Saints — MILAN, OWNED BY SIGNOR B. CRISPI: Portrait of Niccola Leonicinio — MILAN, OWNED BY SIGNOR G. FRIZZONI: St. Catherine — MOGLIANO: Madonna and Saints — MONTE SAN GIUSTO, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN TELUSIANO: Crucifixion — NAPLES, MUSEUM: Madonna and Saints; Portrait of a Man — OSIMO, MUNICIPIO: Madonna, Child, and Angels — PONTERANICA: Altar-piece (in part) — RECANATI, MUNICIPIO: Madonna and Saints; Transfiguration — RECANATI, CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO: St. Vincent in Glory — RECANATI, ORATORIO DI SAN GIACOMO: St. James — RECANATI, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA SOPRA MERCANTI: Annunciation (Plate III) — ROME, BORGHESE GALLERY: Madonna and Saints; Portrait of a Man — ROME, CAPITOLINE GALLERY: Man with a Musket — ROME, DORIA GALLERY: St. Jerome; Portrait of a Man — ROME, ROSPIGLIOSI GALLERY: Triumph of Chastity — SANTA CRISTINA, PARISH CHURCH: Madonna and Saints — SEDRINA: Madonna in Glory — TRESCORRE, ORATORIO SUARDI: (frescos) Story of St. Barbara; Figure of Christ; Scenes from Legend of St. Clara; Communion of Mary Magdalene — TREVISO GALLERY: Portrait of a Man — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN GIACOMO DELL' ORIO: Madonna Enthroned (replica of Ancona altar-piece) — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO: St. Antoninus and the Poor (Plate VII) — VENICE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE: St. Nicholas in Glory (Plate X) — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, LEUCHTENBERG GALLERY: St. Catherine — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Bridal Couple; St. Jerome.

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A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH LOTTO

MR. BERNHARD BERENSON'S 'Lorenzo Lotto, an Essay in Constructive Art Criticism,' published in London and New York in 1895, and since reissued in a revised edition in 1901, forms the most complete study of this artist that has yet appeared; and whether all Mr. Berenson's hypotheses concerning Lotto be accepted or no, his careful

and exhaustive study stands to-day as the most important and the most authoritative work on the subject. In addition to this the writings of Signor Frizzoni, Signor Locatelli, Dr. Gustavo Bampo, and Dr. Hugo von Tschudi, which will be found listed in the bibliography that follows, form valuable contributions to the study of Lorenzo Lotto.

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Sir Edwin Landseer

ENGLISH SCHOOL

LANDSEER
THE OLD SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

UofM

LANDSEER
SPANIELS OF KING CHARLES' BREED
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

ARCHIVE

York

LANDSEER
THE TWA DOGS
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

LANDSEER
THE SICK MONKEY
LORD NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION, LONDON

LANDSEER
THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN
OWNED BY T. J. BARRATT, ESQ., LONDON

LANDSEER
A HIGHLAND BREAKFAST
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

LANDSEER
LOW LIFE — HIGH LIFE
NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, LONDON

LANDSEER
SUSPENSE
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

LANDSEER
A JACK IN OFFICE
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

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LANDSEER
THE HUNTED STAG
NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF LANDSEER BY HIMSELF
OWNED BY THE KING OF ENGLAND

Landseer painted this picture in 1865, when he was sixty-three years old. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year and presented by the painter to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. Not only does it offer one of the best examples of Landseer's work in portraiture, but it is the most characteristic existing likeness of the artist. The two dogs looking critically over his shoulders at the drawing which he is making give the picture its name — 'The Connoisseurs.' Landseer's appearance is described in the biographical sketch which follows.

Sir Edwin Landseer

BORN 1802: DIED 1873
ENGLISH SCHOOL

EDWIN LANDSEER was born on March 7, 1802, at what was then 71 Queen Anne Street East, later known as 33 Foley Street, London. His father, John Landseer, was an engraver of note as well as an able writer on art, and took the keenest interest in the artistic education of his three sons, Thomas, Charles, and Edwin, all of whom attained to more or less distinction, the first as an engraver, the two last as painters, but of whom, Edwin, the youngest, became by far the most famous.

John Landseer believed that an ordinary education was of no advantage to an artist, but rather a hindrance to his career, and as Edwin showed no fondness for books, "always running away from his teachers, and always drawing," his father encouraged his natural tastes by taking him at an early age—as soon, indeed, as he could hold a pencil with steadiness—into the open fields which in that day were in the near neighborhood of his home, and there, having lifted the little fellow over the stile which formed the entrance to what his father in after years would point to as "Edwin's first studio," would bid him sketch the cows and sheep grazing there. Sometimes Edwin was accompanied on such expeditions by his brothers, but as he grew older he would often start off alone to spend hours in the fields drawing the animals about him, more than content to stay until his father went in search of him later in the day, when his drawings would be criticized and their faults corrected on the spot.

Some of these youthful studies by Landseer are preserved in the South Kensington Museum, London, and from the notes they bear, made by his father, we see that many of them, surprisingly clever for so young a child, were made by the artist when only five or six years old. At the age of seven Landseer had learned to etch, and before he was twelve he had begun to paint in oils. In 1813, when eleven years old, he won the prize of the silver palette of the Society of Arts for drawings of animals, and in the three following years the Isis silver medal of the same society was awarded him.

Wherever animals might be seen and studied there Edwin Landseer was to be found, sketch-book in hand. Sometimes he visited Exeter 'Change, a

building near his father's house in which a show of wild animals was held; sometimes he found his subjects in the Tower of London, where until 1834 it was the custom to keep lions, leopards, tigers, and bears; and in both places he made excellent studies of wild beasts to add to his earlier sketches of domestic animals.

In the year 1815 Landseer received some valuable suggestions from the painter Benjamin R. Haydon, who lent him his dissections of a lion to copy, urged him to study anatomy, as well as the cartoons of Raphael, now in the South Kensington Museum, and the great Parthenon sculptures, then recently brought to England by Lord Elgin and known as the Elgin marbles; and in short, did much to encourage the boy whose talent was so manifest. In this same year, Landseer, then thirteen years old, made his first appearance in public as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, London. In the catalogue of the exhibition he is recorded as "Master E. Landseer, H., 33 Foley St.," the letter "H" signifying an honorary exhibitor, in which capacity alone he was accepted, as his youth precluded him from being regarded as an artist in full. The subjects of the pictures exhibited—both drawings—were 'A Mule,' and 'Pointer Bitch and Puppy;' this last was especially noteworthy as the first work of an English artist since Hogarth's day who had portrayed a dog "with due regard to individuality and character."

The following year Landseer entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he was a diligent student and where he won all hearts by his genial disposition, his gentle manners, and his distinct personal charm. It is related that Henry Fuseli, then at the head of the Academy, if he failed to find Landseer in the room with the other students, would at once ask, "Where is my little dog-boy?" By the painter C. R. Leslie, Landseer is described at this period as "a curly-headed youngster dividing his time between Polito's wild beasts at Exeter 'Change and the Royal Academy Schools."

In the year 1818 Landseer exhibited at the Society of Painters in Oil and Water-colors a picture entitled 'Fighting Dogs Getting Wind,' which attracted general attention and called forth enthusiastic praise. It was purchased by Sir George Beaumont, a fashionable amateur of the day whose patronage of the youthful artist of sixteen helped to increase his popularity and establish his fame. A succession of pictures followed, appearing in exhibitions at the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of Painters in Oil and Water-colors, and at the Society of British Artists. Each work added to the painter's rapidly won reputation—a reputation that was by no means confined to the world of artists and people of his own social standing, but extended to the most fashionable circles of London society, where he was welcomed, courted, admired, and made much of. His eminently social nature, his wit, gaiety, and charm of manner, all combined to render him a general favorite. His pictures met with ready sales and his course now became little short of a triumphal progress.

In 1824 he went with C. R. Leslie to Scotland, and there visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, where he made numerous drawings of the poet surrounded by his dogs. These drawings were used later as studies for finished

pictures. In company with Leslie Landseer traveled through the lake district and the Highlands of Scotland, and was everywhere so impressed by the scenery that he rarely failed after this to visit Scotland each year. "That country, with its deer and its mountains," writes Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, "was thenceforth the land of his imagination. He began to study and paint animals more in their relation to man. Lions, bulls, and pigs gave way before the red deer; and even dogs, though they retained their strong hold upon his art, were hereafter treated rather as the companions of man than in their natural character of rat-catchers and fighters."

In 1826 Landseer, then twenty-four, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at the earliest age that was in conformity with the laws of that body. Shortly before this time he had moved from his father's house in Foley Street, and from the comfortless and inconvenient studio which he occupied in Upper Conway Street, to a house in St. John's Wood, near Regent's Park, where he was in possession of a garden, and a barn which was soon converted into a studio. The house, No. 1 St. John's Wood Road, was added to and improved from time to time, as the painter's needs required and his increasing wealth allowed. Here the remainder of his life—a period of nearly fifty years—was spent, and here the greater part of his life's work accomplished. Landseer never married. His sister, Mrs. Mackenzie, or an unmarried sister, Jessie, kept house for him, and his home was always a favorite meeting-place for his large circle of friends, and the scene of many social gatherings of noted people.

"There were few studios more charming to visit than Landseer's," writes a correspondent of Mrs. Ritchie's (then Miss Thackeray). "Besides the genial artist and his beautiful pictures, the *habitués* of his 'workshop,' as he called it, belonged to the *élite* of London society, especially the men of wit and distinguished talent—none more often there than Count D'Orsay with his good-humored face, his ready wit, and delicate flattery. 'Landseer,' he would call out at his entrance, 'keep the dogs off me'—referring to the pictures—'I want to come in and some of them will bite me; that fellow in the corner is growling furiously!' Then there was Mulready, still looking upon Landseer as the young student, and fearing that all this incense would spoil him for future work; and Fonblanque, who maintained from first to last that Landseer was on the top rung of the ladder, and when at the exhibition of some of the artist's later works he heard it said, 'They are not equal to his former ones,' exclaimed, 'It is hard upon Landseer to flog him with his own laurels.'"

In 1831 Landseer was elected to the full membership of the Royal Academy. His pictures had now become well-known works, the popularity of which was vastly increased by the engravings made from them by his brother Thomas and many other engravers of more or less note. Landseer was a child in business matters, and his affairs were managed first by his father and later by his friend Mr. Jacob Bell, who secured for him the engraving rights of his works. These formed the chief source of the artist's income, and contributed far more than did the moderate sums that he obtained for his paintings towards the large fortune that he amassed.

It was Landseer's custom to place a clean canvas, or panel, upon his easel and leave it there untouched for several days, or until he had completely thought out the subject that he was to paint. This done, he would take up his palette and brushes and set to work, and in an astonishingly short space of time the picture would be finished. There are countless stories told of his rapidity in working—of how he completed a large picture of 'A Sleeping Bloodhound' in three days; finished another of 'Rabbits' in three-quarters of an hour; painted a portrait of Lord Ashburton in a single sitting; and for his friend Mr. Wells, completed a picture of a spaniel and a wounded rabbit—both animals the size of life—in two hours and a half, and one of a fallow-deer for the same friend, who used to relate that one Sunday morning as he was about to go to church the panel for this picture was placed on the easel of the painter, who was his guest at the time, and that when he returned from morning service the picture was finished.

Landseer's technical powers were no less amazing. "Under his hand," writes Mr. Redgrave, "a single drag of the brush gave a more effectual rendering of the coat of an animal than could be achieved by a painstaking imitation of each single hair." As an instance of his dexterity a story is told that upon the occasion of a large party assembled one evening at the house of a gentleman in London, the conversation having turned upon the subject of feats of skill with the hand, one of the ladies present remarked that it would be impossible for any one, however skilful, to draw two things at once. "Oh, I can do that," said Landseer quietly; "give me two pencils and I will show you." The pencils were brought, and Landseer, taking one in each hand, drew simultaneously and unhesitatingly the profile of a stag's antlered head with one hand, and with the other the perfect outline of the head of a horse. Both drawings were strong and vigorous; that drawn with the left hand in no way inferior to its companion sketch.

In person Landseer was somewhat below middle height. His face was broad and his forehead well formed. His complexion was fresh, his eyes fine, and his hair, light brown in youth and white in later life, was curly. Perhaps on the whole his face was not marked by force of character, but for all that his appearance was thoroughly manly and his expression frank and open. It has been said that he was wholly without envy or jealousy of others, and that his estimation of his own powers was absurdly low. "If people only knew as much about painting as I do," he said on one occasion, "they would never buy my pictures." His keen insight into the characters of animals, especially of dogs, was well known, and with the infallible instinct of those creatures they invariably recognized in Landseer a friend and master. His power over them and his marvelous way of winning their affection was unfailing. After the loss of a favorite terrier, Brutus—a loss from which he never entirely recovered—he did not confine his affections to any one dog, but was usually to be seen surrounded by half a dozen, who accompanied him in his walks and were his constant companions at home.

After 1839 Landseer painted several portraits of the English nobility, sometimes introducing likenesses of his sitters into his large figure groups,

sometimes, and especially was this the case with children, giving accessories to his portraits that converted them into subject pictures to which such titles as 'Little Red Ridinghood,' 'The Naughty Child,' 'Beauty's Bath,' etc., were appended. None of these pictures, however, equaled the painter's portrayals of animal life, nor did they add materially to his reputation. From the beginning to the end of his career his forte lay distinctly in his interpretation of the natures of dumb beasts, notably the dog.

Landseer was a brilliant conversationalist, full of humor and anecdote. His manner of telling a story was graphic, and marked with a certain dramatic power. An enthusiastic sportsman, he was nevertheless somewhat of a trial to the Scotch "gillies," or attendants, who accompanied him upon his shooting expeditions during his yearly visits to the Highlands of Scotland, for it sometimes happened that just as a magnificent shot came in the way Landseer would thrust his gun into their hands with a hurried, "Here, take this," and quickly pulling his sketch-book and pencil from his pocket would proceed to make a study of the deer with never a thought of taking its life.

In 1840 Landseer's health broke down from overwork, and from the demands of a social life that held only too great a fascination for him and produced a somewhat detrimental effect upon his character. In short, the deference shown him, and the flattery, amounting to adulation, accorded him by his fashionable friends, spoiled him to a certain extent; he became affected in his manner, and his old friends deplored the partial eclipse of the finer and more genuine qualities in the man they loved. In company with one of these old friends, Mr. Jacob Bell, Landseer now made a tour through Belgium and Switzerland, returning home by way of Paris. This trip, during which he did nothing in the way of his work, proved the refreshment that his overtaxed nerves needed, and he went back to London benefited by the rest.

From the time of her accession to the throne of England in 1837 Queen Victoria was one of Landseer's most enthusiastic admirers and one of his chief patrons. Her regard and friendship for the painter were shared by the prince consort, and many were the visits that Landseer paid the royal pair at Balmoral Castle in Scotland and at Osborne House on the Isle of Wight, where he was kept busily employed in painting pictures of the pet animals belonging to the queen and to Prince Albert, portraits of old and faithful servants, and even portraits of the queen herself and of her consort, which were followed by those of the young princes and princesses from their earliest childhood. We hear, too, of pictures painted by their favorite artist for the royal couple to be given as birthday presents to each other, such commissions being always executed in secrecy. On one occasion, for instance, when Landseer was engaged in painting, at the request of the queen, a picture of Prince Albert's favorite greyhound, Eos, in which the prince's hat and gloves were to be used as accessories, a messenger arrived in hot haste at the artist's studio with an order from the queen to send back those articles immediately, as the prince had asked for them and on no account must he suspect what was on foot.

Once the young queen herself rode on horseback unannounced to the door of the artist's studio in St. John's Wood Road, and waited while in obedience to her summons he hurriedly changed his coat, and mounted a groom's horse to accompany her on her ride in order that he might make a study for an equestrian portrait of her Majesty.

In addition to his unofficial position as court painter Landseer gave lessons to the queen and to Prince Albert in the art of etching, in which both proved apt pupils. There was little or no formality in his intercourse with the royal couple, with whom, indeed, he was on terms of such intimate friendship that when visiting them in Scotland or on the Isle of Wight he would spend hours in hunting or in playing billiards with Prince Albert, or would take long walks with the queen, and help her in her sketching with his criticisms.

After the death of the prince consort this personal intercourse with the queen ceased, and Landseer, whose sensitive nature was given to fancying slights where none were intended, was deeply hurt, and never understood that even if invitations to the royal palaces had ceased, the queen's regard for him might still remain unchanged, as was proved to be the case when in 1850 she conferred upon him the honor of knighthood.

During the next ten years Sir Edwin Landseer, as he was now known, produced many of his finest works. In 1855 his picture 'The Sanctuary' won for him the great gold medal of the Universal Exposition held in Paris in that year. Four years later he was commissioned by Lord Derby, on behalf of the English nation, to model four lions for the base of the monument erected in Trafalgar Square, London, in commemoration of the victory won off Cape Trafalgar by Lord Nelson. This work occupied much of Landseer's time during the next eight years. On January 31, 1867, the colossal lions cast in bronze were unveiled in their places.

In 1865 the presidency of the Royal Academy, made vacant by the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, was offered to Landseer by the unanimous vote of his fellow members. This honor, however, was declined by the painter, who felt that his health was not equal to the responsibilities which such a position entailed. Landseer's health had, indeed, shown signs of seriously breaking down. Extreme nervous excitability manifested itself in various ways, and attacks of mental distress undermined his constitution. His eyesight, too, began to fail; he became conscious of technical errors in his work which critics readily attributed to weakening powers. This was especially painful to a man whose delight it had formerly been, as a sympathetic critic has said, "to put a magnifying-glass into the hand of an artist friend and bid him examine the painting of the eye of a bird. He had the same desire for minute finish at the last as in his youthful days, and it was one of his sorest trials that he had to paint in glasses just when the rage for Preraphaelite finish was rising." A morbid sensitiveness, to which he had long been a prey, caused Landseer to suffer unduly from censure and from imagined slights from his friends. It has been said that if he had been willing at this time to forego the pleasures of society and lead a quieter life all might have gone well, but he was unable

to resist the gaiety and excitement that he had grown to depend upon. Attacks of depression, amounting at times to mental anguish, became more frequent, and these, combined with increasing physical feebleness and pain, saddened his last years. There were, it is true, bright moments when his powers reasserted themselves. Among his last works, 'The Swannery Invaded by Eagles,' exhibited in 1869, and 'The Sick Monkey' in the following year, give ample evidence that his hand had not forever lost its cunning.

It was hoped that the more bracing air of Scotland or the north of England might benefit the painter's health; but such did not prove to be the case, and finally, after repeated visits to the north, he returned to London, and to his house in St. John's Wood Road, never to leave home again. During the last months of his life he would sometimes walk around the paths of his garden leaning on his sister's arm, but most of his time was passed in his studio, where he painted almost to the last and where it was his wish that he might die.

On October 1, 1873, the end came. On the eleventh of that month Sir Edwin Landseer was buried with full honors in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, where his grave has since been marked by a sculptured slab above it bearing a medallion portrait of the painter, beneath which is modeled in high relief a copy of his most pathetic and one of his greatest works, 'The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.'

The Art of Landseer

RICHARD MUTHER 'THE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING'

LANDSEER was the spoiled child of fortune. In high favor at court, honored by the fashionable world, and tenderly treated by criticism, he went on his way triumphant. The region over which he held sway was narrow, but he stood out in it as in life, powerful and commanding. . . .

One reason of his artistic success is perhaps due to that in him which was inartistic—to his effort to make animals more beautiful than they really are, and to make them the medium for expressing human sentiment. It is this that distinguishes Landseer to his disadvantage from really great animal-painters like Potter, Snyders, Troyon, and Rosa Bonheur. He paints the human temperament beneath the animal mask. His stags have expressive countenances, and his dogs appear to be gifted with reason and even speech. His disposition to bring animals on the stage, as if they were the actors of tragic, melodramatic, or farcical scenes, made him a peculiar favorite with the great mass of people. Nor were his picture-stories merely easy to read and understand, for the characteristic titles he invented for them excited curiosity as much as the most carefully selected name of a novel. But this search after points and sentimental anecdotes only came into prominence in his last period, when his technique had degenerated and he gave way to a shiny polish and

a forced elegance. In his middle period Landseer painted masterpieces which set him by the side of the best animal-painters of all times and nations. These pictures, in their animation and simple naturalness, are indeed precious examples of the fresh and delicate observation peculiar to him at that time. They are painted with all the love and joy of a child of nature, and that accounts for their strength, their convincing power, and their vivid force. It is as if he had become possessed of a magic cap, with which he could draw close to animals without being observed, and surprise their nature and their inmost life. . . .

Horses, which Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Velasquez, Wouverman, and the earlier English artists delighted to render, Landseer painted but seldom, and when he painted them it was with a less penetrating comprehension. Lions, which had been represented in savage passion or in quiet dignity by artists from Rubens to Decamps, were for him also a subject of long and exhaustive studies, which had their result in the four colossal lions round the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, London. Stags and roes were really first introduced into painting by Landseer. His principal field of study for these animals was the Highlands of Scotland, where he painted them fighting on the mountain slope, swimming the lake, or as they stand gazing in their quiet beauty. But of all animals dogs were Landseer's peculiar specialty. He may be said to have discovered the dog. That of Snyders was a treacherous, snarling cur; that of Bewick a robber and a thief. Landseer has made him the companion of man, an adjunct of human society, the generous friend and true comrade who is the last mourner at the shepherd's grave. Landseer first studied his noble countenance and his thoughtful eyes, and in so doing opened a new province to art.

McDOUGALL SCOTT 'SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'

LANDSEER'S work divides itself into two classes: the painting of animals as animals, and the painting of animals as creatures possessed of all or some of the human attributes. In the latter style only does the artist lay claim to any distinct originality or to the founding of a school. But here he can make good his claim. For judging by those painters of animals who were his predecessors or contemporaries, none had ever attacked their subject from Landseer's standpoint; none had treated them so obviously as intellectually sentient human beings, only removed from man by their lack of the medium of human speech. It is at the point where he departs from the accepted canons of animal-painting that adverse criticisms of him arise, for no critic has ever suggested a word against his purely technical treatment of animals. Studying his method, as typified in what have been called his "anecdotal" pictures, in the spirit in which they were painted, we can, however, construct an apology for much that would otherwise be unconvincing and false.

Landseer had a very real message to give to the world, a message of kindliness and compassion, of sympathy and trust; and he felt best able to give this message through the medium of his dumb friends, where other men had chosen religious subjects or broad poetic schemes. To the dog in particular

he went for help in his task, as being the first friend of man; the dog he invests with the greatest meed of human intelligence, and for this very reason many of his dog pictures are narrower in their conception, more constrained in their execution, and less convincing as poetic compositions than his greater stag or lion studies. With the dog he often strained the rational limits set about him, merging the semi-tragic into the ridiculous. Landseer was, however, a poet at soul; his poetry is often hidden under a mass of artifice, his philosophy tainted with a strain of the absurd, yet we may not deny a deep meaning to the spirit of his work. . . .

It is, however, necessary to recognize the fact that the attribution of human instincts to animals did most sadly destroy the finer and innermost qualities of much of Landseer's work. Undoubtedly, as has been said, the artist viewed his effort as a means to an end, as a means whereby he could give his message more vividly to the world; but nevertheless even this view does not materially raise the art-level of some of his "anecdotal" pictures. We cannot get away from the fact that had he escaped from the parodying of humanity in the brute species a greater number of his pictures would have attained the perfection of the highest standard in his branch of art. His stag pictures must, for instance, always be admirable, for in them he discovered and interpreted the essence of splendid animal majesty; the noble creatures are imbued with something very far above mere humanity, they are the king-like children of nature. We would here place such pictures as 'The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner' and 'Suspense' outside the ordinary class of the "anecdotal" works. The humanizing effort is perhaps in them, but the word seems hardly to embrace the real underlying idea. Let us turn instead to that larger class of works of which 'The Cat's-paw,' 'The Larder Invaded,' 'A Jack in Office,' 'The Traveled Monkey,' and 'Alexander and Diogenes' are typical examples, to see where his idea went essentially wrong. In each and all of the pictures cited, the petty introduction of human instincts has marred and disturbed the broad ideas of free nature.

That Landseer, with his acute knowledge of the animal world, should ever have attempted to mix up such antithetically opposed qualities as the artificial emotions of humanity and the primitive instincts of the brute world must always seem a curious error of judgment. In defence, however, of the false sentiment that marks some of his work, we would point out the fact that he lived at a most unfortunate time. The early and mid-Victorian epoch was impregnated with a false and mawkish sentimentality. Art in England and on the Continent was at a low ebb, and it is scarcely strange that the spirit of the day should have crept into painting as it did into literature. It was not so much that Landseer could not rise to heights of true and poetic pathos, for some of his pictures definitely prove that he could, as that he took his color from his surroundings, and acceded to the demands of his time. . . .

Up to the year 1824 Landseer's pictures lack breadth of conception and ease of execution, but in that year, after his first visit to Scotland, a marked change became apparent in his style. We note an increased power, a truer idea of the harmonious relationship of subject with subject, broader tones,

and, if possible, a deeper insight into animal nature. As to the rapidity of his work, so far from detracting from its excellence, his pictures seem often to gain in strength and purpose through the quickened deftness of his touch. Perhaps he threw more concentration into them, or perhaps his love for foreign details had to be curbed when he was working against time; at any rate with increased rapidity came a greater unity of idea and harmony of execution. . . .

Landseer was a master of draftsmanship. He has been called an excellent *designer* of animals, a statement which in its terseness is a little unjust, with the inference contained in it that he was so much and no more. He was a great deal more, but perhaps his power as a draftsman is one of the most salient points about his work. It would be difficult among his more mature works to find an instance of really false animal drawing, though sometimes his treatment of the dog is not convincing by reason of a constraint of facial expression. For this his humanizing method is to be blamed, rather than the technical treatment of the drawing. The beauty of truth has in these cases given place to a far-fetched expression of idea. This occasional false rendering of expressions does not, however, alter the fact that as a draftsman of animals, working on a thorough knowledge of his subject, Landseer stands without a rival. This is the more vividly apparent when he is dealing with the more noble members of the animal kingdom; true artist that he was, he never tried to infuse into the stag or the lion that rather strained personality of his domestic animals.

With the human figure Landseer was not at his best; the subject had no real attractions for him, and in it he never attained any high standard. As often as not the drawing is false, the anatomy incorrect, the attitudes full of uneasy constraint. The same may be said of his portraits, for though in his own day he had a distinct vogue as a portrait-painter, he does not stand high to-day in the public esteem. With the exception of the posthumous portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and the one of himself in 'The Connoisseurs,' his efforts in this line were wooden and weak.

Landseer's pictures do not possess any rich glow of color, which, as a rule, seems to emanate from the surface rather than from the depths of the canvas. In many cases his subjects demanded a subdued treatment of soft grays and browns, with no vivid contrasts. His manner of painting the coats of his animals is wonderful; there is a velvety texture about them which is quite realistic, and one can almost feel the thickness and soft resistance of the hair. . . .

In composition Landseer was successful only so long as he kept his pictures simple. When he was called on to introduce crowds, more especially crowds of men and women, into his canvas, he failed to gain anything but a series of disjointed groups. In this respect he did not improve as time went on. He was too fond, moreover, of crowding his canvases with irritating adjuncts and details. It is in composition in "breadth" and "height" that he most obviously fails, for his "depth" is good; the groupings recede well into their respective planes. Perhaps his distance and middle distance are too intricately detailed and brought too much forward, but his real faults lie more in the grouping of each respective plane. . . .

Landseer could be deeply imaginative, but, to use an expression taken from logic, his paintings are types of "intension" rather than "extension." That is, he painted the attributes of his animal with relation to the animal itself, and not the relations of his animal to the world of his picture. With a few exceptions, he painted the animal for its own merits and not as a factitive part of a whole composition.

Let us, however, admire Landseer's style in its own light—in the light of the genius which could discover and interpret the instincts, feelings, and sentient nature of the animals, portraying this inner nature with a truthful mastery of his art, and a thorough knowledge of form and substance.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'OLD ENGLISH MASTERS'

THE most precocious and perhaps the most popular of all English painters was Sir Edwin Landseer. He was acclaimed a genius before he had reached man's estate, and during the seventy years of his life he painted pictures that were circulated through engravings in all the countries of Christendom. . . .

It is not often that an artist attains such wide-spread popularity, and usually there are reasons for it other than artistic. It was so in Landseer's case. He forced the note of animal life (especially the dog) by humanizing it, giving it emotions and sentiments pertinent to humanity, making it tell a sentimental or a funny story. And he forced the note of art by a "smart" painting of surfaces and textures which disguised a want of depth and covered up a lack of substance. Not that Landseer was always superficial, but that his popularity was gained by his least meritorious performance. It is an old story in art. Correggio is still popularly known as the painter of that sugary little 'Reading Magdalene' at Dresden—a picture that he never saw; and Millet, who had a command of line worthy of Michelangelo, lives in the popular mind as the painter of the 'Angelus,' an exaggerated story in paint done in the artist's poorest manner. . . .

After Landseer's trip to Scotland his subject changed somewhat, he became fond of deer, mountains, and Scotch heather, paying less attention to lions and tigers, but always clinging to the dog. He now began painting the dog in connection with his master; and after he had been made a Royal Academician, in 1831, he began to burlesque his subject in such popular successes as 'Low Life—High Life,' 'A Jack in Office,' and 'Laying Down the Law'—all of them pictures of dogs, posed in imitation of humanity. . . .

At his best Landseer was a good draftsman and a very facile handler of the brush. All told, his career was remarkably successful, but there is a sharp line of demarcation to be drawn between his popular success and his artistic success. The latter was not slight. He had the artistic sense, but in the roar of applause that went up over the caricatured dog it was lost to sight and forgotten save by his fellow-craftsmen.

COSMO MONKHOUSE 'DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY'

AS an artist Landseer was thoroughly original, striking out a new path for himself by treating pictorially the analogy between the character of animals and men. His principal forerunner in this was Hogarth, who occasionally introduced animals in his pictures from the same motive. But Landseer was more playful in his humor, more kind in his satire, trying only to show what was human in the brute; whereas Hogarth only displayed what was brutal in the man. But Landseer was a poet as well as a humorist, and could strike chords of human feeling almost as truly and strongly as if his subjects had been men instead of dogs and deer.

His compositions are nearly always marked by a great feeling for elegance of line, but in his later works his color, despite his skill in imitation, was apt to be cold and crude. As a draftsman he was exceedingly elegant and facile, and his dexterity and swiftness of execution with the brush were remarkable, especially in rendering the skins and furs of animals; a few touches or twirls, especially in his later work, sufficed to produce effects which seem due to the most intricate manipulation.

ANONYMOUS 'LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW' 1874

THE line that divides Landseer's art from that of other animal-painters also separates his own pictures into two distinct classes. On one side of that line are his portraits of individual beasts, compositions in which one or more of them are appropriately set, sometimes telling the story of their juxtaposition, sometimes merely setting forth a claim to existence as representations of things in themselves beautifully or gracefully arranged, or as pieces of fine workmanship. On the other side of the line are the pictures into which the artist has thrown a peculiar and subtle charm, educing from his materials not a direct moral lesson as Hogarth would have done, but a power of awakening thought and feeling in others—pictures now idyllic with all the simple happiness in mere living of the brute inhabitants of the field; now epic with their strifes and struggles; now dramatic with the play of their strange minds, so mysteriously like and unlike our own; now lyric with their joys and griefs—pictures, in short, which, as Ruskin has said, are poems. It is in these works in which the poetry of animal life is strikingly embodied that Landseer's originality is shown.

The older masters seldom introduced animals as a principal element in their pictures. When Veronese, Velasquez, or Van Dyck gives us a dog or a horse it is rather as an adjunct in a sumptuous scene, or as a characteristic possession of the person whose portrait he is executing, than as a thing particularly interesting in itself. Rubens, it is true, gives a more prominent place to beasts, and, attracted apparently by the savage energy of the subject, revels in an occasional lion hunt. Snyders, his friend and pupil, dwells habitually on the sterner aspects of the chase. The later cattle painters—Cuyp, who steeped his meadow scenes in golden sunlight, and the sturdier Paul Potter—are animal-painters entirely after the modern kind. We can trace their echoes

in contemporary art, but even in them there is no sign of controlling feeling or sentiment. Perhaps of all the ancients Dürer studied the subject in a spirit most akin to that of Landseer. His dogs and pigs and horses have an individual life, a distinct character of their own. One feels that to him one beast was not as another beast—a patch of necessary color, a superior kind of stage property—but a creature into whose mind it was worth while, if possible, to enter.

Among modern animal-painters, too, Landseer holds a distinct place. The agricultural scenes of Troyon and Rosa Bonheur possess extraordinary vigor, and their cattle, horses, and sheep are certainly executed with more rough power and less civilized refinement than Landseer was in the habit of showing; but in none of the modern animal-painters is there Landseer's vein of poetry; not one has seen so far into the brute nature, and passed by so entire a transmigration into the beast's soul, into its limited blind feeling and its groping rudimentary reasonings. . . .

Nearly allied to this power of rendering what may be called the psychology of beasthood was Landseer's singular skill in the drawing of animal forms. He caught the most fleeting and most characteristic attitudes of his models with a kind of instinct. Doubtless this power had been greatly increased by years of toil, but though he strengthened the gift that was in him by assiduous study, yet the gift itself was something peculiarly his own—and what a wonderful gift it was! How admirably his brush seems to give life to these countless creatures—how various they are, and each how full of character! . . .

Landseer's shortcomings are not far to seek. His color, except when working at his best, is poor, his composition not excellent; but his humor and pathos are admirable, his technical painting of certain substances not less so, and in power of drawing and painting animal life, of expressing insight into animal character and sympathy with animal feeling and in the divine faculty of casting a halo of poetry over his subject—in these he has never been surpassed.

The Works of Landseer

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE OLD SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER' PLATE I

THIS picture, one of the most celebrated of Landseer's works, and by many considered his masterpiece, was painted in 1837, when the artist was thirty-five years old, and exhibited that same year at the Royal Academy. It is now in the South Kensington Museum, London. It represents the interior of a Highland cottage of which the only living inmate is the faithful dog watching beside the coffin in which his master lies. The shepherd's plaid partly covers the coffin's lid, upon which some hand has placed a sprig of rosemary in accordance with an old custom still held sacred in the lonely hill-

country of Scotland. The Bible and spectacles of the dead shepherd lie on a stool near by; his stick and hat are on the floor; and beside the window, which lets in a flood of light, stands the worn armchair where he used to sit.

Ruskin called this painting "one of the most perfect poems or pictures which modern times have seen," and in his poetic but not very accurate description of the work says, "The exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep—these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as a man of mind."

The picture is on panel and measures one foot six inches high by two feet wide.

'SPANIELS OF KING CHARLES' BREED' — PLATE II

THIS picture, sometimes called 'The Cavalier's Pets,' was first exhibited at the British Institution in 1845. It is a remarkable example of Landseer's rapidity of workmanship, having been painted in two days—a fact that is the more to be wondered at when it is observed how exquisitely the ostrich feather in the cavalier's gray felt hat lying on the table is rendered, and with what a delicate touch the silky coats of the spaniels—the King Charles, black and tan with spots of white, and the Blenheim, white with reddish brown ears—are portrayed. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, indeed, considers that as a piece of painting Landseer never excelled this work.

The picture is on canvas and measures about two feet high by three feet wide. It hangs in the National Gallery, London.

'THE TWA DOGS' — PLATE III

'THE Twa Dogs,' painted in 1822, when Landseer was twenty years old, illustrates Robert Burns' poem of that name which relates how

> "Upon a bonnie day in June,
> When wearing thro' the afternoon,
> Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
> Forgather'd ance upon a time."

One of these dogs, Cæsar by name, the well-cared-for favorite of a wealthy and high-born master, was a Newfoundland, whose

> . . . "lockèd, letter'd, braw brass collar
> Show'd him the gentleman and scholar."

The other, Luath, was a ploughman's collie, whose

> . . . "honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
> Aye gat him friends in ilka place."

In spite of the difference in their social positions and worldly circumstances, the two were fast friends, and on the occasion in question, having sought a secluded spot, they seated themselves upon a knoll,

> "An' there began a lang digression
> About the lords o' the creation."

Their conversation, in which they compared their lots and discussed the hardships of poverty versus the emptiness and folly of a fashionable life, lasted until the sun had set and night was upon them,

> "When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
> Rejoic'd they were na men, but dogs;
> An' each took aff his several way,
> Resolv'd to meet some ither day."

Landseer has caught the spirit of the poem, and while admirably interpreting the character of the two dogs, has by no means divested them of their canine natures.

The picture is on canvas and measures about one foot four inches high by nearly two feet wide. It is in the South Kensington Museum, London.

'THE SICK MONKEY' PLATE IV

AMONG Landseer's last works 'The Sick Monkey,' or, as it was originally called, 'Doctor's Visit to Poor Relations at the Zoölogical Gardens,' occupies a prominent place, and offers an admirable example of the kind of subject of which Landseer was the originator and in the portrayal of which he was preëminent.

In a cage at the London Zoölogical Gardens a young monkey, sick and suffering, is tenderly cared for by its mother, to whom it clings with all the dependence of an ailing child. On a rail behind sits the "doctor," quietly devouring an orange, while he holds another in his hind paws. The soft gray fur of the mother and child and the coat of the doctor, its black offset by the two bright spots of color supplied by the oranges, are excellently painted, as are also the forms and attitudes of the animals, and their almost human expressions indicative of suffering in the baby-monkey's face, anxious solicitude in the mother's, and calm indifference on the part of the "doctor."

The picture is on canvas and measures three feet high by two feet three inches wide. It was painted in 1870 and was exhibited in that year at the

Royal Academy, London. In 1876 it was sent to the United States, where it was seen at the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia. It is now the property of Lord Northbrook.

'THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN' PLATE V

THIS picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851, was painted in accordance with an order received by Landseer from the Commissioners on the Fine Arts to paint three subjects connected with the chase, for the peers' refreshment room in the English Houses of Parliament. The matter, however, came to nothing, for the House of Commons took offense at not having been consulted in the transaction, and the appropriation bill failed to carry. 'The Monarch of the Glen,' one of Landseer's finest and most popular works, then passed into private possession. Since that time it has more than once changed owners, and is now the property of T. J. Barratt, Esq., London.

"The picture," writes Mr. McDougall Scott, "is eminently simple and majestic in its composition. A noble animal is represented before the merest suggestion of mountain scenery, which, despite its small relation to the proportion of the stag, is full of space and distance. The set of the head and neck of the 'Monarch' as he stands in tense expectancy is the essence of proud power and freedom."

The name by which the picture is known was not conferred upon it by Landseer, who gave it no title beyond what might be deduced from the following lines from the 'Legends of Glenorchay' which he appended to the painting:

"When first the day star's clear, cool light,
Chasing night's shadows gray,
With silver touch'd each rocky height
That girdled wild Glen-Strae,
Uprose the Monarch of the Glen,
Majestic from his lair;
Survey'd the scene with piercing ken,
And snuff'd the fragrant air."

'A HIGHLAND BREAKFAST' PLATE VI

ALTHOUGH Landseer was never so successful in compositions into which many figures were introduced as he was in his portrayals of single animals, the 'Highland Breakfast' is a fine and characteristic example of his story-telling pictures which met with popular favor and added greatly to his reputation.

The scene of this painting is a Highland shepherd's hut, where a number of dogs—staghound, collie, and terriers—are gathered around a tub of hot milk assigned them for their morning meal. Some of them hang back, for the breakfast is yet too hot; others, unable to restrain their impatience, eagerly

dip their noses into the tempting milk. Seated near by is the shepherd's wife, heedful only of the baby in her arms. A cradle, a chair, and some cooking utensils lying about complete this picture of lowly life.

The painting is on wood and measures one foot eight inches high by two feet two inches wide. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1834, and is now in the South Kensington Museum, London.

'LOW LIFE—HIGH LIFE' PLATE VII

THESE companion pictures, now in the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), London, were painted in 1829 and exhibited two years later at the British Institution. One of them represents a butcher's bulldog, "big of jowl and broad of paw," lazily blinking in the warm sunshine, as he sits beside his master's block, guarding the hat, boots, and cans that have been left in his care. "Was ever anything more real—was ever anything more expressive?" asks a writer in the 'Morning Chronicle.' "This dog is the very essence of greasy vulgarity and yet he is a dog, every inch and every hair of him. His eyes, half shut and winking, are 'low'—his tongue, lazily curling out of his greasy chops, is 'low'—his clumsy knotted legs are 'low' —his ungainly inturned toes are 'low,' and beside him stands a pair of boots, stubborn, squat, coarse boots, irredeemably and hopelessly 'low.' The whole picture, in fact, dog and accessories, presents the most perfect idea of low comfort and ungainly free-and-easyism that ever was put on canvas."

The other picture, 'High Life,' offers a striking contrast in the condition of the dog which gives the title to the scene. Gentle and "gentlemanly" is the staghound seated before the fire in the comfortable study of the master whose books, gloves, and other belongings bespeak his rank in life. It has been said that this dog was Sir Walter Scott's famous "Maida," but there is insufficient ground for this belief.

Both 'Low Life' and 'High Life' are fine examples of Landseer's art. They are painted on wood, and each one measures only eighteen inches high by about thirteen inches wide.

'SUSPENSE' PLATE VIII

THE year 1834 was productive of several of Landseer's masterpieces, of which his biographer, Mr. F. G. Stephens, considers 'Suspense' "by far the best picture, the aptest illustration of his genius, the one on which his honor should rest."

The picture is an example of that class of Landseer's works in which "the invention of the artist is exerted rather to exercise and call forth the imagination of the spectator than to display his own." It represents a huge bloodhound intently watching at a closed door, shut out, we are led to suppose, from his master, who has been borne wounded into the room beyond. In the original painting drops of blood may be seen upon the floor, telling the story

of desperate strife, to which the blood-stained eagle plume also bears witness. The steel gauntlets on the table, reflecting the light in their polished surfaces, add an effective touch to the picture.

'Suspense' is now in the South Kensington Museum, London. It is painted on wood and measures about two feet three inches high by three feet wide.

'A JACK IN OFFICE' PLATE IX

'A JACK in Office' is one of Landseer's best known works, and the first of those "canine burlesques of human life" that won for him an almost unparalleled popularity. This picture gives evidence of both the humor and the pathos of the painter. An itinerant dealer in dog's meat—a familiar figure in London fifty years ago—has left his wheelbarrow in a side street under the guardianship of a fat mongrel cur, who, mounted on the top of his charge, does not deign in all the arrogance of his position of authority to so much as glance at the poor miserable dogs who, attracted by the smell of the food, have ventured to approach. A lean and hungry hound gazes longingly on the savory contents of the butcher's basket placed near the barrel; a puppy in front, having devoured some scraps of meat that were cast aside, still gnaws the skewer and makes bold to ask for more; in the background other wretched creatures timidly draw near, none daring, however, to touch the meat that "Jack" so superciliously guards.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1833. It is on wood and measures about one foot and a half high by a trifle over two feet wide. It is now in the South Kensington Museum, London.

'THE HUNTED STAG' PLATE X

AFTER Landseer's visit to Scotland in 1824 the deer became almost as frequent a subject for his brush as the dog. "The deer," writes Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, "was the only animal of which he may be said to have made a special study in its wild state, and whose natural life he watched with never wearying care and pleasure. The beauty of its form, the nobility and grace of its bearing, the cleverness of its instincts, and its courage in extremity, together with the sublimity of its home, gave it a fascination from which Landseer never escaped. . . . He may be said to have mastered other animals, but the deer mastered him."

Moreover, the wild scenery of the Scottish Highlands made a strong appeal to Landseer's imagination, and many were the studies that he made of mountain, lake, and rushing torrent, and the ever changing effects of cloud and mist. Scenery such as this he painted as fit settings for his numerous pictures of the stag and deer, many of them tragic in their portrayals of the death of these creatures, and none more touching and at the same time more stirring than the one reproduced in plate x, in which a hunted stag, hotly pursued by the hounds, has plunged into a mountain stream to escape its bloodthirsty foes, and is borne down the rocky torrent, even there closely followed by its tormentors.

The picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1833, is now in the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), London. It is on wood and measures about two feet three inches high by three feet wide.

A LIST OF SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLE PAINTINGS BY LANDSEER WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. EGHAM, HOLLOWAY COLLEGE: Man Proposes, God Disposes — LONDON, BURLINGTON HOUSE, DIPLOMA GALLERY: The Faithful Hound — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Sleeping Bloodhound; Spaniels of King Charles' Breed (Plate II); Dignity and Impudence; Shoeing; Two Studies of a Lion; Defeat of Comus (loaned) — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART: Low Life — High Life (Plate VII); Highland Music; The Hunted Stag (Plate X); Peace; War; Highland Dogs; Alexander and Diogenes; The Maid and the Magpie; A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society; Scene at Abbotsford; Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale; Donkey and Foal; Portrait of John Landseer; Equestrian Portrait (finished by Millais) — LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: Portrait of Sir Walter Scott; Portrait of Dr. John Allen — LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Highland Breakfast (Plate VI); Drover's Departure; Dog and Shadow; The Twa Dogs (Plate III); Fireside Party; The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner (Plate I); A Jack in Office (Plate IX); Tethered Rams; Sancho Panza and Dapple; The Angler's Guard; A Naughty Child; Suspense (Plate VIII); Comical Dogs; Young Roebuck and Rough Hounds; Eagle's Nest; There 's no Place Like Home; Lion; The Stonebreaker and his Daughter; Lady Blessington's Dog; Sketch in the Highlands — LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Highland Scene; Arab Tent; Looking for Crumbs that Fall from the Rich Man's Table — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND: Dialogue at Waterloo; Portrait Group (unfinished) — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: Rent Day in the Wilderness.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. OWNED BY THE KING OF ENGLAND: The Connoisseurs (Page 190); The Sanctuary; Van Amburgh and his Animals; Marmosets; Portrait of Queen Victoria; Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; Queen Victoria in Fancy Dress; Queen Victoria in the Highlands; Queen Victoria Sketching; Queen Victoria at Osborne House; Windsor Castle; The Princess Royal; Princess Victoria of Saxe Coburg; Princess Alice when a Baby; Princess Alice with Eos; Dash; Pen, Brush, and Chisel; Dash, Hector, Nero, and Lorie; Islay, Macaw, and Love-birds; Lorie; Lion-dog from Malta; Islay Begging; Cairnach; Eos; A Drive of Deer; The Free Kirk; Dâckel; Hunter and Bloodhound; Highland Lassie Crossing the Stream; The Mountain Top; Dandie Dinmont and the Hedgehog; Dear Old Boz; Indian Tent, Mare, and Foal; Defeat of Comus (fresco); The Font — OWNED BY LORD ASHBURTON: Portrait of Lord Ashburton — OWNED BY T. J. BARRATT, ESQ: The Monarch of the Glen (Plate V) — OWNED BY THE DUKE OF BEDFORD: Chevy Chase — OWNED BY EARL BROWNLOW: Midsummer Night's Dream — OWNED BY LORD CHEYLESMORE: The Auld Wife; Flood in the Highlands; Equestrian Portrait of Queen Victoria — OWNED BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE: Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time; Laying Down the Law; The Chieftain's Friends — OWNED BY THE EARL OF ESSEX: The Cat's-paw — OWNED BY LORD HARDINGE: Night; Morning; Deer at Bay — OWNED BY JOHN NAYLOR, ESQ: There 's Life in the Old Dog Yet; Harvest in the Highlands; Dead Game — OWNED BY THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON: Swannery Invaded by Eagles — OWNED BY LORD NORTHBROOK: The Sick Monkey (Plate IV); The Traveled Monkey — OWNED BY THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND: Deerstalker's Return — OWNED BY THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND: The Sutherland Children — OWNED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON: Highland Whiskey Still; Van Amburgh and his Animals.

Landseer Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH LANDSEER

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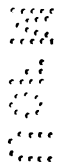
Vermeer of Delft

DUTCH SCHOOL

VERMEER OF DELFT
THE LADY WITH THE PEARL NECKLACE
BERLIN GALLERY



VERMEER OF DELFT
THE MUSIC LESSON
ROYAL GALLERY, WINDS

VERMEER OF DELFT
THE COQUETTE
BRUNSWICK GALLERY

U of M

VERMEER OF DELFT
YOUNG WOMAN OPENING A CASEMENT
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

Mail

VERMEER OF DELFT
VIEW OF DELFT
THE HAGUE GALLERY

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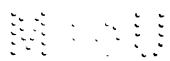
LIBRARY OF M

VERMEER OF DELFT
THE LACE-MAKER
LOUVRE, PARIS

VERMEER OF DELFT
A GIRL AND HER LOV
ROYAL GALLERY, DRES

VERMEER OF DELFT
YOUNG WOMAN READING A LETTER
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



VERMEER OF DELFT
A LADY AT A SPINET
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

VERMEER OF DELFT
THE PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO
CZERNIN GALLERY, VIENNA

Jan Vermeer of Delft

BORN 1632: DIED 1675
DUTCH SCHOOL

"FEW things are more unaccountable in the history of art," writes Sir Walter Armstrong, "than the vicissitudes which have attended the renown of the fascinating painter, Jan Vermeer of Delft. Famous in his lifetime, filling honored posts in his native city, accepted as a leader by his fellow-artists, and as the maker of desirable pictures by those who had money in their pockets, an almost complete oblivion seems to have overtaken him before he had been fifty years in his grave. In 1667, when Vermeer was no more than thirty-five years of age, he was named in Dirk van Bleijswijck's elaborate description of Delft ('Beschrijving der Stad Delft') as an artist who did honor to the city; Arnold de Bon, Bleijswijck's editor, celebrated him in verse as one of those who could console his fellow-townsmen for the loss of the painter Karel Fabritius; and yet Arnold Houbraken, in that 'Great Theater of the Netherlandish Painters' ('De groote Schouburg der Neerlandsche Konstschilders') published in 1718, in which he was kind to so many insignificant personalities, passes over Vermeer in silence, and sets an example which was followed by every one who wrote on Dutch art for something like a century and a half.

"It is humiliating to have to confess that, in all probability, the total neglect of a great artist was due to nothing in the world but this omission of his name by Houbraken, and yet Vermeer's pictures were there to proclaim his value. Many, no doubt, were given to others, especially to Pieter de Hooch; but enough were left to show that a great master had gone under, and was waiting for some one with wit and energy to pull him up."

No one appeared, however, to undertake the task until about fifty years ago, when E. J. T. Thoré, a celebrated French critic, better known by his pseudonym "W. Bürger," struck by the beauty of Vermeer's pictures and fascinated by their seductive charm, constituted himself the long neglected painter's champion, and devoted much time and study to the revindication of his fame. The various public and private galleries of Europe were now searched for examples of Vermeer's art, and although Bürger sometimes claimed for his favorite painter pictures which it has since been proved were

not his work, it should always be remembered that it is owing to this French writer's enthusiasm and zeal that one of the greatest of the Dutch masters was rescued from the oblivion into which he had so strangely fallen.

In his attempts to ascertain facts concerning the life of Vermeer—"the Sphinx," as he called him—Bürger met with but scant success, and it was not until after his death that through the researches of M. Henry Havard, who carefully examined the parish registers and archives of the town of Delft, as well as the record-book of the painters' Gild of St. Luke, the meager information that we have of the artist's life was learned.

Jan, or Johannes, Vermeer (pronounced Yahn Fair-mair) was born at Delft, Holland, in October, 1632. His name is frequently written "Van der Meer," of which, indeed, Vermeer is only a contraction; but as the latter is the form in which the name was written during the painter's lifetime, and the way in which he himself signed it in the record-book of the painters' Gild of St. Luke, it has been adopted here. In whatever way it be written, however, the words "of Delft" are usually suffixed, in order to distinguish the painter from others of the same name—by no means an uncommon one in Holland—from Jan Vermeer, or Van der Meer, of Utrecht, and from the two Vermeers, or Van der Meers, of Haarlem.

Of the parentage of Jan Vermeer of Delft we know only that his father, Reynier Janszoon Vermeer, was a citizen of Delft, belonging to the bourgeoisie, or middle class; that his mother was Dingnum Balthasars ("the daughter of Balthasar"); that the house they lived in was in the Vlamingstraet of Delft; and that his mother died a widow, and was buried in the Nieuwe Kerk (New Church) of the town on February 13, 1670.

From whom Jan Vermeer received his instruction in art has been the subject of much speculation. At the time of his probable apprenticeship, Delft was rich in painters of more or less note, among whom was one Leonard Bramer, presumably a relative of Vermeer's and a somewhat showy artist, who, M. Henry Havard is inclined to think, was Vermeer's earliest master, although no evidence of such a connection is to be traced in the two men's works.

Bürger's belief that the Delft painter at one period of his career studied under Rembrandt, whose influence he notes principally in Vermeer's only dated work, a painting of life-sized figures, now in the Dresden Gallery (plate VII), cannot be substantiated, especially as there is no evidence that Vermeer ever lived in Amsterdam, or came into personal contact with Rembrandt, but every probability, indeed, that his whole life was spent in his native Delft.

The artist to whom Vermeer shows himself most nearly akin is undoubtedly Pieter de Hooch, his senior by only two years. In spite of some technical differences in their work, there is sufficient similarity to suggest that an intimate connection may have existed between the two painters after De Hooch's establishment in Delft in 1655; and it has been thought that the two young artists may both have received instruction from one and the same source—from a painter of Amsterdam and a pupil of the great Rembrandt, who in

1652 settled in Delft. This painter, Karel Fabritius, is, indeed, generally regarded as the master of Jan Vermeer. Rich, well-born, talented, and with all the prestige which life in the great city of Amsterdam, and intimacy with the leading artists of the day assembled there, gave him, Fabritius quickly acquired fame in the city of his adoption, and it may well be that Jan Vermeer became a pupil of so prominent a painter, or at any rate that he was influenced by him.

When in the year 1654 occurred the tragic death of Karel Fabritius, who, while painting in his own house, was killed by the explosion of a powder-magazine, Jan Vermeer, then twenty-two years of age, was already a fully fledged and independent artist, inscribed on the books of the Gild of St. Luke at Delft as a master. That he was at this time poor is evidenced by the fact that when admitted to the gild he was obliged to pay by instalments the modest sum of six florins incumbent upon him as the son of a bourgeois in becoming a member of the society; and that it was fully three years before he found himself in a position to make the final payment.

Poverty, however, had not deterred Vermeer from marrying, and the same year in which he attained to the distinction of membership in the painters' gild, that is in 1653, when only twenty-one, we find it recorded that he was married to Catharina Bolenes, a young woman of Delft.

In 1662 Vermeer was elected to the honorable position of "Hooftmann," or dean, of the Gild of St. Luke at Delft, an honor which was again conferred upon him in 1670. This fact alone would prove that he had acquired a certain celebrity, and it is interesting to find in the journal of a French traveler and art lover of that day, Balthasar de Monconys, further testimony of his established fame. This writer records that when visiting Delft in August, 1663, he saw the painter Vermeer, whose vogue was then so great that he had no works of his own in his studio, and that to see one of his pictures Monsieur de Monconys was obliged to go to the house of a baker who possessed a single figure painted by Vermeer, for which the owner had paid no less a sum than six hundred livres, equivalent to about one hundred and fifty dollars,—a large amount in those days.

Vermeer's circumstances had evidently undergone a change, and his prosperity is further shown in the picture which he painted of himself in his studio, now in the Czernin Gallery, Vienna (plate x). This, the only authentic representation of the artist that exists, shows him richly attired and at work in a well-appointed room in no way suggestive of the straitened means which had necessitated the payment by instalments of his fee of admission to the Gild of St. Luke, of which later he became one of the leading members.

In the full tide of his success, however, we find Vermeer's death recorded in the registers of Delft. Under what circumstances it occurred is not related; we know only that it took place in December, 1675, when he was but forty-three years of age, that he left a family of eight children, and that he was buried in the Oude Kerk (Old Church) of his native town of Delft.

The Art of Vermeer of Delft

W. BÜRGER 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS' 1866

SCHOOLS of painting are, as a rule, hierarchies, but that of Holland is, if I may so express it, a *panarchy*, for in that country each painter is a master, no matter in what particular line his specialty be shown. Van Ostade, Berghem, Du Jardin, Paul Potter, Gerard Dou, Cuyp, Wouverman, Van de Velde, Ruysdael and Hobbema, Ter Borch and Metsu, Pieter de Hooch, Jan Steen, and a host of others—all are finished and accomplished painters, each in his own particular style, even as were Rembrandt and Frans Hals. And in this galaxy of Dutch masters Jan Vermeer of Delft takes his place—the equal of the best. Like his fellow-artists, he is by nature original; what he did was perfect of its kind.

What sort of pictures did Vermeer paint? In the first place, every-day scenes representing the manners and customs of his time and of his country; to these may be added a few street scenes, painted in his native town of Delft—portions of streets, or perhaps the outside of a house; and finally, landscapes in which the air seems to circulate and the light to vibrate as in nature itself.

Some score of Vermeer's figure pictures have come down to us, which may well be classed in the same category with those of Metsu, of Ter Borch, of Jan Steen, and of Pieter de Hooch. But Vermeer has more accent than Metsu, more character than Ter Borch, more distinction than Jan Steen, more originality than Pieter de Hooch. Having begun by painting figures the size of life, as in the 'Girl and her Lover' in the Dresden Gallery, the small personages of his later pictures have retained a certain ease in their pose and freedom in the way in which they are rendered, and although no larger in scale than those of Ter Borch's little panels, they are painted with all the breadth and amplitude of Rembrandt.

Vermeer's salient quality, however, one that is even more striking in his work than is his feeling for form and expression, is his treatment of light. In his paintings the light is never artificial but always normal, always true to nature. Entering the picture from one side, it permeates the entire canvas, so that it actually seems to emanate from the painting itself, and the uninitiated might easily be deceived into the belief that some ray of the sun had penetrated between the canvas and the frame.

Rembrandt's color is golden in the flesh-tones and brown in the shadows; but Vermeer's lights are silvery in tone and his shadows pearl-color. There is no absolute darkness in his pictures—no slurring, no juggling. Light is everywhere, and even the chair, table, or spinet in shadow, stands as clearly revealed as if beside a window. But, at the same time, each object has its just amount of shade, and its reflections merge into the surrounding luminous atmosphere. It is to this faithful portrayal of light that the harmony of Vermeer's colors is attributable. In his pictures, as in nature, antipathic colors, for example his favorite blues and yellows, never jar. He harmonizes tones

which are in themselves discordant, passing from the tenderest minor key to the richness of a full major chord.

Brilliant, strong, delicate, and varied, at times surprisingly original and odd, and always invested with a certain fascination as indefinable as it is rare, Vermeer possesses all the qualities of the bold colorist to whom light is an inexhaustible magician.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

CARL LEMCKE 'JAN VERMEER AUS DELFT'

JAN VERMEER OF DELFT was a painter of light and of sunshine. His chief aim was to fix upon his canvas the fleeting moment. What Frans Hals had done in portraiture, painting with unsurpassable skill and in the twinkling of an eye a passing expression of the human face—a smile, a laugh—that Vermeer as a landscape and genre painter delighted to do in regard to light. In his pictures time is never stationary—fixed for all eternity, as in the canvases of Rembrandt or Ruysdael—but rather, a moment, an instant, gleams and sparkles in the sunshine, and even the many shadows, which have lost their sharp outlines, seem by their delicate, unsteady contours to proclaim the living, moving qualities of light. Rembrandt, as we know, painted light in darkness, causing it to glow upon some one object or to bathe another in its waves; Vermeer, on the other hand, loved to paint darkness against light.

Gifted artist that he was, he had a wholly different scheme of color and a different manner of painting for his interior scenes from any that he used in his outdoor pictures. For these last he liked best that time of day when the colors of the landscape, with its trees, houses, water, etc., are strong and deep, when each separate object is clearly defined, and the whole scene in its harmonious beauty affects us as does a full rich chord of music; but for his interiors he preferred that kind of light which changes all the local colors and imparts to his favorite and often painted blues and yellows a peculiar tone. The room, the people in it, and the furniture as well, all seem to vibrate, so to speak, before our eyes; the blue of gown or chair looks as if candle-light would better suit it—as if, indeed, it must have lost some of its color in the light of the sun. One might suppose that the artist wished to represent the way in which things appear to us when we look with blinking eyes from darkness into light. We question whether Vermeer had a studio with pure north light; rather does it seem as if he must have preferred one facing south, so that he might always have about him that magic atmosphere which he represents.

One of Vermeer's peculiarities is that he frequently arranges his genre pictures in such a way that only half or three-quarters of his figures can be seen. Whole figures, such as we see in 'The Coquette' in the Brunswick Gallery, are exceptional. He generally brings the figures of his foregrounds close to the outer edge of the picture, and introduces the light through a window so that these figures, or any objects which may be in the forward part of the picture, appear dark, or at any rate dim; the middle distance and the background, on the other hand, are brightly lighted. We see, for example, through the opening in the wall through which we are supposed to be look-

ing, only the head and back of a man and the face and upper half of the figure of a girl, a corner of a table, and a portion of the cloth; farther back, half of an open window, and directly beside it a light wall. Or, again, we see in the foreground at the edge of the picture close to the frame, a table on which some garments have been thrown, and a chair entirely in shadow. The window is again close to the wall farther back, and near it, the light falling upon her, stands a lady fastening a necklace about her throat as she looks into a little mirror which hangs beside the window. The seat of the chair in the foreground cuts off her figure at about the height of her knees.

The fact that Vermeer often placed the people or the furniture of his foregrounds immediately in front of the spectator prevented his painting them full-length, because of the many difficulties that would be caused by the steep rise and fall of the linear perspective of floor and ceiling. Jan Steen did not trouble himself about such difficulties; not so Jan Vermeer; he avoided them, as a rule, by showing only a portion of the room, and but little—in some cases nothing at all—of either floor or ceiling. It is interesting to observe how he produces an effect, in many of his pictures, with horizontal lines, against which only the vertical lines of a seated or a standing figure are opposed. But when all is said and done, whether we examine more attentively the faces and dresses of his figures or the room in which his personages are placed, the effect of the whole picture—in a word, the light, upon which the artist has concentrated his attention as his chief aim and interest—always remains the principal thing. Vermeer is truly a master in his manner of modeling through the shadows in the foreground, and the strongly defined shadows near the light; a master, too, in the way in which he gives the effect of the complete and rounded form of objects by means of perspective, at the same time painting all those which are in full sunlight somewhat flat both in form and color, and causing them, as has been said, to appear to vibrate indistinctly before our eyes, just as would be the case were we looking from actual darkness into light.

Now we are so accustomed to exactly the opposite sort of an arrangement—to light in the foreground or in the middle distance of a picture, and to dim light or darkness in the background—that pictures of the kind that Pieter de Hooch and Vermeer of Delft painted are at first somewhat startling. We hardly know, indeed, what to make of this effect of waving, flickering light that is seen in so many of Vermeer's canvases, until we say to ourselves, "That is, after all, just the way in which such a scene would look to us, and the painter has dared to so represent it."

As a colorist, Jan Vermeer of Delft deserves all the praise, however extravagant, which is accorded him to-day because of his extraordinary effects. And, moreover, even if Gerard Dou, Ter Borch, and others are now often ranked as inferior to him, there is nothing to be said—their strength lay elsewhere than in the coloring and management of light in which Vermeer excelled. As a painter of light, indeed, he is unique, and in its portrayal he must ever be counted among the greatest masters, always inspiring the connoisseur and lover of art with wonder and admiration.—ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN

A. BREDIUS 'LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DU MUSÉE D'AMSTERDAM'

VERMEER OF DELFT is a master of genre-painting. He did, it is true, paint landscapes—or rather townscapes—which have never been surpassed, such as the 'View of Delft' in the Gallery of The Hague and 'The Street' in the Six Collection at Amsterdam, but these are exceptions in his achievement. What he liked best were pictures containing one or two figures, at most three. These figures he placed in a room into which sunlight streams through a window, generally an open window. As a rule, the walls of the room are bare, covered with plaster, and illumined by an almost dazzling light. These bright walls are the backgrounds for figures which are invariably drawn correctly, and modeled with an astonishing effect of relief. To all this is added the charm of a color-scheme beautiful, strong, and harmonious.

Vermeer's manner of painting is vigorous and full of knowledge. The flesh-tones alone are sometimes pale and are treated with a certain delicacy. They have, moreover, in many of his pictures suffered from time and neglect. As a general thing, he is fond of contrasting a certain shade of deep indigo blue with a light lemon yellow.

The heads of the personages in Vermeer's pictures are full of expression, very varied, and exceedingly lifelike. His readers are all conscientiously reading. Absorbed in their occupation, they seem to be really thinking about what they are doing. In a word, Vermeer is, in his way, one of the greatest painters of all time. There is nothing antiquated about his work, nothing "out of date." Were his pictures to be seen to-day in any exhibition of the best modern work of a similar kind, they would be distinguishable only because of their greater perfection.—FROM THE FRENCH

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

NOTWITHSTANDING marked differences between the works of Vermeer of Delft and those of Pieter de Hooch, it is impossible to dissociate the two painters in our minds, impossible not to draw comparisons between them. There is a touch of raillery in Vermeer which is lacking in Pieter de Hooch; he is colder and more reserved; he impresses you more forcibly. De Hooch is the painter of happy and contented people; Vermeer is rather the painter of elegance and luxury—although this statement should not be made without reservations. The women of De Hooch's pictures are for the most part worthy little souls, comfortably off in this world's goods, but, for all that, most careful housewives. Those whom Vermeer portrays, on the other hand, are pretty, idle creatures, somewhat indifferent, slightly enigmatic, very frivolous, and far more concerned with their love affairs than with any domestic duties.

Furthermore, the light in Vermeer's canvases, although dazzling and inexplicable, is not so warm nor so bright as it is in De Hooch's. His color-scheme, too, is noticeably different. Instead of strong reds, velvety blacks, creamy whites, rich caramel browns, and golden sunlight, there are lemon

yellows—soft and yet sharp—cold sky-blues, delicate grays, ermine whites, uncompromising ebony blacks, and sunlight more pallid than De Hooch's. The vivid notes which are prominent in this unusual scale by no means refute my statement, but rather confirm it. Compare, for instance, the use of red in the little 'Lace-maker' by Vermeer, in the Louvre, with the way in which that color is introduced in De Hooch's 'Card-party' in the same gallery. In the first, a bit of scarlet makes the light seem all the more cool and delicate; in the last, the red of the lady's dress renders it warmer and more abundant.

In the handling and management of their colors, again, there are differences equally great. Pieter de Hooch lays his color on freely; he spreads it on his canvas with a broad, flowing stroke, frankly and strongly; Vermeer is more mysterious, and, while carefully guarding the secret of his method, betrays a more studied way of working. He tells you enough to pique your curiosity, but he stops short just as you were about to discover the clue. His painting, indeed, is like the women of his pictures. It smiles upon you gaily, welcomes you, and beguiles you, but never does it give a complete and wholly satisfactory reply to your questioning.

All these are salient differences in the work of these two painters, and yet we needs must associate them in our thoughts. Vermeer, reserved and distant though he be, attracts and captivates as much as does De Hooch. He has his moments of simplicity—exquisite, indeed, although studied. Man of the world as he is, he is yet tender at times, even compassionate; and he, too, is, in his own way, a most ardent lover of light.

Wherever you may begin your study of Vermeer, in whatsoever gallery of Europe you may first become acquainted with his works, he will at once disconcert you by startling contradictions. If, for instance, you first see his pictures in Germany, he will seem to you—that is, if he be judged from his large canvas of 'A Girl and her Lover,' in the Dresden Gallery—as almost the direct opposite to what we have just described; although, as a matter of fact, when his work as a whole is taken into consideration, our synthesis will be found to be correct. And, indeed, if you turn from the Dresden picture to the one in the Berlin Gallery, 'The Lady with the Pearl Necklace,' you will at once find the Vermeer of our description.

Again, if Holland be the country where you begin your study of Vermeer, he will impress you when you look at his 'View of Delft,' in the Gallery of The Hague, as a virile painter, robust and warm. On the other hand, if you see his picture in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, of the 'Young Woman Reading a Letter,' he will strike you as a strong painter, it is true, but a little cold, perhaps, and of marked distinction. And if he be judged by others of his works in the same city—by those in the Six Collection—you will find him a man of true and delicate feeling, a painter of harmonies, rich and sustained.

Moreover, every one of these works reveals a different technique; unctuous in the Dresden picture, his painting is smooth and satiny in those of Berlin

and the Ryks Museum, while in that of The Hague, and in those of the Six Collection, Amsterdam, it is grainy, almost rough. But no matter how it varies, it is always well-nigh impossible to analyze, and in the whole of Vermeer's work, with its many differences of feeling and of treatment, with its frankness and its reticence—and all these extremes are expressed in an infinitely small number of pictures—the same man is recognizable throughout, always captivating, always entrancing.

Of the man himself, however, almost nothing is known. Out of the meager facts that have been learned concerning his life, any romance you please might be woven. But after all is said it comes down to this, that Vermeer of Delft was a very great painter, and that whatever may have been his environment, or from whomsoever he may have received his instruction in art —all that is of minor interest compared with the way in which we see his development and note the manner in which his knowledge bore fruit. . . .

In Vermeer of Delft we have a marked instance of the slight value which men put upon even the greatest art until fashion has indorsed it. During his lifetime Vermeer received his share of appreciation. He was regarded and sought out as one of the celebrities of his native town; but immediately after his death oblivion fell like a pall over the man and his works. . . . These works, however, works which have puzzled critics and are the despair of the most intrepid artists, are in themselves great enough to compensate us for our ignorance of his life and character. So slight an effort does there appear to be in these patiently executed pictures that it would seem as if it had been mere pastime for the painter to cover, in the few of his works which have come down to us, an immense field, ranging as it does from the light and playful side of life to the serious and grave—from the frivolous intrigues of a coquette to the deep peace of a little town sleeping like a lizard in the sun.
—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

FREDERICK WEDMORE 'THE MASTERS OF GENRE PAINTING'

THE habitual practice of Jan Vermeer of Delft was of a wider range than that of Pieter de Hooch. It is true that, unlike De Hooch, he rarely painted stories—was usually, though not always, content to place in his interiors a single figure. But in these interiors, whether of the rarer kind, as where there are two figures and some approach to a story, or of the commoner kind, where there is but one, and no story attempted but the story of a life very patient in its daily task—in these interiors it was less the play of the pure and vivid sunshine than of the milder daylight, under all conditions, that concerned and interested Vermeer. He has never, that I know, reached the gem-like quality of De Hooch's sunshine; but he is more preoccupied with problems not less difficult—the effect of light upon light, of reflected light on shadowed space, the effect of one thing's luster on such luster or texture as may happen to be near it. This De Hooch notes, and Nicolaes Maes notes, and both wonderfully, but neither, perhaps, with quite the keenness, quite the attention, of Vermeer of Delft.

IN subject both De Hooch and Vermeer occasionally painted townscapes; but they were chiefly devoted to the interior, with light coming in at the windows and illuminating a few figures. It was a subject common to the Dutch genre-painters; and yet De Hooch and Vermeer handled it quite differently from the others. They were more elevated in feeling, more select in types, architecture, surroundings, more brilliant in color, more transparent in light. But Vermeer was not so extensive or elaborate in composition as De Hooch, and possibly could not handle a complicated scene so well. He seldom painted a large interior with groups. A single figure in a corner of a room, with a window and sunlight, was his usual theme. The arrangement was simpler, but the mental point of view was not essentially different from that of De Hooch. His concern was for the material and the picturesque more than for the psychological or the intellectual; and his conception was usually summed up in sunshine, shadow, and color. He saw beautiful harmonies in such things, and he told of them with great vivacity and spirit.

In the disposition and adjustment of objects in his pictures he made some use of line, and usually opposed straight lines to curved ones, as was the practice of De Hooch and others. Deep shadow as a means of composition he did not frequently use. He laid a veil of light and shadow like his contemporaries; but it was thinner, less apparent to the eye, than with, say, Ostade or Metsu. His light was clear, and seemed to have the intensity of real sunlight; and, as a result, his color was bright, with a gay surface quality about it. De Hooch was fond of golden sunlight, and warm, rich notes of red and yellow; Vermeer's tones, if not opposed, were different. He was fond of all colors, reds and Naples yellow included, and he used them knowingly; but he at first preferred a silvery tone, and employed that most unmanageable of all cool colors, blue. A number of his pictures, indeed, have something like a blue envelop about them—as, for example, the admirable little picture by him in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. We know that Gainsborough, as opposed to Reynolds, was fond of this hue, but he used it (in his 'Blue Boy' and elsewhere) purely for the sake of blue as a color. In Vermeer's pictures one is inclined to think it was used for another purpose. It heightened the effect of light. Vermeer evidently had an inkling of what the modern impressionists have discovered; namely, that there is less luminosity in white than in blue. White is dead, flat, opaque; while blue, thinly laid, is transparent, vibrant, scintillating. There was certainly no painter of the time, not even Rembrandt with his sharp contrasts, who gained greater height of light than Vermeer; and something of it was due to his use of blue.

There is nothing peculiar or personal about either his drawing or his modeling. His line is clear, concise, well understood, at times beautiful in its simplicity; and his modeling has solidity, strength, and character; but this may be as truly said of any trained painter of the Dutch school. In brushwork he was decidedly individual; and yet, if the connection could be traced,

he might be thought in this respect a follower of Hals, wide apart as their handlings seem at first blush. He was Hals in little. The same staccato quality, the same quick touch, the same flat modeling, appear in the only life-sized work by Vermeer now in existence—a somewhat repainted group of figures at Dresden. In the small panels he usually painted, this handling is materially modified by the regard for size, and yet a study of the picture at the Metropolitan Museum will disclose the crisp stroke so characteristic of Hals. This kind of brush-work is peculiar only to his early pictures. Later on he seems to have changed his manner (and something of his blue tone) in accordance with fashionable dictation, and painted a smooth surface with pale, varied colors, as in the little 'Lace-maker' of the Louvre and in the 'Lady at a Spinet' in the National Gallery, London.

There are very few of Vermeer's pictures left to us, and some of them are not altogether good; but at his best he is a very charming painter, winning as the French Chardin, and just as frank in spirit. He is a poet, but, again, like almost all of the Dutchmen, he is so only in the poetry of materials, such as light, color, atmosphere, and values.

ALFRED WOLTMANN AND KARL WOERMANN 'GESCHICHTE DER MALEREI'

JAN VERMEER OF DELFT is celebrated as a landscape and genre painter. His subjects are of the utmost simplicity and are taken direct from nature. Sometimes he represents the streets of Delft; sometimes he shows us a room in one or another of the houses of his native town, in which he places a young girl, or, it may be, a pair of lovers; and once he painted a study of life-sized figures.

The extraordinary charm of Vermeer's pictures, that about them which for the past fifty years has given him the high position which he occupies among Dutch painters, lies wholly in their marvelous technique—in the painter's free and knowing brush-work, which is as far removed from any excessively rough breadth of stroke as it is from too smooth a finish; and above all does it lie in his conception and treatment of light and color. In his outdoor scenes the light is strong and glowing, but in his interiors Vermeer understands how to introduce the light in such a way that these pictures are invested with a delicate and poetic beauty—a beauty of chiaroscuro—peculiarly his own.

His paintings of this description are distinguishable from those of Pieter de Hooch, with which they have frequently been confounded, in the first place because of their greater simplicity in the arrangement of the room—in Vermeer's compositions, for example, we see only one apartment, whereas Pieter de Hooch shows us several opening into one another—and in the second place because of the color-scheme, which, as a rule, is very different from that employed by De Hooch. Vermeer's favorite colors are blue—a tender, cool, moonlight blue—and a pale lemon yellow; these are sometimes placed in opposition, and again are blended with the most delicate touch imaginable into a perfect harmony of tone.—FROM THE GERMAN

ALFRED PELTZER 'MALWEISE UND STIL IN DER HOLLÄNDISCHEN KUNST'

THERE is no spot on Vermeer's canvases devoid of living, moving light; no spot where even darkness is dull and lifeless. In every shadow some color is astir, and in every corner, no matter how remote, light, penetrating and all-pervading, is ceaselessly at work producing color. Delicately and tremulously this light waves and shimmers, in the ever-changing effect of the magic play of chiaroscuro, from the darkest shadows to the most luminous brightness. Here we see light painted in light, there darkness in darkness, and all things are united by imperceptible transitions. Reflections, acting and reacting, subtly connect a hundred separate objects, and bring into harmony all the varying shades and gradations of the different colors. At the same time there is no actual "*sfumato*" spread like a veil of varnish over the canvas. No, Vermeer would have scorned any such expedient to obtain a color effect, for he was master of a far higher artistic power. Graciously he allowed the clear bright colors to have free play, but even in their play he was watchful to see that no discord or interference should occur, but that by the unceasing and interchanging effect of light all should be brought into perfect accord.

Vermeer never attempts to depict separate masses of light in any fixed or defined limits. In his interior scenes, for instance, we do not find any line of sunbeams bounded by a window-frame and held in some one definite form; nor are there in his landscapes single rays of the sun, such as we see in many of Ruysdael's pictures. Light on his canvases is diffused over all—the soft, quiet, even, sun-steeped light of day. Whence it comes we scarcely question; enough that it is there, and that it lives and moves. With such absolute fidelity to nature, indeed, is it portrayed, that its course as it gleams and glides back and forth upon the picture might easily be followed, and we are lost in amazement at the masterly skill with which the painter has represented this most subtle of all the workings of nature. . . .

Vermeer's interior scenes show us, as do Pieter de Hooch's, pictures of Dutch home life, but they are different in their arrangement from the works of that painter. He does not, for instance, depict any planes in space—no vistas are given from one room into others beyond. Depth in Vermeer's pictures is for the most part a minor matter, and consequently that illusion produced so often in Pieter de Hooch's scenes by means of the perspective foreshortening of tiled floors, or of side walls, does not, as a rule, exist in regard to his work. The beams of the ceiling, if they show at all, do not project vertically into the picture, but lie horizontally before the spectator; and, in fact, the whole disposition of the room is, intentionally on the artist's part, quite different from that of De Hooch. Again, we do not always find in Vermeer's work those sober and somewhat severe domestic scenes in which bare walls and straight lines predominate, giving the idea of space; but, instead, we are often shown soft materials—tapestry carpets, and draperies of silk and plush, which are introduced into the picture as curtains, portières, tablecloths, furniture-covering, and garments—presenting themselves to our eyes as masses of color, and taking away, or at any rate softening, the effect of hard lines and sharply defined forms.

Pieter de Hooch painted from preference and with good reason the peasants and middle-class citizens of Holland, and sometimes the Dutch patricians, simple in their customs and in their ways of living; but we find the master of Delft quite at home in more aristocratic surroundings, in apartments more luxurious in their appointments, as, for example, in the picture of himself in his studio, where we see him arrayed in silk and satin, and where in the foreground a wonderful curtain of rich colors is draped across the front of his workroom. In his rendering of different materials Vermeer compares favorably with any one of those famous Dutch painters renowned for the miniature-like delicacy of their touch, but it is always by means of color-producing light, or still more of light and shade, that the objects in his pictures are created before our very eyes in a way that is distinctly his own. . . .

Vermeer avoids all sharp outlines, making them indistinct with the help of a play of light and color at the edges of any object that he introduces into his pictures. In this way definite contours disappear, and at the same time the relation that each object bears to every other is made manifest by the laws of light. He paints with soft liquid colors and often with a fine glazing, thus making possible the most delicate transitions of light and shade. Here and there he touches with a fine brush little points of high light, especially in his draperies and rough wall-surfaces, or on wood, where he wishes to emphasize in any one kind of material numerous tiny particles of light and of form.

He uses yellow freely; not, however, in its strongest tones, but always in soft, tender shades, contrasting them with blue, which may be called his most characteristic color. Ultramarine, indeed, and a certain almost indescribable shade of indigo blue—a "moonlight blue," as Woermann has felicitously called it, and which is familiar to every one who is acquainted with Vermeer's pictures—are the foundation tones of the luminous darkness in most of the master's works. From these blues he forms his shadows; in their dusky tones he dips those rich draperies, those heavy hangings, and thick table-covers that we see in his pictures. They form, so to speak, the base of his whole color-scheme, and in their various indescribable shadings they are peculiar to Vermeer alone. Certain tones of yellow which he often combines with them exactly complement his unusual blues. These yellow shades are apparent in his illuminated surfaces, in the gleaming silken garments of his women, and also in their tender flesh-tones—in a word, they are to be found wherever through the shadowy realm of darkness some delicate, trembling light forces itself into being. . . .

He who has but a passing acquaintance with the painter of Delft cannot have any truly sympathetic understanding of his work. His pictures are so calm, so peaceful, that they seem almost silent; his subjects are in themselves so simple and insignificant that we scarcely give them a thought; but, as a matter of fact, they are as carefully selected and as full of expression as are the types of his figures, those delicate creations of his brush invested with so exquisite a feeling.

Other artists may represent dramatic scenes, sensual joys, ardent love, or the agonies of death, but in Vermeer's works there is an atmosphere of tran-

quil peace, of calm content and innocent happiness, and when we look long at his pictures—symphonies they might be called—it seems as if the harmonious waves of color might in their vibrations readily dissolve into tones of soft and gentle music.—ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN

The Works of Vermeer of Delft

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE LADY WITH THE PEARL NECKLACE' PLATE I

THIS picture, now in the Berlin Gallery, was painted in Vermeer's late period and is one of his most exquisite works. The subject—a lady standing before a mirror fastening about her throat a necklace of pearls—is of the utmost simplicity. The lady is, as Muther remarks, "neither graceful nor beautiful; neither in her features nor in her expression is there anything striking; but in delicacy of execution and in perfect harmony of tone this little picture is a marvel."

Against a pale gray background the figure of the young woman stands in finely modeled relief. She wears a canary yellow jacket bordered with ermine, and a gray skirt. In her blonde hair a red ribbon is tied. On the table before her, which is partly covered with the ample folds of some blue drapery, are a blue Japanese jar and various small articles of the toilet. The chair in the foreground is upholstered in deep garnet-colored velvet, and farther back we see a portion of another chair covered with flowered material, brownish olive in tone. Light streams through a window in the back part of the picture, touching the folds of the saffron-colored curtain hanging beside it, falling on the face and upper part of the figure of the lady, illumining the wall, and so permeating the atmosphere that even in the shadows the colors are blended in a wonderful harmony. "It is a fascinating picture," writes Arsène Alexandre, "and always to be remembered as one of the gems of painting."

The canvas measures nearly two feet high by one foot and a half wide.

'THE MUSIC LESSON' PLATE II

SUBJECTS such as this were very popular among the Dutch genre-painters of the seventeenth century, who repeatedly introduced into their interior scenes persons engaged in playing upon musical instruments. In this picture in the Royal Gallery, Windsor, Vermeer has represented a portion of a room, paved with marble, and furnished in simple elegance. A table covered with a heavy Persian cloth, such as he frequently used among the accessories of his pictures, is in the foreground. Far back against a light gray wall is a spinet with inlaid case, and before it, her hands upon the keyboard of the instrument, stands a young girl, her head and shoulders reflected in

the mirror hanging above. The gentleman beside her—her music-master, according to the title of the picture—richly dressed in the fashion of the day, listens attentively as he rests one arm upon the spinet and supports the other upon the bow of his violoncello, which lies upon the floor near-by.

There is more story told in this picture than is usual in Vermeer's works; but, after all, the chief interest lies in the effect of light as it comes through the casement windows at the side, touches the two figures, and illumines some of the objects in the room with its radiance, leaving others in soft dusky shadow.

'THE COQUETTE' PLATE III

THE Gallery of Brunswick, Germany, possesses this masterpiece by Vermeer of Delft which Bürger has called 'The Coquette,' a name so admirably suited to the picture that it has been adopted here rather than the more prosaic title by which it is sometimes called— 'The Young Girl with the Wine-glass.' The subject is unlike the majority of Vermeer's works and bears a resemblance to those portrayed by Ter Borch, by Metsu, or others of the Dutch "Little Masters," who were fond of representing such scenes of gallantry.

Vermeer here shows us a richly appointed chamber in which three people are assembled. The principal figure, the one upon which our interest centers, is that of the young girl seated before us. She wears a full skirt of rose-colored silk, a bodice of the same with elbow-sleeves of canary yellow embroidered with gold, and turns her laughing face towards us, as she takes a glass of wine from a gentleman. As he presents it to her, he gallantly bows over her uplifted hand, under which he has placed his own as if gently urging her to taste the wine, looking at her as he does so with an expression of unconcealed admiration. He wears a mouse-colored cloak, and broad white collar and sleeve-ruffles. In the shadow, farther back, another gentleman in greenish gray embroidered doublet, apparently unmindful of the little love passage being enacted so near him, is seated beside a table covered with a deep blue cloth, upon which are a silver platter containing two oranges, a jug of bluish porcelain, and a snow-white napkin.

Light enters the room through a half-open casement window, some of the leaded panes of which bear coats of arms in stained glass. The gray wall of the background, upon which hangs a picture suggestive of a portrait by Rembrandt, is partly in shadow and partly in full light; against the light and silvery portion the head and upper part of the figure of the young girl are delicately outlined, and the carved back of the chair in which she sits is distinctly silhouetted.

"I know of no more delicious genre picture in the whole range of seventeenth-century Dutch art," writes Bürger, "than this one in the Brunswick Gallery by Vermeer of Delft. . . . The execution is earnest; the painting 'tight' and without any loading, unless it may be in some little spots of high light in the brighter places and in the accessories. Not even Ter Borch ever painted with a more delicate touch or more exquisite harmony of color."

'YOUNG WOMAN OPENING A CASEMENT' PLATE IV

VERMEER'S marked predilection for blue is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in this picture, in which the whole atmosphere seems permeated with his favorite hue. The young woman with her hand upon the frame of a casement which she is in the act of opening, wears a dark blue skirt, so dark as to be almost black in shadow, a white bodice bordered and trimmed with blue, and a white kerchief covering her head and falling over her shoulders. Behind a table with a variegated Persian cloth, on which are a ewer and basin, brownish yellow in color, and a yellow box, stands a blue chair with a cloak of lighter blue thrown over it. The wall, on which a map is hanging, is a neutral gray.

The figure of the young woman, admirable in modeling and pose, the effect of the light coming through the window on the left, and the cool blue tones of the atmospheric envelop, luminous even in shadow, are all rendered with that delicacy and consummate skill peculiar to Vermeer of Delft. The picture is indeed, as Sir Walter Armstrong has said, "a masterpiece of composition and chiaroscuro."

The canvas measures almost seventeen inches high by fifteen inches wide. Formerly in the possession of an Irish nobleman, Lord Powerscourt, it was purchased in 1887 from M. Pillet, in Paris, by the late Mr. Henry Marquand, who presented it to the Metropolitan Museum, New York, where it now hangs.

'VIEW OF DELFT' PLATE V

IN this picture we have a remarkable example of Vermeer's skill as a landscapist. The technique is broad, sure, and masterly; the impasto solid; the touch fat and staccato; and so thoroughly modern is the treatment that the painting might easily be mistaken for the work of one of the French landscapists of to-day.

"Vermeer's 'View of Delft,'" writes Arsène Alexandre, "is a masterpiece of simplicity. It is strong without being brutal. The town lies before us, washed by the waters of the Rotterdam canal. The red and blue roofs, the houses with their pointed gables, a little bridge with a single arch, two women standing on the shore in the foreground; a few steps beyond, a group of people near a boat—such are the elements that make up this marvelous picture. But what words can express the breadth with which these different objects are rendered, or describe the perfect stillness of those gray waters of the canal, in whose calm surface the reflections of the city's walls form great, vague, greenish silhouettes. The manner in which this work is painted is impossible to analyze; seemingly simple, it is yet as mysterious as art itself."

"The foreground," writes Sir Walter Armstrong, "is broad almost to emptiness, but the town beyond the canal is built up with a hand that never falters, guided by an eye that never shrinks. The breadth of red roof, of yellow and purple brick, of green foliage peeping over garden walls, the shad-

ows sleeping in the drowsy canals, and the blinding sunlight—playing here upon the pinnacles of the Nieuwe Kerk, and there upon a salient gable—are set down with a combination of frankness and instinctive selection to which the whole range of Dutch art scarcely affords a parallel."

The picture, which is on canvas and measures three feet three inches high by nearly four feet wide, is in the Gallery of The Hague.

'THE LACE-MAKER' PLATE VI

THIS little picture, formerly in a private collection in Rotterdam, was acquired in 1870 by the Louvre, where it is to-day the only example of the work of Vermeer of Delft.

The young girl here represented is seated before a work-table upon which the implements of her trade are arranged. With eyes intently bent upon her cushion with its long bobbins, and with fingers deftly managing the pins, she seems completely absorbed in her task of lace-making. Her light brown hair is smoothly brushed and arranged in curls on either side. She wears a bodice of lemon yellow, over which is a broad lace collar. Touches of blue and pink are on her cushion, and on the table beside her are a book, and a blue pillow with a striped border of red and white, and with red tassels.

The room in which the girl sits is devoid of all ornament; but the bare, pearl-gray wall behind her is brilliant with the light which bathes its surface, which illumines one side of her face, falls upon her yellow bodice, and touches her busy little hands, so beautiful in their modeling.

The picture is on canvas and measures only about nine inches high by eight inches wide.

'A GIRL AND HER LOVER' PLATE VII

THIS picture in the Dresden Gallery bears the date 1656, and is, therefore, an early work of Vermeer's, having been painted when he was but twenty-four years old. The figures are life-sized; the general tone is warmer and the brush-work broader and less finished than in his later works. In color, too, the painting is less delicate. The lemon yellow of the girl's jacket and the white of her cap stand out in bold relief against the fiery red of the coat of her lover who is behind her, his face shadowed by a large gray felt hat trimmed with green and yellow feathers. The older woman in the background is in black, as is also the young man at the left of the picture, holding a glass of wine in one hand and a guitar in the other. A black cloak is thrown over the balcony behind which these figures are placed, and which is covered with the heavy folds of a Persian carpet patterned in red and yellow on a gray ground. Standing at one corner of this balcony, at the extreme right, is a stone jug with blue designs, forming a contrast to the rich colored wine in the glass next it which the girl holds in her hand.

That this picture, which Bürger considers "in composition, in character, in drawing, and in color wholly Rembrandtesque," is strikingly unlike Vermeer's later conversation pieces, is clear at a glance. Strong and vigorous it

certainly is, supple in technique, and harmonious in its color-scheme; but those exquisite effects of light, that exceeding delicacy of touch, that indescribably subtle blending of colors, characteristic of Vermeer's more mature works, are not apparent here. It has often been called the artist's masterpiece; may it not rather be regarded, as a recent critic, Dr. Alfred Peltzer, has suggested, as the bold and somewhat extravagant work of an exceptionally gifted young artist, who painted this masterly study of life-sized figures in all the exuberance of his as yet not wholly developed talent?

The picture is on canvas and measures four feet eight inches high by four feet three inches wide.

'YOUNG WOMAN READING A LETTER' PLATE VIII

IN this picture in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, Vermeer has painted one of his characteristically simple subjects. A young woman seen in profile, and wearing a loose sack of light blue silk and a greenish gray skirt, is absorbed in reading a letter as she stands before a table covered with blue drapery. Two chairs and a large map hanging on a sunlit wall complete the scene.

Time has greatly injured the painting, which has suffered also from over-cleaning, but its cool, tender tone of coloring, the peculiar bluish atmospheric effect, and the wonderful lighting of the canvas entitle it to a high place among Vermeer's works. It measures a little over one foot and a half high by one foot three inches wide.

'A LADY AT A SPINET' PLATE IX

THIS picture in the National Gallery, London, offers an excellent example of Vermeer's skill in the treatment of light. A cool general effect peculiar to this artist pervades the scene, and in the smooth surface and pale colors we recognize a work of his middle period. The room is paved with squares of black and white marble; the wall, suffused with light from without, is of a delicate pearly gray; the spinet is brown, and the lady standing before it, her hands upon the keyboard, wears a skirt of gleaming grayish white satin with a bodice of rich blue silk. In the foreground is a chair covered with blue velvet, and on the wall hang two pictures, of which the smaller one, the landscape, is framed in sparkling gold, while the black frame of the other picture, which represents a cupid holding in his uplifted hand a clock, forms the strongest note of color in the scene.

Unfortunately the picture has suffered in parts from over-cleaning, and the gray under-painting thus revealed gives it a colder appearance than it originally had. In spite of this, however, it possesses great charm of light and of color, and, as Mr. Timothy Cole has said, "The varied adjustment of the spaces in the arrangement of the whole is a study in itself."

The picture is on canvas and measures one foot eight inches high by one foot and a half wide.

'THE PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO' PLATE X

THE only authentic representation of Vermeer of Delft—the nearest approach to a portrait of the artist that exists—has come down to us in this picture, now in the Czernin Gallery, Vienna.

The painter, dressed in a black doublet slashed with white, black velvet breeches, red stockings over which are pulled a pair of loosely fitting white ones, and with a black cap partly covering his long brown hair, is here shown seated at an easel, mahlstick in hand, engaged in representing on his canvas the figure of a young girl posing before him. She is dressed in a pale blue mantle and a gray skirt edged with black. In one hand she holds a book bound in yellow, and in the other a long brass trumpet, while on her head is a wreath of laurel-leaves. A map, brownish yellow in tone, hangs on the light wall behind her; beneath this, at one side, is a chair covered with garnet-colored velvet, and in the left foreground is a table, upon which are a plaster cast, some drawings, and pieces of richly colored drapery.

Waagen says of this picture, "In the beautiful harmony of its colors, the mellowness of its tone, and the breadth of handling which it reveals, we have one of the finest works of Vermeer's maturity." Sir Walter Armstrong feels, however, that it lacks the charm of many of Vermeer's earlier and simpler compositions. "The passionate sincerity which is their characteristic," he says, "here gives place to delight in skill. All sorts of technical difficulties are met and overcome, but one cannot look at the picture without feeling that as Vermeer's skill grew his passion cooled—that his sense of what things were was overborne by his interest in how they looked; in a word, that he rendered rather than created. . . . But after all is said, the Czernin picture remains a great work."

This painting, which is in a state of excellent preservation, was formerly attributed to Pieter de Hooch. It was Bürger who restored it to its rightful owner, whose signature he discovered in the lower part of the map.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY VERMEER OF DELFT WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, CZERNIN GALLERY: The Painter in his Studio (Plate X)—BELGIUM. BRUSSELS, ARENBERG PALACE: Portrait of a Young Woman—ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: A Lady at a Spinet (Plate IX)—LONDON, OWNED BY C. H. BISCHOFFSHEIM, ESQ: Girl playing on a Guitar—LONDON, OWNED BY S. JOSEPH, ESQ: The Soldier and the Laughing Girl—WINDSOR, ROYAL GALLERY: The Music Lesson (Plate II)—FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: The Lace-maker (Plate VI)—PARIS, OWNED BY M. RUDOLPH KANN: The Sleeping Girl—GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: The Lady with the Pearl Necklace (Plate I)—BRUNSWICK GALLERY: The Coquette (Plate III)—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: A Girl and her Lover (Plate VII); Young Woman reading a Letter—FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: The Geographer—HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: Young Woman reading a Letter (Plate VIII)—AMSTERDAM, SIX COLLECTION: The Milkmaid; The Street—AMSTERDAM, OWNED BY MR. J. F. VAN LENNEP: Interior—THE HAGUE GALLERY: View of Delft (Plate V)—UNITED STATES. BOSTON, COLLECTION OF MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER: The Concert—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Young Woman opening a Casement (Plate IV).

Vermeer of Delft Bibliography

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Pintoricchio

UMBRIAN SCHOOL

PINTORICCHIO
PORTRAIT OF A BOY
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

PINTORICCHIO
THE HOLY FAMILY
ACADEMY, SIENA

PINTORICCHIO
THE MADONNA OF SAN SEVERINO
SAN SEVERINO CATHEDRAL

PINTORICCHIO
AENEAS PICCOLOMINI ON THE WAY TO BASLE
CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, SIENA

UofM

PINTORICCHIO
POPE PIUS II. AT ANCONA
CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, SIENA

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON
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PINTORICCHIO
THE DISPUTE OF ST. CATHERINE
BORGIA APARTMENTS, VATICAN, ROME

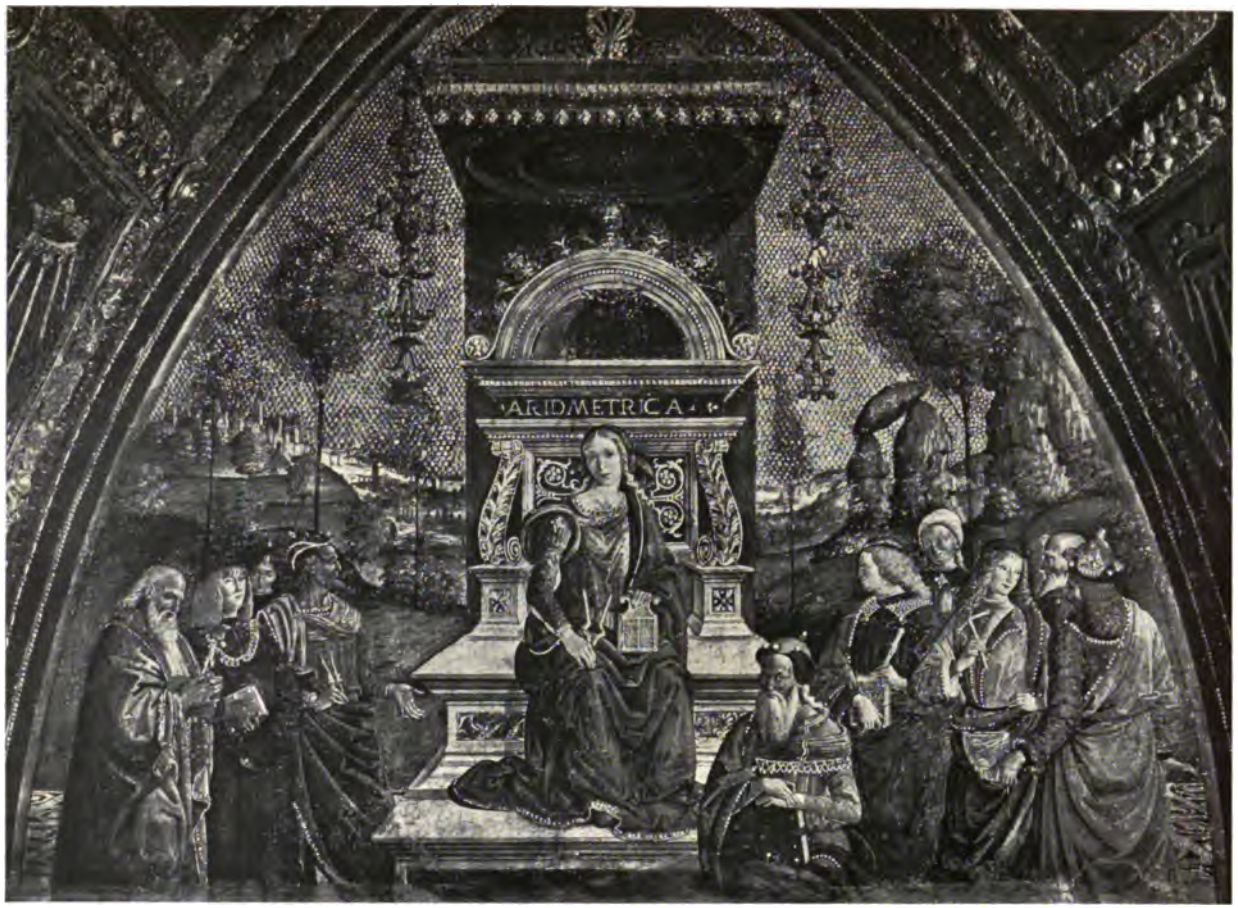
PINTORICCHIO
THE JOURNEY OF MOSES
SISTINE CHAPEL, VATICAN, ROME

UofM

PINTORICCHIO
THE RETURN OF ULYSSES
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PINTORICCHIO
THE FUNERAL OF ST. BERNARD
CHURCH OF ARACOELI, ROME

SECRET



PINTORICCHIO
ARITHMETIC
BORGIA APARTMENTS, VATICAN, ROME

PORTRAIT OF PINTORICCHIO BY HIMSELF
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE, SPELLO

This portrait was introduced by Pintoricchio into his now much injured fresco of 'The Annunciation' in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, Spello, where it figures as a picture hanging on the wall of the Virgin's chamber. The blue background and dark dress and cap have been blistered by dampness; the face, too, has suffered, but the essential features remain intact, and enable us to form an idea of Pintoricchio's appearance at the age of forty-seven.

Bernardino di Benedetto di Biagio

CALLED

Pintoricchio

BORN 1454: DIED 1513
UMBRIAN SCHOOL

BERNARDINO DI BENEDETTO (or BETTO) DI BIAGIO, called Pintoricchio (pronounced Pin-tor-ik'ke-o), "the little painter," was born in Perugia in the central Italian province of Umbria, in the year 1454. The name by which he is best known was written variously by his contemporaries and by the painter himself, Pentoricchio, Pinturicchio, and Pintoricchio. The latter form is here adopted as being the proper diminutive of the old Italian word for painter—*pintore*.

So little is known of Pintoricchio's origin and youth that we are for the most part left to conjecture the outlines of his early history. His father, Benedetto di Biagio, was probably of humble station, and a tradition that his home was near the Porto San Cristoforo, Perugia, leads to the inference that Pintoricchio's childhood was passed in his native city.

Certain qualities observable throughout Pintoricchio's work point to the probability that his artistic career was begun under one of the miniature-painters of Perugia, of whom a flourishing college existed in that city in the middle of the fifteenth century. According to Vasari, he was at one time assistant to Benedetto Bonfigli, who established a school of painting in Perugia early in that same century, and gave to Perugian art an importance which it had not previously possessed. In Pintoricchio's pictures we find suggestions which testify to the probable truth of Vasari's statement; but the master to whom he shows himself most nearly akin is the Umbrian painter Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, in whose works we find the same anecdotic tendencies which characterize Pintoricchio's—the same display of picturesque costumes, use of architectural decorations, and rock-strewn landscape backgrounds.

But although Pintoricchio probably owed his artistic inspiration chiefly to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, whose influence, indeed, remained with him throughout his career more strongly than did that of any other painter, his develop-

ment is in some measure due to his contact with Pietro Perugino. This painter, eight years his senior, was one whose influence could hardly fail to leave its mark upon the younger man, who was associated with him not only in their undertakings in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, but probably also prior to that time.

Not until 1482, when Pintoricchio appeared in Rome as one of that immortal company of artists assembled there to decorate the walls of the newly built chapel of Pope Sixtus IV., are we able to follow with any certain knowledge the steps of his career. Among the assistants of Perugino, it is recorded, was one Bernardino di Benedetto, called Pintoricchio, and from the important part he took in his master's work it seems probable that Perugino regarded him as his right-hand man, making use of several of the younger artist's designs for figures, and even intrusting him with two of the principal wall-paintings, 'The Journey of Moses' and 'The Baptism of Christ.' These frescos, probably Pintoricchio's first important achievement, established his reputation, and henceforth he worked as an independent artist, himself employing assistants and receiving numerous commissions.

It is not known what was his next undertaking, but most authorities agree that it was at this period that he decorated the Bufalini Chapel in the Church of Aracœli, Rome, with frescos illustrating scenes from the life of St. Bernard. He also painted in the Colonna Palace, and in the Vatican in the service of Innocent VIII. We hear of him, too, as engaged with Perugino in painting the interior of the spacious palace then called Sant' Apostolo, now the Collegio dei Penitenzieri. Of these works scarcely a vestige remains. Faint traces of heraldic devices, garlands, decorative designs, classic and mythological, are still dimly discernible on these old palace walls, but time has almost obliterated paintings which four hundred years ago helped to make the name of Pintoricchio famous.

In the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, Rome, which if its original decorations had been preserved would be to-day a storehouse of the "little painter's" art, Pintoricchio, with the help of assistants, decorated several chapels in honor of different members of the Rovere family. Of these the frescos in only one—the Chapel of St. Jerome—can now be attributed to his hand.

In 1492 he entered into an agreement to paint two evangelists and two Fathers of the Church in the cathedral at Orvieto, the price settled upon being one hundred ducats. To carry out this commission, and at the same time attend to his work in Rome, necessitated much coming and going between the two places; but the decorations in Orvieto had not advanced very far before the painter fell into a violent quarrel with the ecclesiastics, who declared that he had not executed the first part of his work in accordance with his agreement. Their real objection, however, seems to have been that Pintoricchio was using an alarming quantity of gold and ultramarine—far more than the chapter could afford.

In consequence of this disagreement the work at Orvieto came to a standstill. Pintoricchio returned to Rome, well pleased, no doubt, to do so, for a third pope had become his patron there, the great Alexander VI., who, as

Cardinal Borgia, had already shown him favor, and who now commissioned him to decorate his private apartments in the Palace of the Vatican. Employment at the papal court was more to Pintoricchio's taste than working under the watchful eyes of parsimonious monks; but these same monks apparently made their peace with him later, for he seems to have returned to Orvieto to complete the decorations, and it is recorded that Pope Alexander wrote to them in March, 1494, requesting that Pintoricchio be allowed to come to Rome and proceed with the work in the Vatican.

The decoration of these rooms—known as the Borgia apartments—was one of the most important undertakings of Pintoricchio's life. Assistants were of necessity employed, but from the homogeneous character of the frescos as a whole it is clear that the master's supervision must have been untiring, and that all individuality in his pupils was made subordinate to his guiding influence. No contract for the work has been discovered, so that we have no means of knowing exactly when it was begun or when finished, but it is supposed to have been completed when, early in 1495, Pope Alexander VI. was driven by the invasion of Rome by the French to leave the Vatican and take refuge in the fortified Castle of Sant' Angelo. Thither Pintoricchio, his court painter, followed him; and when, in the following summer, Alexander fled to Orvieto and Perugia, "the little painter" went homewards among his master's followers.

At about this time, 1495, the pope had bestowed upon Pintoricchio a grant of two pieces of land at Chiugi, near Perugia, in return for which an annual payment of thirty baskets of grain was to be made. This tax was later commuted, upon Pintoricchio's claim that it was so heavy that it swallowed up all the revenues, and the painter, who in the deed is spoken of as "a faithful and devoted servant of Alexander and the Church," was merely called upon to pay two pounds of white wax annually for three years.

In July, 1497, Pintoricchio was once more in Rome, engaged this time in frescoing rooms in the Castle of Sant' Angelo for the pope. At the end of a year, however, he was back in Perugia finishing a large altar-piece for the monks of the Monastery of Santa Maria dei Fossi.

It is probable that at about this period, when he was somewhat over forty years of age, his marriage with Grania, daughter of one Niccolò of Bologna—or Modena—took place; a marriage which from contemporary accounts seems to have been far from happy.

At the request of Troilo Baglioni, Bishop of Perugia, who desired that Pintoricchio should decorate the chapel of his house in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Spello, the painter, early in 1501, went to that town, some eighteen miles distant from Perugia, to carry out the wishes of his new patron. Dampness and decay have sadly injured Pintoricchio's work in this little chapel in the Spello church, but enough remains of his three frescos 'The Annunciation,' 'The Nativity,' and 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors' to show how great must have been their original beauty.

Before leaving home to execute this work in Spello, Pintoricchio was elected Decemvir of the city of Perugia, an appointment which proves that he stood

high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, but which could not have entailed upon him any great amount of work, as his continued absence from home prevented the fulfilment of municipal duties there; moreover, early in 1502, after a year's sojourn at Spello, an event occurred which materially changed the course of his life, involving as it did his leaving Perugia. This was a summons to Siena from Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini—afterwards Pope Pius III.—to decorate in fresco the Cathedral Library built there by the cardinal in honor of his uncle, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who before his death, about forty years prior to this time, had been made pope under the title of Pius II.

Accordingly Pintoricchio journeyed across the hills and plains lying between his old home and the city which was now to be his abode, and after an elaborate contract had been drawn up, having gathered together a sufficient force of workmen and assistants, he set to work upon his task in the spring of 1503. The subject assigned him was the principal events in the life of Æneas Piccolomini; and in accordance with the contract, the cartoons, their transference to the walls of the Library, and all the heads of the figures were to be by Pintoricchio's own hand. In payment of his services he was to receive one thousand gold ducats, to be paid in instalments. A house was also to be provided for him, "hard by the cathedral"—his goods, movables, and fixtures being pledged as security for the due fulfilment of the contract.

The work had not advanced very far when the death of Francesco Piccolomini, three weeks after his election to the papacy, occurred to interrupt its progress. His will, however, provided for its completion by his executors, so that it was not long before Pintoricchio could proceed with the decorations. In the meantime, feeling himself temporarily absolved from his promise to undertake no other commissions while the decorations in the Library were under way, he turned his attention to various other works.

No sooner had he resumed work in the Library in the following spring than a further interruption occurred in the death of one of the late pope's executors, and in June of that year, 1505, we find Pintoricchio once more in Rome, busily employed in decorating the choir of the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, the scene of some of his earlier labors. At the end of ten months, however, he had returned to Siena to continue work in the Library, which now progressed without further hindrance, and reached completion in the year 1508.

One more visit to Rome is recorded; made this time in obedience to a summons from the then pope, Julius II., at whose command Perugino, Signorelli, Pintoricchio, and other artists met together to consider the decoration of the Vatican rooms, eventually intrusted to Raphael.

Pintoricchio's last years were spent in Siena. Vasari, who is strangely unjust in his estimate of the painter, gives the following improbable account of his death. "When he had attained the age of fifty-nine," writes this biographer, "he received a commission to paint a picture of the 'Birth of the Virgin' for San Francesco, in Siena, and having commenced the work, a room was appropriated to his use by the monks, which was given up to him, as he de-

sired it should be, entirely empty and denuded of everything, a massive old chest alone excepted; this they left in its place, finding it too heavy for removal. But Pintoricchio, like a strange self-willed man as he was, made so much clamor, and repeated his outcries so often, that the monks set themselves at last, in very desperation, to carry the chest away. Now in dragging it forth, such was their good fortune that one of the sides was broken, when a sum of five hundred ducats in gold was brought to light. This discovery caused Pintoricchio so much vexation, and he took the good fortune of those poor friars so much to heart, that he could think of nothing else; and so grievously did this oppress him that, not being able to get it out of his thoughts, he finally died of vexation."

Those who knew Pintoricchio in Siena, however, make no allusion to any such occurrence. The true version of the painter's death is far sadder than Vasari's legend. Sigismondo Tizio, a Sienese historian and Pintoricchio's friend, writes that when the painter fell ill, his wife Grania and her lover, a soldier in the Sienese Guard, shut him up in his house and left him to die of hunger and neglect; that some women of the neighborhood heard his cries and went to his assistance, and it was from them that Tizio afterwards learned the particulars of his friend's death.

Pintoricchio died on the eleventh of December, 1513, and was buried in the Church of San Vincenzo, Siena.

Of the painter's personal appearance we can form an estimate from the various portraits he has left us, and from the chronicler Matarazzo's remark that he was "undersized and of insignificant appearance." That he was deaf we gather from his nickname "il Sordicchio."

The Art of Pintoricchio

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS 'PINTORICCHIO'

PINTORICCHIO is not one of the most famous painters of the Italian Renaissance, and perhaps no painter who has left us such a mass of work, and work of such interest, has attracted so little criticism or inquiry. It would be idle to claim for him a place in the first rank; some may question his right to stand in the second; in some of the greatest essentials he will not pass muster. It would be absurd to claim for him sublime creative power, tactile values, mastery over form and movement. He has none of these. His persons rarely stand firmly upon both feet; his pages, his kings and queens, are too often drawn and even colored like playing-cards; his crowds are motley and ill-arranged. The dry and purely scientific student of the schools of Italy will find it more than easy to demonstrate his shortcomings. But it is less simple to analyze the charm that triumphs in spite of them, and which gives keen pleasure to one side of the artistic nature. . . .

There is in the art of Pintoricchio a direct simplicity of expression and gesture that saves him from conventionality and cloying sweetness. His persons are not above criticism as far as technicalities are concerned, but they have in them this, that they are occupied and absorbed in the business in hand. You may fancy at first that they are artificial, but that is merely their environment; they themselves are simple; they do not pose or look upwards or out of the picture with an affected appeal for admiration. This quality gives to Pintoricchio a truthfulness where he lacks depth. To the last he has a sincerity which underlies his conventionality, just as his dainty care in detail counterbalances his want of freedom and rhythm. His forms lack the nobility of Perugino's, his religious emotion is less deep, but he is not self-conscious, and he has a freshness and raciness which saves him from fatiguing by monotonous sweetness. He does not make his paintings a series of excuses for the solution of scientific problems, so that they are more spontaneous, more the outcome of the man's natural unfettered inclination, than are the works of some of those who made greater discoveries in the field of painting.

In the picturesque qualities of his work Pintoricchio is completely a child of the Renaissance. His feeling, sumptuous yet exquisite, his treatment, naïve yet distinguished, is the prerogative of that age of fresh perception, and of unspoiled acquaintance with the beautiful. It is the fairy-tale spirit that so endears him to us. Like the medieval singers of romance, he guides us through scenes that have a glamour of some day of childhood, when they may have seemed real and possible. The wistful, wide-eyed youths, the tender, dainty Madonnas and angels, the grave, richly-dressed saints and bishops, might all stand for princes, for maidens, and magicians in some enchanted realm of fairy. He does not take us into the region of the tragic, but his fancy, his invention, and resource are fertile and untiring; he leads us on, dazzling us, entertaining us with a childlike amusement, disarming criticism by a lovable quality which enlightens us as to the natural sensibility of the painter's mind, a sort of penetrating sweetness with which he can endow his creations. Perhaps the truest explanation of his charm is to be found in the union of two incongruous elements: the artificial and mannered grace, the search after the exquisite and the splendid, joined to the naïve and childish simplicity, the freshness and Arcadian fancy of the Umbrian school.

In his feeling for space and for space-decoration he was a worthy follower of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, the not unworthy second to Perugino, and a forerunner of Raphael. The ample and spacious setting of his groups takes off from their cramped and crowded effect. Where the action is awkward, or the color heavy, the whole spirit is lightened and lifted as you breathe the air of those delicious landscapes, or wander in imagination under those high-poised arcades, or look out from a palace chamber at the freedom of a mountain distance. It is the more remarkable that Pintoricchio is able to give us this charm of landscape, as he adheres to his early training, and finishes the most distant parts in delicate detail.

It is as a decorator that he holds his own most successfully among his contemporaries. It soon became apparent that no one could cover the walls of

palace or chapel with an ornamentation so rich and so gay, so advantageous to the position, so homogeneous in character. . . .

When not painting fresco, he is constant to the use of distemper. Unfortunately, he is too much given to sacrifice the transparency and depth of his color by a lavish use of retouching *a secco*. In order to gratify his love for brilliancy, he produces an opaque surface, and is apt to give us a sort of splendid gaiety in exchange for real depth. His use of his gorgeous pigments is extremely skilful, especially towards his middle period. In the Sistine Chapel frescos he has hardly let himself go, and in the Siena Library he inclines to be gaudy and glaring; but in many of his scenes the greens and peacock-blues, the rich, soft rose-pinks, the purples and autumn gold are those of a man whose nature was keenly alive to the joy of color. His use of embossed gold is dictated by the same natural bent towards the gay and decorative. This small, mean-looking, deaf man was rarely sensitive to fullness of life, to splendor, and the delight of the eye; and wherever he has covered a wall with his work, or left a panel or an altar-piece, we get a glance back at an age which was not afraid of frank magnificence, guided by a purer taste than we can boast. . . .

Although Pintoricchio's art was so much admired during his lifetime, it is difficult to show that it exercised much after-influence. Fascinating as it is in some ways, it represents the last survival of a dying school. . . . The world to which he belonged, the taste which delighted in his creations, disappeared with him, and was replaced by an age of conscious modernism which was eager to sweep aside all that seemed archaic in the immediate past. The thirst for knowledge and for scientific research was waxing intense, and the craze for the display of knowledge with its hidden seeds of decay soon followed. . . .

Down to recent years Pintoricchio was quite overlooked or treated with contempt. He certainly is not able to inspire that sort of interest that we feel in painters who worked, looking backward to see what had been done, and forward to discover what yet remained to do. We do not strive with him and triumph with him over defeated difficulties. He was a craftsman, as were all artists worthy of the name at that day, and his work is always painstaking and adequate, with nothing sloppy or careless in its execution. But painting as a craft, with its secrets and its possibilities, was not his first object, so that, without being able to divide his work into any distinct periods, we find that his earlier life, when he was still learning, was on the whole the time when he was most successful in the artistic sense; and in such frescos as the 'Journey of Moses' and the scenes from the life of St. Bernard, he gave promise of an excellence which was not afterwards adequately realized. He was an illustrator, and as such, perhaps, never touched the highest side of painting. We find in him the natural tendency of a decorator who undertakes large commissions as a matter of business, to repeat forms and situations; yet, with every temptation to mechanical treatment and repetition, it is the true artist in Pintoricchio which saves him from becoming monotonous. To the very last his invention and fancy are alert, varying every

accessory, displaying a freshness and an enjoyment in his creations which are irresistibly attractive. In all his illustrations the lyric faculty is his. He follows the lives, the history, the fashions of his time with minute persistence, but always with some charms added to prosaic actuality. He is to painting what the ballad-singer is to poetry: slight, garrulous, naïve, infectious, and with a haunting melody of his own.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'CENTRAL ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

PINTORICCHIO'S natural endowments were great, and his beginnings dazzling with promise. In the Sistine Chapel he holds his own with the best of the fifteenth-century painters, and may be looked at even alongside of Botticelli. Gentle feeling, lovely women and children, romantic landscape, clear arrangement, splendid portraiture, do their best to absorb and please us. As more serious tasks have been carefully avoided, there is nothing to suggest a higher plane of artistic activity. We lazily enjoy these frescos as so much refined genre. And we shall find the same characteristics in most of his earlier works—all those in Rome which he executed with his own hand and without too much hurry. What lovely faces those of the angels in the Church of Aracœli! What pretty women in the Borgia apartments, or in Santa Maria del Popolo! What splendid portraits, what romantic landscape everywhere! And, in addition to all this, how much of that peculiarly Central Italian feeling for arrangement and space!

But if mere prettiness pleased so well, why, then, the more pretty faces, the more splendid costumes and romantic surroundings per square foot, the better! And so Pintoricchio, never possessing much feeling for form or movement, now, under the pressure of favor and popularity, forgot their very existence, and tended to make of his work an *olla podrida* rich and savory, but more welcome to provincial palates than to the few gourmands. And when such an opulent and luxurious half-barbarian as Pope Alexander VI. was his employer, then no spice nor condiment nor seasoning was spared, and a more gorgeously barbaric blaze of embossed gold and priceless ultramarine than in the Borgia apartments you shall not soon see again!

Pintoricchio's later work, seriously considered, is all tinsel and costume-painting, a reversion to the worst Umbrian art of the beginning of the century—and, writing this, I do not forget the famous frescos in the Cathedral Library at Siena. These frescos, recounting the life and adventures of the great journalist and diplomat, afterwards Pope Pius II., bring me to the one further point I wish to make. As figure-painting, they scarcely could be worse. Not a creature stands on his feet, not a body exists; even the beauty of his women's faces has, through carelessness and thoughtless, constant repetition, become soured; as color, these frescos could hardly be gaudier or cheaper. And yet they have an undeniable charm. Bad as they are in every other way, they are almost perfect as architectonic decoration. Pintoricchio had been given an oblong room of no extraordinary dimensions; but what did he not make of it! Under a ceiling daintily enameled with cunningly

set-in panels of painting, grand arches open spaciously on romantic landscapes. You have a feeling of being under shelter, surrounded by all the splendor that wealth and art can contrive, yet in the open air—and that open air not boundless, raw, but measured off, its immensity made manifest by the arches which frame it, made commensurate with your own inborn feeling for roominess, but improved upon, extended, and harmonized, until you feel that there at last you can breathe so that mere breathing shall be music. Now it happens that certain processions, certain ceremonies, rather motley, not over-impressive, are going on in this enchanted out-of-doors. But you are so attuned that either you notice nothing unpleasant at all, or you take it as you would a passing band of music on a spring morning when your own pulses are dancing.

The last word, then, about Pintoricchio is that he was a great space-composer; even here not the equal of Perugino, and not to be admitted to the inner sanctuary where Raphael reigns supreme, yet great enough to retain in his worst daubs so much of this rare, tonic quality that, if you are not over-subtle in the analysis of your enjoyment, you will be ready to swear that these daubs are not daubs, but most precious pictures.

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ 'HISTOIRE DE L'ART PENDANT LA RENAISSANCE'

PINTORICCHIO delighted in the most minute execution, in the rich display of colors and lavish use of ornament. Fond of portraying scenes partaking of the nature of "genre," keeping to the old method of distemper painting, a follower of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo rather than of Perugino, it seemed, as Burckhardt has aptly said, as if his true vocation were that of a miniaturist. Fate willed otherwise, however, and he was called upon to paint a succession of monumental frescos equaling in number, if not exceeding, those of the most prolific among fresco-painters.

Vasari has often been censured for the severity of his judgment of Pintoricchio. "Although he performed many labors," he says in his biography of the painter, "and received aid from many persons, Pintoricchio had nevertheless a much greater name than was merited by his works." The fact is that if Perugino's pictures are often weak, lacking in freedom, and incorrect in drawing, Pintoricchio's are still weaker; sometimes, indeed, wretched. The harmony of proportions, sweep of outlines, rhythm of movement—all these were alike unknown to him. What saves him is the variety of his pictorial resources, the ingenuity of his *mise en scène*—I dare not add his skill in grouping, for in Pintoricchio's grouping there is always something coldly formal and angular. He seems to be unable to bring about any connection between his figures, and this for two reasons—first, because he never carefully studied the laws of composition, as Fra Bartolommeo and Raphael were to do with such success early in the following century; secondly, because he never had a thorough understanding of the rules of aërial perspective, to a knowledge of which Perugino owed his ability to conceal how slight was his skill in arrangement, properly so called. Indeed, Perugino, not knowing how

to unite his figures by means of gesture, effect of drapery, or even with the help of angels or cherubim, did nevertheless unite them by enveloping them all in the same warm, serene atmosphere—an artifice which to the end remained an insoluble enigma to poor Pintoricchio.

As to the expression of the faces in Pintoricchio's works, it is seldom eloquent or marked by any lofty feeling. His personages have a peevish, discontented, jaded look. The portraits alone are interesting, and these the painter has introduced everywhere, and with as much skill as profusion.

And now, having shown that Pintoricchio's invention lacks distinction, that his drawing is weak and incorrect, and his color crude, we are at liberty to do justice to his good points; for his inferiority in many of the qualifications of art must not make us unmindful of his very real merits; and if Pintoricchio was not a great artist he was certainly an entertaining one, owing to his realism, which led him to introduce into the various subjects that he painted innumerable details illustrative of the manners and costumes of his day. . . .

Perugino and Pintoricchio are as widely separated as the antipodes; it would, indeed, be difficult to think of a greater contrast. Perugino, a true stylist, excels only in the portrayal of calm, contemplative scenes; his compositions contain but few figures, and those are represented in only the simplest attitudes. There are times, however, when he invests these figures, so serene and so unmoved, with surprising warmth and feeling. Pintoricchio, on the other hand, cares only for crowded and brilliant scenes; the individual possesses but slight interest for him; he must have the whole human race! Worldly by nature, he shrinks from any expression of deep feeling and is only at ease when in the midst of splendid costumes, surrounded by a motley crowd, and in a sumptuous setting. He seldom centers his attention upon any one figure or strives to attain to any lofty idea. In Perugino's pictures we seem to hear the sublime accents of religion, whereas Pintoricchio entertains us with his stories, more remarkable for volubility than for wit. To spend his talent with lavish extravagance, to amuse, to dazzle—that was his ambition; and it is one in which he often succeeds. *Saltavit et placuit*—he danced and gave pleasure.—FROM THE FRENCH

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD 'SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE' 1903

WAS Pintoricchio as great a man as he has been called by some authors? Probably not. Has he been overpraised? Probably not. Was Vasari as unjust to him as modern critics declare? Probably not. Was Vasari just to him? Unquestionably not. As a draftsman was he skilful? Not exactly; at any rate not always or even often, though at times his drawing has great charm and now and then a firmness quite foreign to his habit. Usually there is an unsureness, a kind of poverty about his drawing, but it has elegance and style of its own, and many of his figures have that charm which seems to hover about the path that leads from missal illumination to wall-paintings. Was he a colorist? Yes; a master at least of the effects attained from colors if not from color. . . . Certain critics have said much of his landscape and its depth; if it sometimes deserves praise, it sometimes goes quite undeserving and not

always because of restoration. Was he a composer? By no means in the strict sense of the word; his groups are often thrown together confusedly, crowded, yet full of holes. But in another sense of the word "composer," as designer and combiner, he was really great, and here we have reached and saluted the crux of the whole situation. When we praise the Borgia apartments in the Vatican as the culmination of Pintoricchio's accomplishment, it is the system of treatment which we praise; and the man who, believing in that system, loving it, indeed (we see this upon every square yard of the walls), held fast to it just when all others were abandoning it, and pushed it to its ultimate expression.

What is the result of these same Borgia apartments? It is delight of the eye through richness and splendor of color and a sense that these rooms are decorated perhaps more sumptuously than any which one has ever seen before or even imagined. The spectator does not trouble himself with the forms upon the walls, he is submitting to the enchantment of the effect. Later he notes that the forms charm him also, because if meager they have elegance, and if the individual figures are not compositionally related, the *groups* are. Gradually as his lagging logic follows his quicker perceptives he realizes that this rich tangle of forms, not emphasized or focused unduly, but playing in patterns almost equally over lunettes, pendentives, and vaulting, is exactly suited to this particular kind of richness of color, and that therefore he has before him a decoration in its own way impeccable. . . .

The treatment of the Borgia apartments is that usual to fifteenth-century decoration in fresco, but it is unusually developed in special directions in accordance with the predilections of Pintoricchio. The factor which most of all emphasizes his point of view is that consisting in the use of gold upon objects modeled in relief. The early centuries loved gold; the holiest picture of all, the altar-piece, was all ablaze with gold; gold was a staple with the illuminator, but upon the great wall-painting there could be no such reckless outlay; not even papal resources would have sufficed; still a good deal of the metal could be afforded, and it was stinted or lavished in accordance with the temperament of the artist and client. . . .

A Leonardo anatomizing expression or analyzing light, a Michelangelo using the naked human body as his one supreme, artistic means, a Raphael concentrating his thought upon rhythm and balanced masses, may eschew, may even avoid, a gilded surface as unsuited to his end; but a man who, like Pintoricchio, is thinking first of all of achieving a general effect which, while he runs a gamut extending from elegance to splendor, and from brilliancy to depth and richness, shall yet be always harmonious, knows that he has a redoubtable assistant in the gold, an ally which will not desert him. The gold-leaf or powder lights up dark corners, breaks his masses of color as he wishes, and, above all, exercises a powerful harmonizing effect upon juxtapositions of color which would otherwise seem crude. Pintoricchio was a decorator, pure and simple, before everything else, and he loved the gold. . . .

And gold was given to Pintoricchio and used by him with more effect than anywhere else in the history of Renaissance art. A poor composer, when it

came to making up groups of figures he had an immense sense of decorative pattern; so strong an instinct indeed for this enormously important element in decoration that wherever he has covered a wall-space, whether in Siena, Spello, or Rome, he has made that wall immediately delightful to even the hastiest glance. Symmetry becomes even more forceful than usual in his hands, and by the strong thrust and counter-thrust of his little gilded gypsum thrones and temples, placed exactly in the centers of his lunettes and vaulting spaces, and made far more emphatic by their relief than are his flat painted surfaces, Pintoricchio, at one and the same time a cunning conjurer and a true artist, doing the very best with his resources, makes it quite easy for the spectator to overlook the poverty of his ordonnance and the openwork character of his figure composition. . . .

Never was there franker conventionalism than Pintoricchio's; the artist means first that his gold and relief shall mark out the architectonic distribution of his general scheme of decoration, his main patterning, and for this, as has been said, he uses his temples, porticos, thrones, pillars—*nota bene*, nearly always background, or at most middle-ground, objects. Next he proposes that bits of gilded gypsum shall spangle all his vacant spaces thickly enough to at once enrich them and put them into proper relation with his larger gilded masses. He is the most free-handed of decorators in this cheerful dredging of angels and people, mountains and plains, with fine plaster and finer gold, and the angular movements of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo's school are angularized yet more by stiff rows of large gilded buttons outlining the armored limbs of youthful soldiers. In the foreground of a lunette, St. Barbara, her palms joined, her face looking as though some one had struck it awry, jostling each feature a little out of place, yet not quite destroying its charm, is painted flatly. Near by a soldier is painted flatly, too, save for a helmet modeled in relief, while another man holds a scimitar which looks like a real one half embedded in the plaster. Above in the vaulting, little bulls, little griffins, little monuments of every sort and shape, jut from the painted surface, and perhaps in the background a tiny castle upon a mountain supposed to be miles away sticks out in gilded relief like a wasp's nest against a wall and takes its place as a foreground object. For Pintoricchio does not care a button—certainly not a gilded button—for the atmospheric relation of his painted people and things; to this we must get used, and the adjustment is not difficult, because at first, in these big rooms with their multiplication of small forms, you do not notice these relations at all, but feel instead those larger relations for which the artist has cared a very great deal—the relations of his patterns and his colors.

For the superb result of the decoration Pintoricchio is responsible; for the execution of much of the detail he is not, save as impresario; many of the figures are ignoble, far below his lowest mark; a few of them on the contrary seem to rise above his best capacity for firm and correct drawing. . . . The decoration of the Borgia apartments is a vast inter-provincial patchwork where in the same rooms, sometimes even the same lunettes, Lombards, Florentines, Umbrians, and Sienese have painted together and—all honor be to Pintoricchio as designer, decorator, and director—have created a harmonious *ensemble*. . . .

But whoever may have been the others among Pintoricchio's assistants, there is one whom we can identify beyond all peradventure, and who has done more for the Borgia rooms than Tuscan or Lombard or Umbrian, than has Perugino even. *Hic coronavit opus* and his name is Time. The more subtle color is, either in its brilliancy or its depth, the less time can do for it; but the stronger and more varied the pigments in their juxtaposition to gold or silver, the more chance there is for the chemistry of darkness and light, dampness and dryness. In all Europe elsewhere it is doubtful whether lapse of days has brought such wealth of change, of patina veiling the crude and reconciling the antagonistic, of red weathering into orange, blue running into green, gold turning to copper, brass, verdigris, or remaining gold, but of a dozen different tonings.

Close at Pintoricchio's hand and painted but a dozen years later are the two most famous cycles of frescos of all time, the cycles of Raphael and Michelangelo. With these he has nothing to do, nothing to do with the power and loftiness of Del Sarto in the Scalzi cloister of Florence. Or if we take two master-decorators, Rubens and Tiepolo, they are at the antipodes as to methods, should we compare them with Pintoricchio. But there are many paths up Parnassus, and some which do not lead straight to the very summit, yet leave the pilgrim at a vantage-point where he may be seen and praised of all men. In their own way the Borgia apartments are unequaled; and the candid critic admits that Pintoricchio, Pope Alexander VI., and Time have among them left to us the richest and most splendid fresco decoration in Europe.

The Works of Pintoricchio

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PORTRAIT OF A BOY' — PLATE I

MORELLI regards this portrait of an unknown boy, now in the Royal Gallery, Dresden, as "a first-rate work of Pintoricchio's early period" —painted probably about 1480. Charmingly delicate in execution, it is reminiscent of Perugino's manner in all its freshness. The modeling is excellent, and the brownish flesh-tones and chestnut hair are admirably offset by the blue cap and red tunic. The landscape background with its slender trees is in Perugino's style.

The picture measures one foot eight inches high by a trifle more than a foot wide, and, like all Pintoricchio's panel pictures, is painted in distemper.

'THE HOLY FAMILY' — PLATE II

THIS picture, now in the Siena Academy, is an early work of Pintoricchio's painted in his most naïve and charming manner. Mary and Joseph are seated side by side in a flowery meadow. Joseph wears a blue tunic and yellow mantle flecked with gold and lined with red, and holds a

small cask of wine and two loaves of bread. The Virgin is dressed in a red gown, embroidered with gold, and a blue cloak. The two children—St. John in his little camel's-hair garment, and the flaxen-haired Christ-child in a long white robe brocaded with gold—are represented, arm-in-arm, starting off with book and pitcher as if to play. The background is delicately painted; under the trees on the right St. Jerome in prayer and on the left St. Francis are dimly discernible.

Although full of defects in composition and in drawing, this picture is delightful in its simplicity and grace. It is painted in distemper and measures two feet nine inches in diameter.

'THE MADONNA OF SAN SEVERINO' PLATE III

THIS altar-piece was painted for the cathedral of the little Italian town of San Severino, where it still adorns the sacristy. The Madonna, in a rose-colored dress and dark blue mantle lined with green, clasps the Child, who stands on a red cushion upon her knee. He is clad in a gold-embroidered white tunic and gray and gold drapery. In one hand he holds a crystal globe, and with the other blesses the donor of the picture, Liberato Bartelli, who kneels before him dressed in a scarlet robe. Angels, wearing garments rich with gold and embroidery, stand in adoring attitudes beside the Madonna. A landscape with hills, delicately outlined trees, and a rocky archway, through which a cavalcade passes, forms the background, and over all is a soft twilight glow.

"If Pintoricchio had continued to paint like this," writes Dr. Corrado Ricci; "if the vast quantity of decorative work which he undertook had not subsequently made him careless and sometimes even coarse in his technique; if, in short, his art, having attained this lofty height, had succeeded, if not in rising higher, at least in maintaining its level of excellence, no Umbrian painter, and few among the Italians of his time, would have deserved warmer praise for grace, refinement, and beauty."

'SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ÆNEAS PICCOLOMINI' PLATES IV AND V

BETWEEN 1502 and 1509 Pintoricchio decorated in fresco the Library of the Siena Cathedral, where, in a series of ten "histories," he illustrated the chief events in the life of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini—scholar, cardinal, and finally pope. The question as to whether Pintoricchio was assisted in the decorations of the Library by Raphael, then a youth of twenty, and, if so, to what extent, has long been a subject of controversy among critics. While the majority are now agreed that Raphael had no hand in the work, Dr. Schmarsow, who has devoted much study to the question, is of the opinion that in the designs for two or three at least of the frescos Pintoricchio was helped by the younger artist—an opinion in which Miss Phillipps, Pintoricchio's recent biographer, concurs.

The first fresco, and one of the most brilliant in its bright color and lavish use of gold ornamentation, is reproduced in plate IV. It shows us Æneas Pic-

colomini when a youth accompanying Domenico Capranica, Bishop of Fermo, to whom he had been made secretary, on his journey to the anti-papal council of Basle. Æneas, wearing a blue cloak with stiff green cape striped with gold, green stockings, yellow boots, and a large red hat, is mounted on a white horse in the foreground in the midst of a gay cavalcade. The bishop in a red robe and cap rides a bay horse in front. In the background is the Mediterranean, with the town of Genoa rising on the right. Storm clouds are in the sky, but a rainbow is seen, and already the sun is shining as the procession advances.

In the second fresco Æneas is received by King James I. of Scotland, to whom he had been sent as envoy. The third shows us his coronation as a poet by the Emperor Frederick III. of Austria. In the fourth he pays homage to the pope in the emperor's name. The fifth scene represents the betrothal of Frederick III. and Eleonora of Portugal at Siena by Æneas, then a bishop, who in the sixth is created a cardinal, and in the seventh is elected pope under the title of Pius II. The eighth scene shows him as pope at the diet of princes; in number nine he canonizes St. Catherine of Siena. The tenth and last fresco of the series, 'Pope Pius II. at Ancona' (plate V), represents Æneas, now old and careworn, robed in white, with a blue cloak, carried aloft by his followers, while Cristoforo Moro, Doge of Venice, in a mantle of gold brocade, and a Turk richly clad in green and blue, kneel before him. Behind are the town and harbor of Ancona, and in the bay the Venetian fleet is waiting to bear Pope Pius on the crusade which he had vowed to undertake, but which his death on the night after his arrival at Ancona prevented.

The effect of this Library, with its mosaic pavement, elaborately decorated ceiling, and brilliantly painted walls, is most striking in its splendor, and in the gaiety of its decorative completeness. So fresh and bright are the colors that it seems impossible that these frescos were painted four hundred years ago. "Surely," writes Mr. Blashfield, "Pintoricchio came down from the scaffoldings but yesterday. This is how the hardly dried plaster must have looked to pope and cardinals and princes when the boards were removed, and when the very figures on these walls—smart youths in tights and slashes, bright-robed scholars, ecclesiastics caped in ermine, ladies with long braids bound in nets of silk—crowded to see themselves embalmed in tempera for curious after-centuries to gaze upon." Here Pintoricchio had ample opportunity for the display of all his most characteristic qualities—for his love of pageantry, of gorgeous costumes, lavish use of gold, elaborate decorative details, and picturesque effect; above all, for the exercise of his gifts as one of the most entertaining and fascinating story-tellers of all time.

'THE DISPUTE OF ST. CATHERINE' PLATE VI

FOR a period of three years, beginning probably in December, 1492, Pintoricchio was engaged in decorating for the Borgian pope, Alexander VI., that pontiff's private rooms in the Vatican Palace, Rome. These rooms, known as the Borgia apartments, having now, after centuries of neglect,

been restored as far as was possible to their original magnificence, were in 1897 thrown open to the public. Of the suite of six rooms, five were decorated by Pintoricchio and his assistants, but of these only three—the Hall of Mysteries, the Hall of Saints, and the Hall of Arts and Sciences—show to any extent the actual work of the master; in the last two—the Hall of Creeds and the Hall of Sibyls—the frescos are for the most part by inferior hands, though from Pintoricchio's designs.

Of the whole suite the Hall of Saints is the most richly decorated, and that in which Pintoricchio's hand is most evident. Upon the walls are painted scenes from sacred history and from the lives of the saints; of these the largest and the finest, indeed, notwithstanding the injuries it has sustained, the most splendid of all Pintoricchio's frescos, is that reproduced in plate VI, representing 'The Dispute of St. Catherine.'

In a sunny landscape, divided in the center by a triumphal arch, a vast concourse of people is gathered—philosophers, courtiers, Turks, and Eastern potentates, with pages, and soldiers, and richly caparisoned horses—the reds, blues, and greens of their apparel, heavy with gold embroidery and gleaming with jewels, mingling in a gorgeous yet subdued glow of color. To the left, seated on a marble throne, is the Emperor Maximinus in a robe that glitters with gold ornaments, listening to the discourse of the youthful St. Catherine of Alexandria, who, clad in a red gown embroidered in gold and with a long blue mantle, her fair hair falling over her shoulders, earnestly expounds the doctrines of her faith.

Tradition has it that the painter took for his model for this slim, girlish figure, Lucrezia Borgia, the beautiful and dearly loved daughter of Pope Alexander, and that the Emperor Maximinus—though this is extremely doubtful—is a portrait of her brother, the infamous Cesare Borgia. The man on the white horse (or, as some say, the turbaned man near the throne) is Prince Djem, son of Sultan Mahommed II., who was held as a hostage in Rome at this time; and at the extreme left, in the slight figure beside the man who wears a gold chain, Pintoricchio has introduced his own portrait.

'THE JOURNEY OF MOSES' PLATE VII

THIS fresco, formerly ascribed by some to Signorelli and by others to Perugino, who is still believed by some authorities to have executed certain parts of it, is now almost universally acknowledged to be the work of Pintoricchio.

Although crowded in composition and wanting in concentration, 'The Journey of Moses' is yet one of the most attractive examples of the artist's decorative paintings. The subject is taken from the fourth chapter of Exodus, and illustrates different incidents related there. On the left, Moses, in the traditional yellow robe and green mantle, starting forth with wife, children, and attendants upon his journey into Egypt, is stopped by the commanding figure of the messenger of God. The white-robed angel with shimmering wings, standing in the center of the foreground, divides this group

from the one on the right, where the ceremony of circumcision, in obedience to divine command, takes place.

In the middle distance, Jethro and his household are taking leave of Moses before his departure from the land of Israel, and at the left, shepherds dance in an open meadow. The landscape background with its low purple hills and verdant valleys, its masses of rocks, dark palms and cypresses, and little bushy trees—all reminiscent of Pintoricchio's early master, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo—is one of the loveliest seen in Umbrian art up to this time; and although frequent cleanings and restorations have damaged the colors so that the general effect is now somewhat dim and faded, enough of the original beauty remains to show that this is one of Pintoricchio's greatest works.

'THE RETURN OF ULYSSES' PLATE VIII

PINTORICCHIO'S last frescos were three classic subjects painted for the palace of Pandolfo Petrucci at Siena. Of these 'The Return of Ulysses' is the only one which still exists. It has been transferred from the wall to canvas, and is now in the National Gallery, London.

According to the story as told in Homer's 'Odyssey,' Penelope, wife of the Greek hero, Ulysses, being beset during the long absence of her husband by numerous suitors, declared that before she would accept any one of them she must finish weaving a long robe for Laertes, her aged father-in-law, and that her decision might be indefinitely postponed she unraveled each night what she had woven by day—a stratagem which was finally revealed by her servants, whereupon she was beset by her lovers even more than before. After an absence of twenty years, however, Ulysses returned, slew the importunate suitors, and put an end to her grief and perplexity.

In Pintoricchio's fresco Penelope is seated at her loom. Her maid sits beside her, and above, on the wall, hangs the famous bow of Ulysses which he alone could bend. Engaged in her daily task, Penelope is surprised by the entrance of the suitors eagerly pressing forward to urge their claims, unconscious of the presence of Ulysses, who, disguised as a beggar, appears in the doorway. Through the open window his galley is seen with the hero himself bound to the mast to prevent his being enticed by the songs of the sirens sporting in the blue waves, while on the shore close at hand rises the enchanted palace of Circe.

"The painting in this fresco," writes Miss Phillipps, "is rough and slight; the figures have little modeling, but are almost like patterns upon the background; the limbs of the suitors are unstructural even for Pintoricchio, yet the whole effect is charming. . . . Here the artist is once more fresh and unconventional, and fertile in his fancy. The attitudes and relations of the figures are full of originality, and the uncompromising square of the window lets in a flood of light upon the foreground so full of movement."

The fresco measures about four feet high by four feet nine inches wide.

'THE FUNERAL OF ST. BERNARD' PLATE IX

IT was probably soon after he had completed his paintings in the Sistine Chapel that Pintoricchio decorated in fresco the little Gothic chapel of the Bufalini family, in the Church of Santa Maria in Aracœli, Rome. This work ranks among his most important achievements. Upon the walls, framed in by decorative designs, are painted scenes from the life of St. Bernard, of which the one reproduced in plate IX is generally conceded to be the finest.

In a marble-paved city square, where arcades on either side lead up to a temple with a gilded dome, the peaceful figure of the dead saint, dressed in the white habit of his order, and with his head resting upon a red pillow, is extended upon a bier covered with a green cloth. Monks in prayer are gathered around him, and groups of men, women, and children, prominent among whom are a fair-haired boy on the right, dressed in red, and beside him a young man in a long pink robe—both members of the Bufalini family. On the left, preceded by a page bearing his sword, is the stately figure of the donor, Lodovico Bufalini, wearing a flowing gown of yellow brocade with ermine-bordered sleeves, and a close-fitting red cap. In the extreme foreground of the picture Pintoricchio has placed two children playing together, and near them, a baby in swaddling-clothes lying in a sort of basket. This little object, "stuck in as an afterthought, without meaning, and without perspective," is probably intended to represent the miraculous *Santo Bambino*, or Holy Child, of Aracœli, an image still preserved in the church and held in the highest veneration.

"The grouping in this fresco," writes Miss Phillipps, "is more successful than usual with Pintoricchio, and the light and shade are more massed. The effect of aërial space is very remarkable. The people gather round, life goes its way, and the whole is set in so peaceful and spirit-lifting an environment that it does not need the little sky episode of the saint received in glory to give it spirituality."

'ARITHMETIC' PLATE X

THIS emblematic figure of 'Arithmetic,' holding a compass and the Pythagorean tables, is one of a series of seven frescos similar in design painted on the walls of that one of the Borgia rooms in the Vatican Palace, Rome, which is known as the Hall of Arts and Sciences. Although less rich in decorative effect than the Hall of Saints (see the description of plate VI), and injured in many parts by dampness and restoration, this room, probably the study of Pope Alexander VI., is yet very beautiful in the harmony of its coloring and the homogeneity of its scheme of decoration. The ceiling is profusely ornamented with heraldic devices; everywhere the gilded Borgian bull and the golden crown with radiating sun-rays modeled in high relief shine forth upon a dark blue ground. In lunettes upon the walls, the arts and sciences—Rhetoric, Geometry, Arithmetic, Music, Astrology, Grammar, and Dialectics—are personified by figures seated upon high-backed thrones and surrounded by their devotees.

"None of the seven sisters," writes Miss Phillipps, "is so beautiful as 'Arithmetic.' Here Pintoricchio trusts his own inspiration, and we have a finely-drawn head with all his freshness of pose and expression. This dreamy face, with its transparent veil half covering the flowing hair, the gold embossed robe, over-sleeves, mantle hanging in softly accentuated folds, and the beautifully proportioned figures standing by, have a larger share than almost any other of the lunettes of the master's hand, and here, more than in any, we have the many colored garments, rich pinks, harmonious greens, that Pintoricchio loved."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY PINTORICCHIO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Madonna and Child — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: St. Catherine; Madonna and Child; The Return of Ulysses (fresco) (Plate VIII) — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Reliquary, with Three Saints — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Portrait of a Boy (Plate I) — ITALY. MILAN, BORROMEO PALACE: Christ bearing the Cross — MILAN, OWNED BY PRINCE PIO OF SAVOY: Madonna — MILAN, OWNED BY MARCHESE VISCONTI-VENOSTA: Painted Crucifix — NAPLES MUSEUM: Assumption of the Virgin — PERUGIA GALLERY: Altar-piece of Santa Maria dei Fossi; St. Augustine and Members of his Confraternity — ROME, CAPITOLINE GALLERY: Madonna and Angels (fresco) — ROME, CASTLE OF SANT' ANGELO: Fragments of frescos — ROME, CHURCH OF ARACŒLI, BUFALINI CHAPEL: (frescos) Scenes from the Life of St. Bernard (see plate IX); Evangelists; Decorative Frescos — ROME, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO, CHAPEL OF ST. JEROME: (frescos) Nativity; Scenes from the Life of St. Jerome. [CHOIR] Ceiling Frescos — ROME, COLONNA PALACE: Decorative Frescos in Spandrels — ROME, COLLEGIO DEI PENITENZIERI: Fragments of frescos — ROME, VATICAN, THE BELVEDERE: Fragments of frescos — ROME, VATICAN, BORGIA APARTMENTS (frescos):[1] [HALL OF MYSTERIES] Annunciation; Nativity; Adoration; Ascension; Descent of Holy Spirit; Assumption; Resurrection. [CEILING] Evangelists and Prophets. [HALL OF SAINTS] Madonna and Child; Susanna; St. Barbara; St. Anthony and St Paul; St. Sebastian; Dispute of St. Catherine (Plate VI); Visitation. [CEILING] Story of Osiris and Isis. [HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES] Rhetoric; Geometry; Arithmetic (Plate X); Music; Astrology; Grammar; Dialectics. [HALL OF CREEDS] The Prophets. [HALL OF SIBYLS] The Sibyls — ROME, VATICAN GALLERY: Coronation of the Virgin — ROME, VATICAN, SISTINE CHAPEL: Journey of Moses (fresco) (Plate VII); Baptism of Christ (fresco) — SAN GIMIGNANO, PALAZZO PUBBLICO: Madonna in Glory — SAN SEVERINO, CATHEDRAL: The Madonna of San Severino (Plate III) — SIENA, ACADEMY: Holy Family (Plate II) — SIENA CATHEDRAL, CHAPEL OF SAN GIOVANNI: (frescos) Birth of St. John; Portrait of Alberto Aringhieri; A Knight of St. John — SIENA CATHEDRAL, LIBRARY: (frescos) Ten Scenes from the Life of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini (see plates IV and V). [OVER ENTRANCE] Coronation of Pius III. — SPELLO, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE: Madonna (fresco). [BAGLIONI CHAPEL] (frescos) Annunciation; Adoration of Magi; Christ among the Doctors. [SACRISTY] Madonna. [OLD SACRISTY] Fresco of an Angel — SPELLO, CHURCH OF SANT' ANDREA: Madonna Enthroned; Saints and Angels — SPELLO, CHURCH OF SAN GIROLAMO, CLOISTER CHAPEL: Adoration of Shepherds; Nativity (fresco) — SPOLETO CATHEDRAL, EROLI CHAPEL: (frescos) Madonna and Saints; God the Father and Angels; Dead Christ — SPAIN. VALENCIA ACADEMY: Madonna and Child.

[1] The frescos in these apartments are in great part by Pintoricchio himself, and were all done from his designs.

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Hubert and Jan

Van Eyck

FLEMISH SCHOOL

HUBERT VAN EYCK
THE ANNUNCIATION
FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE GHENT ALTAR-PIECE
BERLIN GALLERY

WINGS CLOSED

WINGS OPEN

Usfn

HUBERT AND JAN VAN EYCK
THE GHENT ALTAR-PIECE
GHENT, BERLIN, BRUSSELS

U of M

HUBERT VAN EYCK
ANGELS SINGING ANGELS PLAYING
FROM THE WINGS OF THE GHENT ALTAR-PIECE
BERLIN GALLERY

UofM

HUBERT VAN EYCK
THE JUST JUDGES THE CHAMPIONS OF CHRIST
FROM A WING OF THE GHENT ALTAR-PIECE
BERLIN GALLERY

HUBERT VAN EYCK
THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB
FROM THE GHENT ALTAR-PIECE
CATHEDRAL OF ST. BAVON, GHENT

PHOTOGRAVURE BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO

Scanned with CamScanner

HUBERT VAN EYCK
THE THREE MARYS AT THE SEPULCHER
SIR FREDERICK COOK'S COLLECTION, RICHMOND, ENGLAND

Scan

JAN VAN EYCK
PORTRAIT OF JAN VAN EYCK'S WIFE
ACADEMY, BRUGES

JAN VAN EYCK
JEAN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

UofM

JAN VAN EYCK
THE MAN WITH THE PINK
BERLIN GALLERY

U of M

JAN VAN EYCK
MADONNA WITH ST. MICHAEL AND ST. CATHERINE
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

HUBERT VAN EYCK JAN VAN EYCK

PORTRAITS OF HUBERT AND JAN VAN EYCK BERLIN GALLERY

These purely traditional portraits of the Van Eycks, painted, it is said, by Jan after his brother's death, are found in the procession of 'The Just Judges' on one of the wings of the Ghent Altar-piece, see plate IV. Hubert, dressed in blue velvet and wearing a fur cap, rides a white horse in the foreground of the picture; Jan, farther back, his face turned toward the spectator, is in black with a black silk turban wound around his head, and a coral chain about his neck. The original panel is now in the Berlin Gallery.

Hubert and Jan van Eyck

BORN 1366(?): DIED 1426
BORN 1382(?): DIED 1441

THE sudden and mature development of painting in Flanders in the fifteenth century was due to the brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck (pronounced Van Ike) "who by their skill and inventive genius," writes Sir Joseph A. Crowe, "changed the traditional habits of the earlier schools, remodeled the primitive forms of Flemish design, and introduced a complete revolution into the technical methods of execution familiar to Netherland painters."

Of the elder brother, Hubert, "the father of Flemish painting," we know but little. It is supposed that he was born about the year 1366, at Maaseyck, a small town on the river Maas, or Meuse, in the eastern part of what is now Belgium. It is more likely, however, that the neighboring and older village of Eyck, now Aldeneyck, was his birthplace. From either one the name Van Eyck (Of Eyck) may have been derived. His early studies in art were probably begun at Maastricht or at Cologne, both of which cities were at that time centers of artistic activity; and it is supposed that after completing his apprenticeship he traveled in foreign lands, for although no absolute proof of his journeyings can be established, the familiarity with Italian scenery and architecture shown in his works, and the introduction of certain trees and plants indigenous to southern climes, testify to the probability that he was conversant with other countries than his own.

It was early in the fifteenth century presumably that Hubert van Eyck settled at Ghent, in Flanders, where he seems to have led the quiet and uneventful life of a painter whose all-absorbing interest was his art. Documents purporting to register his admission into the Confraternity of Our Lady at Ghent, in 1412, and into the painters' Gild of St. Luke of that town ten years later, have recently been proved to be forgeries, and, so far as is known, the earliest authentic record of Hubert's presence in Ghent is an entry in the account of payments by the town treasurers, dated 1424-25, in which it is stated that a sum of "six escalins de gros" was paid to "Master Hubert" for his labor on two sketches which he had made at the request of the aldermen. In all probability, however, he had qualified as a master painter some time before this date, for in the will of one Jean de Visch, Lord of Axel and Capelle, dated 1413, a picture by Hubert van Eyck, of which all trace has now been

lost, was bequeathed by that nobleman, as a most precious possession, to his daughter, a Benedictine nun. That the painter had already acquired a reputation is further proved by the important commission intrusted to him by Jodocus Vydt, a wealthy citizen of Ghent, to paint a large altar-piece (known as the Ghent Altar-piece) for the chapel of the Vydt family in the Church of St. John, now the Cathedral of St. Bavon, of that city.

This work Hubert van Eyck did not live to complete. He died on September 18, 1426, and was buried with great honor in the family vault of his patron Jodocus Vydt, in the crypt of the chapel where his famous altar-piece now hangs. In 1533 the remains of the persons buried there were reinterred in the churchyard, with the exception of the bone of Hubert van Eyck's right arm, which was exposed to view in an iron cage. The following epitaph in old Flemish, telling of the high esteem in which he was held as a painter, was engraved on a copper plate above his tomb:

"Take warning by me, all ye who tread on this stone. Once I was as ye are; now I am dead and buried. Neither counsel nor art and medicine could avail me aught. What are honor, wisdom, might or vast wealth when death comes? Hubert van Eyck was I named: now I am food for worms. Once I was well known and highly honored in painting: suddenly I was changed into nothing. In the year of the Lord, one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the eighteenth day of September, I gave up my spirit. All ye who love art, pray God for me, that I may see his face. Flee from sin and seek after good, for ye must follow me at the end of your days."

Celebrated as Hubert was in his own time, however, his fame, reëstablished to some extent by recent research, was so completely eclipsed by that of his brother, Jan van Eyck, that in course of time his very name was forgotten, and his principal work, the great Ghent altar-piece, left unfinished at his death and completed by Jan, was frequently spoken of as the achievement of the younger brother. In the earliest existing description of this altar-piece, written by Dr. Jerome Münzer, a physician of Nuremberg who visited Ghent in 1495, there is no mention of Hubert's name; the painter was merely spoken of as one who lay buried in the chapel which his work adorned; and when, in 1508, Albrecht Dürer saw the altar-piece, he noted in his diary that he had seen "the picture by Jan," adding, "it is an exceedingly precious and most intelligent work."

Jan van Eyck was also born at Maaseyck, or at the adjoining village of Eyck. The date of his birth is unknown, but is generally assumed to be about 1382. He was, at all events, nearly twenty years younger than Hubert, from whom he is said to have learned his art.

It was probably when he was quite young, and still working with and under the supervision of his brother, that a discovery was made by the Van Eycks which brought about improvements in the technique of painting which alone would have sufficed to render their names famous. The story goes that Jan van Eyck, having expended great pains and labor in executing a picture in distemper (the medium in use up to that time), put the picture in the sun to dry; but that either because of the heat, or owing to

some defect in the wood, the panel split, and the picture was ruined, whereupon, in order that no such mishap should occur again, the painter set to work to prepare a varnish which would dry in the shade; and finally, after repeated experiments, found that a mixture of linseed-oil and nut-oil combined with certain resinous substances produced a quickly drying varnish, and that by mixing this medium with his colors a vigor and luster were imparted to them which quite surpassed the effect given by the viscous varnish formerly in use.

This invention, which revolutionized painting, and the perfecting of the process were no doubt due to the patience and toil of the elder as well as of the younger brother. It is not known exactly in what their discovery consisted, but, although it cannot be claimed that they were the originators of oil-painting, which, as a matter of fact, had been known and to some extent practised since very early times, certain it is that, as Mr. Weale has said, "the process invented by the Van Eycks evidently solved some difficulty that had hitherto prevented the successful application of oil-color to panel-painting, for their discovery was at once eagerly welcomed by artists, and the greatest anxiety was evinced by the painters of Italy, as well as by those of the Netherlands, to learn the secret of their success."

In what year Jan van Eyck separated from his brother and struck out on an independent career is unknown; but in the autumn of 1422 he entered the service of John of Bavaria, known as John the Merciless, the famous Prince-bishop of Liège and Duke of Brabant and Holland, as "peintre et varlet de chambre," and was employed by him during the next two years in decorating the ducal palace at The Hague. Soon after the death of John of Bavaria, which occurred in 1425, he received the appointment of official or court painter to the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, with a yearly salary of one hundred pounds, and all the "honors, prerogatives, franchises, liberties, rights, profits, and emoluments thereunto appertaining." By this prince Jan van Eyck was treated with the utmost consideration and with every mark of confidence, even being intrusted with sundry secret missions requiring no slight skill in diplomacy and necessitating frequent journeys to distant lands, for which he was generously paid.

After a three months' sojourn in the ducal court in Bruges, Jan van Eyck, though still in the duke's service, removed to Lille, where he spent nearly three years. It was during the summer of 1428, while resident in Lille, that Philip despatched his painter on "a certain distant and secret journey;" and, again, in the following autumn he set out at the bidding of the duke, this time with two companions, upon an embassy to the court of Portugal to treat for the hand of the Infanta Isabella, whose portrait he had received orders to paint for Philip, to whom the young princess soon afterwards became affianced. On the way to Portugal he touched at one or two English ports, and spent some weeks in England, reaching Lisbon at Christmas, and before returning to Flanders opportunity was given him of visiting the court of Castile in Spain and the Moorish king's palace at Granada.

In the year 1431 Jan van Eyck settled permanently in Bruges, at that time one of the chief centers of trade, as well as one of the wealthiest and most flourishing cities of Europe. The house which he bought there, and which for the rest of his life remained his home, is still standing in the Rue de la Main d'Or, near the quays, in the part of the city where in his day many of the palaces of the rich Flemish merchants were located. At about this time Van Eyck, who retained his position as court painter, married; and in 1434 the birth of a daughter is recorded, together with the fact that the Duke of Burgundy stood sponsor at her christening, and presented his godchild with six silver cups valued at nearly one hundred pounds.

From this time until his death, with the single interruption of a journey undertaken at the bidding of the duke, of which the object was, as usual, secret, Jan van Eyck devoted himself to his art. At what period and for how long he was engaged in the completion of the great Ghent Altar-piece, left unfinished by his brother Hubert, is still a debated question. Our only certain knowledge is that it was completed on May 6, 1432. Jan's many signed and dated works testify to his industry and progress in painting, and we know that his talents were held in high esteem. "We should never find another painter so much to our liking," declared the duke, his master, when giving orders to his treasurer to pay the artist some arrears of salary, "nor one so excellent in his art and learning." And not only in Flanders was he celebrated, but in distant countries, where his skill in the new technical process of painting which owed its origin to him and to his brother had made the name of Van Eyck famous.

According to a document recently discovered by Mr. Weale, Jan van Eyck died in 1441, not in the previous year as has heretofore been believed and stated. He was buried with due honor in the churchyard of St. Donation's Church at Bruges, but his body was later removed to a vault inside the building.

The Art of Hubert and Jan van Eyck

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN 'LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS'

WITHIN a brief period—hardly more than a score of years—the human intellect, through the Van Eycks, discovered in painting a means of expressing its ideals, its beliefs; achieved that rendering of the human face which indicates the mind; gave the first correct, though not the noblest, portrayal of the human body; first imaged the sky; rendered atmosphere, depicted fields and garments; and set forth the outward richness of things by true colors. A living art was created, its technique invented or perfected; a language evolved. The whole gamut was run through, and imperishable works produced.—FROM THE FRENCH

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JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

INDIVIDUALLY and nationally the Flemings were strugglers against adverse circumstances from the beginning. A realistic race with practical ideas, a people rather warm of impulse and free in habit, they combined some German sentiment with French liveliness and gaiety. The solidarity of the nation was not accomplished until after 1385, when the dukes of Burgundy began to extend their power over the Low Countries. Then the Flemish people became strong enough to defy both Germany and France, and wealthy enough, through their commerce with Spain, Italy, and France, to encourage art, not only at the ducal court, but in the churches and among the citizens of the various towns.

As in all the countries of Europe, the early Flemish painting pictured Christian subjects primarily. The great bulk of it was church altar-pieces, though side by side with this were an admirable portraiture, some knowledge of landscape, and some exposition of allegorical subjects. In means and methods it was quite original. The early history is lost, but if Flemish painting was beholden to the painting of any other nation, it was to the miniature painting of France. There is, however, no positive record of this. The Flemings seem to have begun by themselves, and pictured the life about them in their own way. They were apparently not influenced at first by Italy. There were no antique influences, no excavated marbles to copy, no Byzantine traditions left to follow. At first their art was exact and minute in detail, but not well grasped in the mass. The compositions were huddled, the landscapes pure but finical; the figures inclined to slimness, awkwardness, and angularity in the lines of form and drapery, and uncertain in action. To offset this there was a positive realism in textures, perspective, color, tone, light, and atmosphere. The effect of the whole was odd and strained, but the effect of the part was to convince one that the Flemish painters were excellent craftsmen in detail, skilled with the brush, and shrewd observers of nature in a purely picturesque way.

To the Flemish painters of the fifteenth century belongs, not the invention of oil-painting, for it was known before their time, but its acceptable application in picture-making. They applied oil with color to produce brilliancy and warmth of effect, to insure firmness and body in the work, and to carry out textural effects in stuffs, marbles, metals, and the like. So far as we know there never was much use of distemper, or fresco-work upon the walls of buildings. The oil medium came into vogue when the miniatures and illuminations of the early days had expanded into panel pictures. The size of the miniature was increased, but the minute method of finishing was not laid aside. Some time afterward painting with oil upon canvas was adopted.

Painting in Flanders starts abruptly with the fifteenth century. What there was before that time more than miniatures and illuminations is not known. Time and the iconoclasts have left no remains of consequence. Flemish art for us begins with Hubert and Jan van Eyck. The elder brother is supposed to have been the better painter, because the most celebrated work of the

brothers — the great Ghent Altar-piece — bears the inscription that Hubert began it and Jan finished it. This is the only absolutely authenticated work by Hubert in existence,[1] and the supposition that he was a better painter than his brother is mere speculation. For historical purposes Flemish art was begun, and almost completed, by Jan van Eyck. He had all the attributes of the early men, and was one of the most perfect of Flemish painters. He painted real forms and real life, gave them a setting in true perspective and light, and put in background landscapes with a truthful if minute regard for the facts. His figures in action had some awkwardness, they were small of head, slim of body, and sometimes stumbled; but his modeling of faces, his rendering of textures in cloth, metal, stone, and the like, his delicate yet firm technique, were all rather remarkable for his time. None of this early Flemish art has the grandeur of Italian composition, but in realistic detail, in landscape, architecture, figure and dress, in pathos, sincerity, and sentiment, it is unsurpassed by any fifteenth-century art.

FRANCES C. WEALE 'HUBERT AND JOHN VAN EYCK'

THROUGHOUT the history of art we find few figures so interesting as the two brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck. They lived at a time when a great change took place in the art of painting — a change, moreover, which they were instrumental in bringing about. Yet, great masters as they were, high as was the esteem and admiration which they justly won from their contemporaries, marvelous as their works appear when compared with the previous productions of the various schools of painting, their life story is shrouded in darkness; for a long time their memory seems to have almost faded away; their works were forgotten, uncared for, or ascribed to other hands; and it is only since the revival of interest in early Netherlandish art, which began in the last years of the eighteenth century, that they have been gradually reinstalled in the place of honor which is rightfully theirs. Strange though this at first may appear, we understand it when we recall the fact that since their days the Netherlands have been the scene of much warfare; invaders have sacked the towns, have plundered and destroyed, so that it is small wonder that their pictures have perished or have been scattered throughout other lands, and that but little in the shape of documentary evidence remains to us. . . .

Until quite recently the Ghent Altar-piece was the only existing work of Hubert van Eyck's concerning which we had documentary evidence, but there are a number of unsigned paintings which bear far more affinity to it than do the works which are known to be by Jan. That they have been ascribed to the younger brother is not, after all, so very extraordinary. Hubert lived quietly as a craftsman; he did not, it seems, sign his works, and he died without reaping the glory due him for the finest of all his pictures. Jan, on the contrary, was a man who was widely known. At the time of Hubert's death he had already attained reputation in Holland as the official painter of John

[1] Recently discovered evidence seems to prove that a wing from an altar-piece in the Royal Gallery at Copenhagen is also the work of Hubert. — THE EDITOR

of Bavaria, and had entered the service of the Duke of Burgundy, by whom he was repeatedly sent to foreign courts; during fourteen years he continued to grow more and more famous; he signed his pictures, too, or at least many of them. Moreover, there is a notable difference between the art of the two brothers. Hubert, in the Ghent Altar-piece, gave to the world an ideal example of the religious art of medieval times when that art had arrived at its highest perfection; he was evidently a man deeply imbued with the mystical spirit of his time, and in his pictures we find his subjects treated in a reverential, dignified manner, as nearly approaching the sublime as has ever been the case. His mind was lifted above the things of earth; he used material objects only as necessary to the expression of heavenly ideas. Jan, on the other hand, was one of the initiators of an entirely new school of thought. He studied and strove to depict in all its beauty the world around him; his talent in this direction was truly marvelous; not only was he accurate and painstaking to the last degree, but he took the trouble to seek out and transfer to his panel that which lay hidden from the casual observer. He found his delight in discovering and in bringing before others the very real beauties of this world, and in bestowing, as it were, a permanent existence upon them; but spiritualize them he could not. . . .

It is as a painter of portraits that he has given us the greatest proofs of his genius, and undoubtedly he merits to be considered one of the foremost in this respect that the world has ever seen. His men and women seem to be living realities, so strongly does the personality of each appeal to us, for he not only correctly delineated the features of his patrons, but studied them until he grasped and could transfer to his panel the characteristics of each one. Flattery was beneath him; we see each as he or she was in life, plain or well-featured as the case might be—every wrinkle, every mole or hair, has been carefully noted—but more than this, Jan van Eyck strove faithfully to convey the imprint of the mind upon the countenance as far as it had been indelibly traced by the hand of time. Faults as well as virtues are set down with perfect frankness. . . .

In all his pictures of religious subjects, regarded from the point of view of the ideal, Jan van Eyck is disappointing. He never rose above material things—he painted what was before him with exquisite skill, rendering even the most minute details in a marvelous manner, but beyond that he could not go. He seems to have been devoid of the imaginative faculties, the deep reverence, and contemplative spirit essential to the production of works of a true devotional type. Therefore it is not surprising that his Madonnas are excellent portraits of the homely Flemish women whom he chose as his models, comely, at least according to his idea if not according to ours, but utterly lacking the dignity, the refinement, purity, and intense spirituality which belong to the Mother of our Lord. With his saints it is the same—there is nothing in his representations of them to raise the mind above the things of earth; in fact, in some instances they have the contrary tendency, and are rendered ridiculous by the sharp contrast to our ideals which they present.

In brief, we may say that Hubert was the representative of the grand tra-

ditions of medieval times, of which many were beginning to tire, while Jan gave expression to and satisfied the new taste for the more realistic style of art. As the Renaissance advanced, Jan's works were more highly esteemed than Hubert's; the latter was gradually forgotten, and his pictures were credited to his brother.

WILHELM LÜBKE 'HISTORY OF ART'

HUBERT VAN EYCK exerted a more direct influence upon his epoch than almost any other painter, and carried the whole art of painting of his century to new and surprising developments. Very little is known of his private life, but there can be no uncertainty as to his claims to consideration as the founder of a new school of painting. In the character of his subjects he identified himself with the thoughtful, symbolic art method of the middle ages, and succeeded in enlarging and deepening this method by his own intellectual force; but at the same time, he threw himself boldly into the study of actual life. He placed his sacred scenes amid natural surroundings, and reproduced with careful accuracy the characteristics of his time and country in the features and apparel of his sacred characters. For the novel requirements of his art he invented new aids in the preparation and employment of colors. He made marvelous progress in the use of oil as a medium through which it now became possible to secure a depth and clearness of tone heretofore unknown, and an incomparably delicate gradation of colors, so that his pictures amazed all his contemporaries by their complete resemblance to reality.

Hubert van Eyck's most eminent pupil was his brother Jan, who went a step farther in extreme daintiness of finish, preferring the miniature-like mode of treatment, and abjuring figures of very large dimensions. In spite of great sincerity, one misses in him the grand earnestness, the profound thoughtfulness, of his brother; and while he devoted himself to the imitation of nature even in the smallest details, he led the school which followed him into a method by which a wonderful delicacy in small matters was attained, but in which freedom in figure-drawing and grandeur of imagination were for a long while together lost sight of.

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

A PAINTING by the Van Eycks is a precious gem of so pure a water that we come back to it again and again to revel in the brilliant beauty of its colors. We say "the Van Eycks" without stopping to consider which of the brothers may have painted the picture. One typical personality, indeed, seems formed by the blending of these two painters, and it is only later, when we have analyzed our impressions, that the distinction between Hubert and Jan becomes clear.

Hubert, the elder by many years, is more majestic, more serious. His province is not to charm, but rather to portray forms that are preëminently noble and grand. He has an intuitive feeling for great and sublime composition, and in the figures which we know to have been painted by his hand in the Ghent Altar-piece there is the same awful and godlike aspect that is

found in the great mosaics of Byzantine art. Jan, on the other hand, the collaborator and successor of Hubert—he who carried on his work —possesses the charm of youth and of confident strength. His splendor of color and fullness of life delight and captivate us. . . .

The importance of the Van Eycks' place in art can never be overestimated. Their works, the culmination of long and praiseworthy efforts on the part of their predecessors, were the vigorous first flowering, the fertile harvest, of Flemish art, the material expression of the art spirit of Flanders—a spirit that was keenly alive to nature's varied phases, skilful in evolving the formation of a style of painting that was great by power of imitation rather than by its interpretation of nature, and which inspired fine craftsmen who attained excellence, even greatness, solely by force of love for their work.

For the first time man and his surroundings were thoroughly examined, studied, and reproduced. To see in Jan van Eyck simply a realist, a man who was charmed above and beyond all by details, is to see merely the work of his hand, and to have no understanding of nor sympathy with the strong, manly spirit which characterizes his work. Moreover, if we see in him only a close and literal observer, however admirable, then we entirely overlook all the simplicity, the greatness, the *soul* (and the word is here used in its fullest acceptation) which enter into the invention and composition of his pictures, into the arrangement of his scenes, and into the selection of his scheme of color. Other painters were to follow who might strive for more animation, more flowing lines, and a more dramatic action, but not one among them all could ever attain to Jan van Eyck's grand simplicity. . . .

Excellent painters had lived before the time of the Van Eycks; in their own century there were many whose work was admirable; but these two brothers more distinctly and more ably than any other men laid the foundations of good and conscientious art in Flanders, established a definite standard for the whole Flemish school, and assured to the country her artistic glory.
—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

ALFRED WOLTMANN AND KARL WOERMANN 'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

WHAT was most strikingly new in the work of the Van Eycks was their uncompromising truthfulness. They saw with their eyes and understood with their hearts, and they had a complete command over the means at their disposal. Their knowledge of linear perspective enabled them to produce a truly pictorial representation of scene and subject—an art previously lost for centuries; and by their feeling for the perspective of color, they attained harmony of effect, though no detail escaped them. But with all their clear-sighted objectivity, their conception of a subject was never cold and mechanical; they studied every individual with loving devotion, and, while they omitted none of the blemishes and deformities of reality, reverently studying nature, this realism was not their first and only aim. Sacred subjects and work for church purposes were the principal openings for art, and the Van Eycks showed themselves fully penetrated by the inner meaning of the things they represented, but they believed that the more simply and naturally these were treated the more clearly would their spiritual purport be revealed.

THE sphere of Jan van Eyck's art was by no means limited. His eye embraced the wide kingdom of nature, and his brush transferred to his canvas man and all his works, for whatever his eye beheld his hand grasped firmly and surely. Unlike his brother, Hubert, he departed more and more from the world of ideality; that is, from the range of thought handed down and prescribed to art by the Church, whose traditions still found expression in the stiff forms and symmetrical lines of the sculpture of that day.

A true child of a period in which a worldly leaven was beginning to ferment in restless half-conscious, half-unconscious resistance to the powers of medieval ecclesiasticism, Jan van Eyck turned with a kind of joyous conviction, and in all sincerity, to the higher revelation that he found in nature itself. The splendor of a heaven filled with supernatural beings, invisible save to the eyes of the undoubting believer, failed to satisfy him; gradually it paled and faded before his earthly vision, which delighted in all the beautiful forms and rich colors revealed by the light of the sun shining upon this actual world of ours. . . .

Hubert van Eyck, on the contrary, although by no means insensible to the charm and power of this new impulse, remained nevertheless far more faithful than did his brother to the older conceptions of art. Possibly this may have been due in some measure to the fact that he was older in years; but quite apart from this, his own thoughtful nature and the depth and intensity of his feeling must in any case have prevented him from yielding to a realism so frank and so openly expressed as was that of Jan.

So long as the younger brother was engaged in completing the Ghent Altarpiece, left unfinished at Hubert's death, he seems to have followed, with fraternal piety, the thoughts and ideas of his brother's loftier inspiration; but as soon as he became engaged upon works that were more in accordance with his special taste, and could portray subjects of his own selection, then it was that his preference for the objects of this world—in other words, his natural interest in the outward aspect of material things—asserted itself with irresistible force. He seems to have regarded even the most insignificant accessories as sufficiently important to be immortalized by his brush. The outline and formation of a single leaf were, in his eyes, just as deserving of consideration as the whole tree; the metallic glitter of a chandelier which illuminates a room was to him as important as the light of the sun itself. The textures and colors of a garment he deemed as worthy of imitation as the delicate carnations of flesh, and to depict with accurate touch each separate eyelash was as interesting to him as was the language of the soul expressed in the eye itself.

By means of the improvements introduced by both the brothers in the technique of painting, and also by his own rich and brilliant scheme of color, Jan van Eyck was enabled to achieve a stately and gorgeous effect—even, indeed, a certain appearance of ideality. But in this very wealth, inexhaustible as it is in some respects, the limitations of his art are to be found. For through all the manifold and minute details over which his brush delighted to linger,

he often overlooked the heart and soul—the spirit of the whole. Absorbed in these minutiæ he becomes outwardly and inwardly meaningless, even in his portraits, for which he evidently possessed the highest gift. Inferior to Hubert in his sense of the beautiful, Jan van Eyck sometimes inclines in his representations of men and women to uninteresting, even ugly, types, and in his treatment of drapery the folds are apt to be harsh and purposeless—a fault which became more and more exaggerated in the works of his followers.—
FROM THE GERMAN

ERNEST GILLIAT-SMITH 'THE STORY OF BRUGES'

IN all that concerns technique, Jan van Eyck was the equal, perhaps the superior, of his great brother. His *mise en scène* is perfect. He arranged his figures in symmetrical groups, clad them in gorgeous apparel, and set them in the midst of fair courts, or stately shrines, rich in sculpture and polished marble and costly hangings. He delighted in chiaroscuro, in the luster of gold, in the shimmer of silk, in the scintillation of gems. In the wealth and variety of his palette and in the richness and depth and harmony of his mellow coloring he is unsurpassed. In spite of his realism and his love of detail, his pictures are full of poetry, and if he saw only with his eyes, he has somehow or other managed to make us see the souls of the figures he painted, although they lack the seriousness, the grandeur, the simple dignity, of Hubert's sublime creations.

F. T. KUGLER 'HANDBOOK OF PAINTING'

THROUGHOUT the works of Hubert van Eyck is seen an elevated and highly energetic conception of the stern import of his labors in the service of the Church. The prevailing arrangement of his subject is symmetrical, holding fast to the early architectonic rules which had hitherto presided over ecclesiastic art. The later mode of arrangement, in which a freer and more dramatic and picturesque feeling was introduced, is seen in Hubert van Eyck's works only in subjection to these rules. Thus his heads exhibit the aim at beauty and dignity belonging to the earlier period, only combined with more truth of nature. His draperies unite its pure taste and softness of fold with greater breadth, the realistic principle being apparent in that greater attention to detail which a delicate indication of the material of the drapery necessitates. Nude figures are studied from nature with the utmost fidelity; undraped portions are also given with much truth, especially the hands; only the feet remain feeble. That, however, which is almost the principal quality of his art is the hitherto unprecedented power, depth, transparency, and harmony of his coloring. To attain this he availed himself of a mode of painting in oil which he himself had perfected.

But although there is no doubt that Hubert was the first to develop the new mode of painting, yet the fame of it did not extend beyond Belgium and across the Alps until after his death, when the just celebrity it acquired throughout Europe was speedily transferred to his younger brother, Jan van Eyck, whose works show a very different originality from that which char-

acterized Hubert. Jan possessed neither that enthusiasm for the rich significance of the ecclesiastical art of the middle ages, nor that feeling for beauty in human forms or in drapery, which belonged to the elder brother. His feeling, on the other hand, led him to the closest and truest conception of individual nature. All his Virgins and saints have a thoroughly portrait-like character, and are even occasionally ugly in form, and without any particular elevation of feeling. His realistic treatment also was carried out with admirable mastery in the stuffs of which his draperies were formed, in the backgrounds, and in every possible detail. Only in the overloading of his drapery with sharp and angular folds has he obviously imitated the sculptors who preceded him. His hands, also, are often too narrow. Where, however, he had only to paint portraits—a task which quite coincided with the tendency of his mind—he attained a lifelikeness of conception and a truth of form and coloring in every part, extending even to the minutest details, such as no other artist of his time could rival, and which art in general has seldom produced. As regards his participation in the merit of the improved mode of oil-painting, he probably found his brother already in possession of the advantages he had developed, though Jan van Eyck, by his own practice of the art, brought them to greater perfection.

The Works of Hubert and Jan van Eyck

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE GHENT ALTAR-PIECE' — PLATES I, II, III, IV, AND V

THIS great altar-piece, sometimes called 'The Adoration of the Lamb,' is the most important work of the early Flemish school. It was painted by order of Jodocus Vydt, a wealthy citizen of Ghent, for his family chapel in the Church of St. John, now the Cathedral of St. Bavon, in that city, and was designed and partly painted by Hubert van Eyck, after whose death the work was completed by his brother Jan. The following inscription in Latin, discovered in 1824 on the frame of one of the wings of the altar-piece, and until then concealed under a coating of paint, testifies to this fact:

"The painter Hubert van Eyck, than whom no greater has been found, began this work, which Jan, his inferior in art, gladly finished at the prayer of Jodocus Vydt. By this verse the sixth of May invites you to see that which has been done, 1432."

In what year Hubert van Eyck began work on this altar-piece, upon which his fame largely and justly rests, is not known, nor has the question of how much of it was accomplished by him and how much by his brother ever been definitely settled. Mr. Weale, the best authority on early Flemish art, regards it as almost wholly the work of Hubert, reducing Jan's share in the undertaking to the two upper end panels of the wings, on the interiors of which are painted the figures of Adam and Eve, and to some possible retouching of certain details in other portions. In the opinion of some critics, how-

ever, Jan's part in the work was much larger than this, although it is generally agreed that to Hubert is due the credit of the entire design.

This great work was composed of a central compartment in four divisions, or panels, forming the body of the altar-piece, and of two folding shutters, or wings, of four panels each. Underneath was originally, in addition, a predella, or lower panel, bearing a design of Purgatory. This predella, however, has long since been lost. Unfortunately the original work has been dismembered, and only the four divisions of the central compartment are in their old positions in the chapel of the Vydt family in the Ghent Cathedral. Six of the eight panels which composed the wings were, in 1815, sold to a dealer and were ultimately acquired by the Berlin Gallery, where they now are; while the two end wing panels, containing the nude figures of Adam and Eve, being deemed unsuitable for a church, were for many years concealed in the cellar of the Ghent Cathedral. They were finally given up to the Belgian government in return for copies of the whole wings, and are now in the Brussels Musum. All these eight parts having, therefore, been replaced in Ghent by copies, an idea of the altar-piece in its entirety, and in the place for which it was painted, can be obtained. The various scattered panels have however (thanks to the commendable undertaking of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York) recently been photographed to the same scale and reproduced in excellent photogravures; and these photogravures, combined and framed like the original panels, are reproduced in plate II of the present number, thus giving as nearly as possible an inside and outside presentment of the actual masterpiece of the Van Eycks.

When closed the altar-piece shows in the upper part 'The Annunciation' (plate I). The Virgin, robed in creamy white, kneels in prayer in one compartment; the angel Gabriel, also in white, with green wings and bearing the symbolic lily, occupies the opposite panel. Between the two figures the Virgin's room is shown. Above are half-length figures of prophets and sibyls, while in the compartments below are St. John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist, painted in gray monochrome to resemble statues, and flanked on either side by the kneeling figures of the donor Jodocus Vydt and his wife Isabella Burluut.

The colors of the outside of the altar-piece are quiet and subdued, thereby enhancing the brilliant effect of the interior, which, when the wings are thrown open, shines forth in a glow of color, brilliant with rich costumes and with the vivid blue of sky and mountains and the green of the varied landscape.

In the upper central panel of the open altar-piece (plate II), the majestic figure of God the Father, somewhat over life-size, robed in red and crowned with a triple tiara, sits enthroned. A crystal scepter is in His hand and a richly wrought crown lies at His feet. On His right is the Virgin, clad in dark blue and wearing a jeweled crown upon her golden hair; on His left, John the Baptist in a mantle of green, holding on his knee the open Scriptures. All these figures are in golden niches, across which are extended gold-embroidered screens.

On the panels of the shutters on either side, relieved against backgrounds of blue sky, are groups of angels (plate III) wearing garments red and black in color, rich in texture, and heavy with gold embroidery and jewels. Beyond these, on the extreme outer panels, are painted the nude figures of Adam and Eve, characteristic in their rugged realism of the truth-loving spirit of Flemish art. Above them small representations of the sacrifice and death of Abel are depicted in monochrome.

The large lower panel of the main body of the altar-piece (plate V) represents 'The Adoration of the Lamb' as described in the Book of Revelation. "I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on Mount Sion and with him an hundred forty and four thousand. . . . " And again: "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God; and the Lamb shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

In a green and charming landscape the mystic Lamb, whose blood streams from his breast into a golden chalice, stands upon an altar hung with red damask, its top covered with a white cloth. Adoring angels with parti-colored wings, bearing the instruments of the Passion, kneel around him in a flower-strewn meadow, while hosts of worshipers—martyrs, popes, and bishops on one side, and, on the other, the virgin saints with St. Agnes, St. Dorothea, and St. Barbara at their head—are seen advancing through a verdant country. In the foreground of the scene is the fountain of living waters, around which are grouped prophets and fathers of the Church—popes, cardinals, bishops, deacons, together with poets and philosophers, gathered together from all quarters of the globe to do honor to the Lamb of God. In the sky above, the Holy Spirit is seen, its rays shining down upon the multitude; and in the distance, amidst palms and cypress-trees, are the towers of the heavenly Jerusalem, with deep blue hills beyond.

In the lower panels of the shutters on each side of this principal scene, processions of pilgrims, winding amid a fair southern landscape and beneath a blue sky, approach the object of worship. On the right are the hermit saints, led by St. Paul and St. Anthony, and beyond, on the extreme outer panel, a group of pilgrims led by St. Christopher, robed in red. On the left of the main panel are the warrior saints, 'The Champions of Christ' (plate IV), bearing banners and seated on richly caparisoned horses. They are followed, in the outer panel, by a cavalcade of 'The Just Judges' (plate IV), two of whom, according to tradition, bear likenesses to Hubert and Jan van Eyck (see page 22).

No such marvelous painting as this had ever before been seen in Flanders, and it is no wonder that when first shown to the public, in 1432, the altar-piece should have created a profound sensation. Crowds flocked to the ceremony held upon the occasion of the consecration of the chapel which it

adorned; but after that for only a privileged few were the wings of the great altar-piece ordinarily opened, and only to some great nobleman, or such as could afford to pay a goodly sum of money to the custodian, was permission given to see its beauties. On fête-days, however, the public were admitted to gaze upon the wonderful work, and on these occasions such a crowd filled the chapel from morning to night "that," writes the old chronicler Karel von Mander, "it was difficult to get anywhere near the picture. Painters old and young and all lovers of art flocked around it just as on a summer day bees and flies swarm about a basket of figs or grapes."

"Of the technical qualities of the work," writes Mrs. Heaton, "no praise can be too great. The inventors of the new method of oil-painting seemed to have at once carried it to perfection, and no after-work of their school exhibits a more perfect mastery over the mechanical medium, or a more complete understanding of the harmony of color, than this."

"The peculiar characteristic of the Ghent Altar-piece," write Woltmann and Woermann, "is that it unites the reserve of the past time with the modern feeling for nature. The new birth, the Renaissance of the North, here stands revealed, fully and logically developed. Every doubt and difficulty seem at once to have been so completely solved that no succeeding painting could improve upon the work."

Indeed, as Sir Joseph Crowe has well said, "the solemn grandeur of church art in the fifteenth century never found out of Italy a nobler exponent than Hubert van Eyck, in whose great altar-piece a fine display of realistic truth is combined with pure drawing and gorgeous color, and there is a happy union of earnestness and simplicity, together with the deepest religious feeling."

The altar-piece when open measures about eleven feet high in the center, and from end to end of the wings nearly fourteen feet.

'THE THREE MARYS AT THE SEPULCHER' PLATE VI

THIS picture, in the collection of Sir Frederick Cook at Richmond, England, was formerly ascribed to Jan van Eyck, but is now regarded by the majority of modern critics as an early work by Hubert.

In the center of the panel we see the empty tomb of the risen Christ. Upon a plank laid across its open top is seated an angel, robed in white and with a long, green, gold-embroidered stole around his shoulders. He holds a scepter in one hand and raises the other in gentle admonition as he relates to the sorrowing women who have approached the sepulcher the story of the resurrection of the Lord. Mary Magdalene, clad in a fur-lined gown and deep red mantle, and with a white turban wound around her head, has placed her jar of ointment on the edge of the tomb, while she kneels beside it listening to the angel's words. Her two companions, one enveloped in a dark blue cloak, the other wearing a robe and mantle of green, stand beside her, each with a jar of ointment in her hand. The three soldiers guarding the tomb have fallen into a heavy sleep.

In the background is the city of Jerusalem, its buildings suggestive in form

and color of the red brick architecture of Padua—an indication, to which the presence in the picture of the palmetto and other tropical shrubs and flowers gives weight, that the artist had at one period of his life visited southern Europe. In spite of the imperfect drawing of rocks and foliage and of faulty perspective, the care with which every detail is painted, the skilful rendering of the effect of early morning light illumining the horizon and touching the distant towers while the lower portion of the city remains in shadow, above all, the mystic and deeply religious spirit which pervades the scene, entitle the picture to a high rank among the works of early Netherlandish art.

'PORTRAIT OF JAN VAN EYCK'S WIFE' PLATE VII

PAINTED with the excessive care and exactitude which characterize Jan van Eyck's work, this portrait of his wife offers an admirable example of his skill in portraiture and of his gift for exquisite finish in the delineation of detail. "Van Eyck," writes M. Henri Hymans, "has here created a veritable masterpiece, and has achieved it with a directness and a simplicity possible only to a great master."

The dress of the lady is of scarlet cloth trimmed around the neck and sleeves with gray fur. She wears a green silk girdle, and on her head is an elaborately frilled white kerchief. Her brown hair is drawn from her forehead and arranged upon the temples in two horns, according to the fashion of the day, by no means tending to soften the face, which, although intelligent and marked by homely virtue, lays no claim to beauty.

An inscription on the picture says that Van Eyck's wife was thirty-three years old when her husband painted this portrait, in the year 1439. To this statement are affixed the words: "*Als ixh xan*"—the first part of the old Flemish proverb, "As I can, not as I would"—a motto which the artist sometimes modestly inscribed upon his works. The panel, which measures one foot and a half high by a trifle less than one foot wide, originally belonged to the painters' gild of Bruges, and is now in the Academy of that city.

'JEAN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE' PLATE VIII

THIS picture, which Sir Edward Poynter regards as "one of the most precious possessions of the National Gallery, London, and, in respect of its marvelous finish, combined with the most astounding truth of imitation and effect, perhaps the most remarkable picture in the world," was painted by Jan van Eyck in 1434, and is generally regarded as his masterpiece.

Jean, or Giovanni, Arnolfini, an Italian merchant living in Bruges, is here represented solemnly swearing fidelity to his wife, Jeanne de Chenany, who stands beside him in their bedroom. His face is partly shadowed by a large, quaintly shaped beaver hat, and he wears a dark green tunic and a long claret-colored cloak trimmed with fur; his wife's dress is of bright green cloth bordered with white fur. It falls about her in heavy folds and is lifted in front to show her blue underskirt. Her belt is red, and two strings of pearls are around her throat. A delicately frilled head-dress of white linen hides her hair, save at the sides, where it is arranged in two stiff little rolls or horns. A terrier dog stands at her feet.

No more wonderful example exists of painstaking finish of detail than is here observable in the care and precision with which every accessory of the room is rendered. A bed with crimson cover and hangings is in the background, a Persian rug is on the floor, on which Arnolfini's pattens in the foreground are conspicuous. An elaborately wrought brass chandelier with one lighted candle hangs from the ceiling, and against the wall is a circular mirror, the frame ornamented with ten tiny medallions bearing microscopic representations of the Passion, and reflecting in its convex surface not only all the objects in the room, but a door beyond, and two figures, supposed to be those of Jan van Eyck and his wife, who, it is said, was a sister of Arnolfini's wife. An amber rosary hangs on the wall beside this mirror; and just above the glass are painted the words: "*Johannes de Eyck fuit hic. 1434*"—"Jan van Eyck was here. 1434."

The picture has had a curious and eventful history. In 1516 it belonged to Margaret of Austria, and later passed into the possession of a barber-surgeon of Bruges, who presented it to the regent of the Netherlands, Mary, sister of the Emperor Charles V., who prized it so highly that she rewarded the barber-surgeon by bestowing upon him a pension, or office, worth one hundred florins a year. Upon the regent's return to Spain, although Van Eyck's picture was included in the list of valuables which she carried with her, it seems to have been left in Flanders, where it passed into humbler hands, for in 1815 it was discovered by the English Major-general Hay in a house to which he was taken to recover from wounds received in the battle of Waterloo. He afterwards purchased the picture, and sold it to the British government in 1842. It was placed in the National Gallery, London. It measures two feet nine inches high by about two feet wide, and is in a perfect state of preservation.

'THE MAN WITH THE PINKS' PLATE IX

ONE of the most celebrated portraits by Jan van Eyck is this 'Man with the Pinks' in the Berlin Gallery. It is painted with all the elaborate care and almost aggressive realism which distinguish the younger of the Van Eycks; not a feature of the homely face has been softened, not a line or wrinkle passed over—the man is before us as the truth-loving painter saw and portrayed him over five hundred years ago. He wears a dark gray coat with fur cuffs and collar, showing at the throat a white under-garment and bit of a red brocaded satin tunic. His large hat is of fur, and around his neck is a silver chain of fine workmanship to which the cross and bell of the Order of St. Anthony are attached. His hands are raised above the yellow painted frame which incloses the panel, and in one of them he holds three pinks—one white and two red.

The picture measures one foot four inches high by a little over a foot wide.

'MADONNA WITH ST. MICHAEL AND ST. CATHERINE' PLATE X

THIS little triptych, of which the three panels are here reproduced, is a portable altar-piece, or oratory, measuring only eleven inches high, and, even when the doors, or wings, are open, barely fifteen inches wide. It

is one of the treasures of the Royal Gallery, Dresden. It was at one time ascribed to Albrecht Dürer, and later to Hubert van Eyck, but is now universally accepted as the work of Jan van Eyck.

In the central panel, the Madonna, wearing a dark blue robe and a broad mantle of red bordered with gold embroidery, and holding the Child upon her knee, is shown seated in a church under a canopy of rich black and green damask, and with an Oriental carpet beneath her feet. At either side of the Madonna are variegated marble columns with elaborately carved capitals surmounted by tiny statues of exquisite workmanship. In the wings, upon which the side aisles of the church are represented, are, on the left, St. Michael, who, in gold armor embossed with precious stones, and with parti-colored wings outspread, stands behind the kneeling figure of the owner of the picture, who, according to a coat of arms painted on its frame, was an Italian nobleman of the Giustiniani family. In the right wing, St. Catherine, in a rich robe of blue and ermine, and wearing a jeweled crown, stands reading a book. Her right hand rests upon a sword, one of her emblems, and at her feet lies her wheel of martyrdom. A miniature landscape, painted with marvelous delicacy, is seen through an open window behind her. On the outer sides of these wings is a monochrome painting of the Annunciation.

The small dimensions of this altar-piece indicate that it was intended to accompany its owner on his travels, and the jewel-like beauty of the paintings, set in their ebony frame, shows that no pains were spared to enhance the value of such a precious possession. The forms and faces have, it is true, the unpleasing qualities of early Flemish art; the draperies, too, are lacking in grace (especially is this noticeable in the heavy folds of St. Catherine's robe), but so clear and luminous is the color and so marvelous the technique that we can but wonder at the patience and skill that have so perfectly rendered each detail of this small masterpiece.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY HUBERT AND JAN VAN EYCK, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

IN ascribing to Hubert or to Jan van Eyck certain works in the following list, in regard to which critics disagree, the attributions of Mr. W. H. James Weale, than whom there is no higher authority on the early art of the Netherlands, have been adopted. The Ghent Altar-piece has been listed among the works of Hubert, for the reason that he is universally acknowledged to have designed it.

HUBERT VAN EYCK

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. HERMANNSTADT GYMNASIUM: Portrait of a Young Man — BELGIUM. BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Two end panels of the Ghent Altar-piece, (1) Adam; (2) Eve — GHENT, CATHEDRAL OF ST. BAVON: Four central panels of the Ghent Altar-piece, (1) The Adoration of the Lamb (Plate V); (2) God the Father; (3) The Virgin; (4) St. John the Baptist — DENMARK. COPENHAGEN MUSEUM: Wing of an altar-piece, Robert Poortier protected by St. Anthony — ENGLAND. RICHMOND, COLLECTION OF SIR FREDERICK COOK: The Three Marys at the Sepulcher (Plate VI) — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Chancellor Rolin kneeling before the Virgin (ascribed by most critics, however, to Jan van Eyck) — PARIS, COLLECTION OF BARON G. ROTHSCHILD: Madonna with St. Anne, St. Barbara, and the Carthusian Monk, Hermann Steenken — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Christ on the Cross, with the Virgin and St. John; Madonna with St. Barbara

and a Carthusian Monk; Six panels of the wings of the Ghent Altar-piece, Two Panels of Angels singing and playing (Plate III), with 'The Annunciation' (Plate I) and half-figures of Prophets on reverse sides; The Champions of Christ (Plate IV), with portrait of Jodocus Vydt on reverse side; The Just Judges (Plate IV), with figure of St. John the Baptist on reverse side; The Holy Hermits, with portrait of Isabella Burluut on reverse side; The Holy Pilgrims, with figure of St. John the Evangelist on reverse side — ITALY. TURIN GALLERY: The Vision of St. Francis.

JAN VAN EYCK

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Portrait of Jan de Leeuw; Portrait of the Cardinal of Saint Cross — BELGIUM. ANTWERP GALLERY: St. Barbara; Virgin and Child by a Fountain — BRUGES ACADEMY: Virgin and Child, with St. Donatian, St. George, and Canon George van der Paele; Portrait of the Wife of Jan van Eyck (Plate VII) — KESSEL-LOO, NEAR LOUVAIN, OWNED BY M. G. HELLEPUTTE: Nicolas van Maelbeke kneeling before the Virgin (unfinished triptych) — ENGLAND. CHATSWORTH, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S COLLECTION: Consecration of Thomas à Becket (entirely repainted) — INCE HALL, OWNED BY MR. WELD BLUNDELL: Virgin and Child — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of Tymotheos; Portrait of a Man; Jean Arnolfini and his Wife (Plate VIII) — GERMANY, BERLIN GALLERY: The Man with the Pinks (Plate IX); Portrait of Baldwin de Lannoy; Portrait of Michael Arnolfini — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Madonna with St. Michael and St. Catherine (Plate X) — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Virgin and Child — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG. HERMITAGE GALLERY: The Annunciation — UNITED STATES. PHILADELPHIA, OWNED BY J. G. JOHNSON, ESQ.: The Vision of St. Francis.

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Meissonier

FRENCH SCHOOL

UofM

MEISSONIER
THE SERGEANT'S PORTRAIT
BARON SCHROEDER'S COLLECTION, LONDON

UofM

MEISSONIER
THE BRAWL
OWNED BY THE KING OF ENGLAND

MEISSONIER
THE ORDERLY
VANDERBILT COLLECTION, NEW YORK

UOF

MEISSONIER
THE VEDETTE
CONDÉ MUSEUM, CHANTILLY

U of M

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SALLIARD
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MEISSONIER
FRIEDLAND, 1807
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE
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MEISSONIER

UofP

MEISSONIER
THE STIRRUP-CUP
COLLECTION OF FREDERICK L. AMES, ESQ^R BOSTON

MEISSONIER
THE PRINT COLLECTOR
WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON

MEISSONIER
THE READER IN WHITE
CHAUCHARD COLLECTION, PARIS

UOFM

MEISSONIER
THE BROTHERS VAN DE VELDE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

PORTRAIT OF MEISSONIER BY HIMSELF — LOUVRE, PARIS

Meissonier has left us several portraits of himself, of which this is one of the latest. It was painted in 1889, two years before his death, when he was seventy-four years old, and shows him in a fur-lined red robe, seated in a throne-like chair. The picture measures about a foot and a half high by nearly two feet wide. It has lately been transferred from the Luxembourg Gallery to the Louvre, Paris. A description of Meissonier's personal appearance is given in the biographical sketch which follows.

Jean-Louis-Ernest Meissonier

BORN 1815: DIED 1891
FRENCH SCHOOL

JEAN-LOUIS-ERNEST MEISSONIER (pronounced May-so-nyeh) was born at Lyons, France, on February 21, 1815; but when he was still very young his parents removed to Paris, and it was there that he was brought up. Of his childhood and early youth, cheerless and full of hardships, Meissonier was always reluctant to speak. This may account for the slight knowledge that we have of these years and the somewhat contradictory statements of his biographers. His mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, and from whom he inherited his artistic gift, died when he was ten years old, and between the boy and his father there was but little understanding and sympathy. Strongly opposing his son's wish to become a painter, the elder Meissonier, a manufacturing chemist in prosperous circumstances, having given his son a fair though somewhat desultory school education, secured a position for him in the chemical department of the Maison Meunier. Here Meissonier, at that time about seventeen years old, swept the shop, learned to tie up neat packages for customers, and became, against his will, an excellent clerk. He never faltered, however, in his determination to devote himself ultimately to art. He secretly took to drawing in the evenings, and at length besought his father to give him three hundred francs (sixty dollars) that he might take up painting as a profession, promising that nothing more should be heard from him until he had made a name for himself. "Very well," said his father, who had at first turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, "try your hand at painting, since nothing else will satisfy you. But let us understand each other. I give you a week to find a master, and a year to show that you really have talent. At the end of that time, if you have not succeeded, I withdraw my consent, and back you go to the shop." To these terms Meissonier gladly agreed, but the week was almost gone before he had been able to comply with the first condition. After an unsuccessful application to Paul Delaroche, then at the height of his fame, he went, upon the advice of a friend, to Jules Potier, a mediocre artist, who at first did his best

to discourage him from embarking on a profession which he himself had found far from lucrative, but who finally, after he had examined a sketch which Meissonier produced from the lining of his hat, and which he had lacked the courage to show to Delaroche, consented to receive him as a pupil.

All winter Meissonier went each morning to Potier's dreary studio, buying on the way, when his funds admitted, a pennyworth of chestnuts to stay his hunger. His father gave him an allowance of fifty centimes (ten cents) a day for his meals, and invited him to the family dinner every Wednesday. On these occasions, Meissonier, too proud to accept his parent's invitation, would come in to dessert after his cheerless dinner of a roll. "Have you dined?" his father would ask. "Oh yes," would be the reply; "I have only dropped in to have coffee with you."

After several months, Meissonier, helped thereto by Potier, who paid his fees in advance, entered the studio of Léon Cogniet, a painter of no small repute, where he remained for a short time. Cogniet he saw but rarely, and it is probable that his progress was largely due to the advice and encouragement of his fellow-pupils, Daubigny, Daumier, Steinheil, Trimolet, and others. At Trimolet's suggestion he was led to study the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters in the Louvre. Meanwhile, in order to eke out his slender means, he undertook, in conjunction with this friend, the painting of fans and cards and the making of cheap book illustrations. It has also been said that he and Daubigny supplied some of the Parisian dealers with pictures for exportation at the rate of a franc, or twenty cents, a yard.

Meissonier never complained of these early years of struggle, and although he was sometimes known to wish that the days could be given back to him which he had lost in providing for the morrow, he would add: "But as to unhappiness, is it possible to be unhappy when one is twenty, when life is all before one, when one has a passion for art, a free pass for the Louvre, and sunshine gratis?"

Meissonier's name first appeared in the catalogue of the Salon of 1834 when his picture 'Dutch Burghers,' now in the Wallace Collection, London, was exhibited, and was bought by the "Société des Amis des Arts" for one hundred francs (twenty dollars).

His father now admitted that Ernest possessed a certain aptitude for art; and when shortly after this he painted a portrait by which his father was greatly struck, the now proud parent announced his intention of sending his son to Rome with an allowance of one hundred francs a month. For Rome Meissonier accordingly started, but the cholera broke out in Italy and he was compelled to return to Paris.

There he found a small studio, a gift from his father, awaiting him. His allowance, however, had been cut down from twelve hundred to seven hundred francs a year; and in order to make both ends meet he applied to the publisher, Curmer, for work at illustrating; and so satisfactorily did he fulfil the tasks allotted him that his reputation became in time established as one of the foremost illustrators of the day.

This employment was, moreover, so lucrative that he could now count upon a daily profit of nearly two dollars, a sum on which he could have lived in comfort had he had only himself to support; but in 1838, when twenty-three years old, he had fallen in love with and married the sister of his artist friend Steinheil, thereby eliciting from his father, who presented him on the occasion with six silver spoons, as many forks, a year's rent, and a year's allowance, the remark that it was evident that Ernest wanted nothing further from him, for when a man set up housekeeping it was a proof that he considered himself capable of providing for an establishment.

It is said that Meissonier's decision to devote his attention to genre-painting —that is, to the representation of some phase of every-day life—for which he had early shown a natural bent, was taken in accordance with the advice of Chenavard, a painter from Lyons, a severe critic, and Meissonier's senior by several years. "In 1838 or 1839," Meissonier has himself related, "Chenavard came one day to take his accustomed seat at my table. Before dinner I showed him the picture I was working on. It was 'Jesus with His Apostles,' a canvas of which I no longer know the whereabouts. Chenavard looked at it for some time in silence. I went on expounding my idea to him; still he said nothing. At last he walked around the studio, examining each canvas attentively, but still silently. Before the 'Violoncello-player' he made a long pause. When he had finished his review, he came back to the 'Apostles' and began to demolish them. 'I suppose you hardly imagine that you will ever do these things better than Raphael?' said he. 'Of course not.' 'Well, then, what 's the use of saying over again a thing that some one else has already said far better?' Then, taking me over to my 'Violoncello-player,' he added: 'Here you have something really personal and most excellent.'" From that moment Meissonier's course was taken: he adopted genre-painting as his specialty. The result was the series of masterpieces on a small scale which have made his name famous the world over.

His artistic career may be said to have now fairly begun, and from 1839, or 1840, his reputation steadily increased. Exhibiting regularly in the Salons, his works were enthusiastically received. Indeed, whenever they were shown in the annual exhibitions such crowds would form around his tiny panels that a special constable had to be stationed near them for their protection.

In 1840, six years after the exhibition of his first picture, Meissonier won a medal of the third class. This was soon followed by others of higher order, culminating in 1855 in the grand medal of honor at the Universal Exposition held in Paris in that year. From that date his progress was little short of triumphal. England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Spain, and Russia united with his native country in honoring him, and orders, decorations, and medals were showered upon him. Created a Knight of the Legion of Honor in 1846, he was made an Officer of that Order nine years later, then a Commander, and finally Grand Officer, and in 1889 the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred upon him—the first artist to receive this decoration since its foundation by Napoleon I. Of the Institute he became a

member in 1861, was twice thereafter elected its president, and was chosen an honorary member of the Royal Academy of London, the Munich Academy, and numerous other foreign societies.

Dealers and connoisseurs vied in purchasing his works, for which fabulous sums were paid. His little cavaliers, soldiers, readers, smokers, and card-players attained such a wide reputation that he was kept busy in painting variations of subjects which had captivated the public by their exquisite finish and diminutive dimensions. The "King of Lilliput" he was called by one enthusiastic critic; and it was said of him that "he could paint a battle scene on a louis d'or."

Upon the outbreak of war between Austria and Italy in 1859, Meissonier obtained permission of the emperor, Napoleon III., to accompany the French army to the seat of war, and was present at the battle of Solferino, shortly afterwards painting his famous canvas of that name, which is now in the Louvre. Still more famous are the pictures in which he represented Napoleon I. under varying circumstances of triumph and of disappointment.

With the exception of some journeys to Switzerland, Italy, and the Riviera, and a trip to Holland, Meissonier's life was spent in France; partly in Paris, where he built a magnificent house on the Boulevard Malesherbes, but mostly at Poissy in the environs of the city, where his country house, resembling a little castle, had been constructed wholly from his own designs. In both houses the studios, filled with valuable works of art, costumes, draperies, regimental uniforms, arms and accoutrements of every period of French history, formed important features. Meissonier was a born collector, and his passion grew as his resources increased. He used to visit the old-clothes markets of Paris early in the morning, when the goods were unpacked and before other customers had arrived, and would buy everything that he could find in the way of old eighteenth-century costumes, faded tapestries, and relics of bygone days. When unable to procure the exact object which he might need as a model for any painting on hand he either had it made, regardless of expense, or would himself turn tailor, saddler, joiner, or cabinet-maker, as occasion demanded.

The stables were almost as important as the studios in both Meissonier's establishments. His interest in horses was keen, and he never tired of studying their anatomy and movements. M. Charles Yriarte tells how he had a road made in his grounds at Poissy with a little tramway running parallel to it, on which, seated in a small car, he would be propelled along the rails, while a horse would be put through its paces on the road beside him, and, pencil in hand, he would jot down every detail of the animal's action.

Meissonier's patience in perfecting each detail of his pictures was inexhaustible. Indefatigable and unsparing of himself, no difficulty daunted him. Nor did success and wealth cause any difference in his habits of conscientious industry. An early riser, he would often work in his studio or out-of-doors, regardless of heat or of cold, for ten or twelve hours a day, scarcely pausing for meals. So high was his standard that he continually changed and corrected his designs, frequently painting out a whole composition in order to begin

over again if by so doing he thought he could improve upon his original work. Some of his canvases he used to call his "Penelope's webs."

The Russian artist Vassíli Verestchagín has told how Meissonier, in accordance with a frequent practice, made a beautifully finished little wax model of a horse and rider for his picture of a horseman passing along a deserted road in a strong wind. Every detail was carefully reproduced from the real materials—the rider's cloak, hat, and spurred boots were miniature masterpieces—and in order to get the exact folds of the cloak it was dipped into thin glue and then placed in the wind so that it stiffened as it blew.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870, Meissonier was among the first to offer his services to his country. During the siege of Paris he occupied a high position on the staff of the National Guard, and took an active part in organizing a corps of artists distinguished for their bravery. Never could he forgive Germany for her victory, carrying his resentment so far as to be unwilling thereafter to receive any painters from beyond the Rhine, and even refusing to accept the Prussian Order of Merit offered to him in after years.

Meissonier was twice married, and his domestic life was singularly happy. He was never so content as in his own beautiful home at Poissy; and when he was elected mayor of the district it was said that he was never happier nor prouder than when wearing his sash of office and engaged in performing the duties pertaining to his position.

"Meissonier's mode of life was simple," writes his friend M. Yriarte; "he loved open air; he loved his home; and clung to his own habits, leading an unconventional life and following his own whims, which often estranged him from the worldly throng. He was fond of athletic sports, especially of riding. He indulged in original costumes, and insisted on freedom of action. Rich by the products of his brush, he was the first artist who in his own lifetime knew what are called 'big prices.' Yet though his signature was worth that of the Bank of France, and his credit was unlimited, he was always in need of money, and if he paid the interest on his debts with a drawing or a sketch it was assuredly the lender who then became the debtor. This was the case with Alexandre Dumas the younger, who was often his banker and yet who never would accept money in repayment of his loans."

In person Meissonier was short. His head was large, his shoulders broad, his legs slender and slightly bowed. His carriage was erect and his bearing military. His eyes were soft but eager. He was exceedingly short-sighted. His hair was thick and straight, and his beard, bushy and brown in middle life, was in later years white, long, and flowing. Vain and fond of display and of creating an impression, he was yet of a retiring disposition and very diffident with strangers. He had a quick, peremptory way of speaking, and his manner was abrupt, at times almost rude. But although he made some enemies he had many warm friends, one of whom, M. Jules Clarétie, has given us the following appreciation of his character:

"That which is most pleasing in Meissonier," he writes, "is the frank cordiality with which he explains his plans, and looks you in the face the

while with his deep, clear eyes. This man who lives in a palace is as moderate as a soldier on the march. This artist whose canvases are valued by the half-million is as generous as a nabob, and will give a picture worth the price of a house to a charity sale."

In 1884, on the occasion of what was called his "golden wedding with art"—fifty years after the appearance of his first picture—a loan exhibition of Meissonier's works was held in Paris which became nothing short of an ovation for the artist, who had then reached his seventieth year. To the end he worked with unflagging industry and enthusiasm. It was but a twelvemonth before his death that, upon the schism in the old Salon, he was made president of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, known as the New Salon, which thenceforth held its yearly exhibitions in the Champ-de-Mars. His last effort was a sketch for a monumental decoration destined for the interior of the Panthéon, Paris—a work very different in its large proportions from his customary miniature-like panels. Nothing daunted, however, he set about the task. The subject selected was 'The Apotheosis of France.' His pupils, notable among whom were his son Charles Meissonier and Édouard Detaille, stood ready to assist him in his undertaking; but it was not to be accomplished. His health, hitherto so robust, gave way, and his death occurred, after a suffering illness, on January 31, 1891.

His funeral services were held in the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, and as the possessor of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor a full-military funeral was accorded him. Trains of artillery followed his coffin, and salutes were fired as for a conqueror.

The Art of Meissonier

KENYON COX 'THE NATION' 1896

MEISSONIER'S style was formed in all its essentials singularly early. From the very first the great little pictures seem as masterly as anything their author afterwards produced. His life was long and filled with untiring study and industry, yet he never did things better than he did at first; he only did other things as well. How this quite prodigious mastery was attained so early is a mystery. It would seem as if this artist had never had to learn, had had no period of uncertainty and struggle—had almost been born a master. The subjects change, but not the manner. From the beginning of his career to the end the conception of art is identical, the methods are the same, the achievement is almost uniform.

It may even be doubted if some of Meissonier's earlier work is not the best that he has left, merely because the subjects and the scale of that work are admirably fitted for the display of his qualities and the minimizing of his limitations. It is the admirable series of 'Smokers' and 'Readers,' 'Painters' and 'Connoisseurs,' which give the fullest measure to his powers and the

least hint of his shortcomings, which made his reputation, and perhaps are likeliest to maintain it. These pictures are in the purest vein of genre-painting, and immediately suggest comparison with the wonderful little masters of Holland. At first Meissonier was considered as a reviver of Dutch art—and that he was a great admirer of that art there can be no doubt. Upon examination, however, it soon becomes visible that the differences between him and his models are as great as the resemblances. First of these differences is a fundamental one of point of view. The Dutch masters were pure painters, and their subjects were strictly contemporary. They contented themselves with looking about them and painting what interested them in what they saw. Meissonier treated contemporary subjects only two or three times, and then only when something intensely dramatic or historically important attracted him. You would look in vain in his work for any such record of the ordinary life of the nineteenth century as the Dutchmen have given us of that of the seventeenth. Meissonier was such a master of the antiquarianism he practised—he managed to enter so thoroughly within the skin of his two or three favorite epochs—that he almost deceives us at times; but he was nevertheless essentially an antiquarian, and, therefore, his work never has the spontaneity of the old work.

Another difference is in the quality of drawing. Meissonier was a wonderfully accurate draftsman. His drawing is composed of equal parts of astonishingly clear and accurate vision and of deep scientific acquirement. It is not the drawing of the great stylists, the masters of beautiful and significant line, but it is marvelously forceful and just. The drawing of Ter Borch is equally accurate, but seems to have no formula, no method, no ascertainable knowledge behind it. It seems unconscious and naïve in a way which that of Meissonier never approaches. Finally, in color and in the management of light, Meissonier cannot be compared to any one of half-a-dozen Dutch painters. His tone is almost always a little foxy, his handling a little dry. Sometimes in interiors with only one or two figures his realistic force of imitation of that which was before him almost carried him to a fine rendering even of light and color. He had built his picture before he painted it, and had only to copy what was directly under his eye, and he did this so well as almost to become a colorist and a luminist. It is only when he tries to paint open-air subjects and larger compositions that his defects become very apparent.

His merits are all to be included in the two great ones of thoroughness and accuracy. He never shirked any difficulty or avoided any study, was never sloppy or formless or vague. His knowledge of costume and furniture was only less wonderful than his grasp of character and his perfect rendering of form. He was a thorough realist, with little imagination and less sense of beauty, but with an insatiable appetite for and a marvelous digestion of concrete fact. His work is amazing in its industry, but his industry never becomes mere routine. His detail is never mere finikin particularity of touch, but is patient investigation of truth. At his best he is hardly sufficiently to be admired; but he awakens only admiration, never emotion. His drawing

is absolute, his relief startling, he gives almost the illusion of nature; but he never evokes a vision of beauty or charms one into a dream.

Meissonier's qualities are fully sufficient to account for the admiration of the public and the universal respect of his brother artists; and as long as he was content to be a genre-painter they were sufficient to make him easily the first genre-painter of his time, if not quite (as an artist has recently called him) the "greatest genre-painter of any age." In his later work they are less sufficient. He became ambitious; he wanted to be a great historical painter, to paint a "Napoleonic Cycle," to decorate the walls of the Panthéon. He transferred his personages to the open air, he enlarged his canvases and multiplied his figures, he attempted violent movement. His methods, which had been admirably suited to the production of almost perfect little pictures of tranquil indoor life, were not so adequate to the rendering of his new themes. His prodigious industry, his exhaustive accuracy, his vigor, and his conscientiousness were as great as ever, but the most exact study of nature in detail would not give the effect of open air, the most rigorous scientific analysis of the movements of the horse would not make him move, the accumulation of small figures would not look like an army. It was in vain that he built a railway to follow the action of a galloping horse, or bought a grain-field that he might see just what it would be like when a squadron had charged through it. What he produced may be demonstrably true, but does not look true.

The best of these more ambitious works is perhaps the '1814'; the worst is the '1807,' which has found a home in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; yet it possesses, in as high a degree as any earlier work, every one of the qualities which made Meissonier's greatness. The industry, the strenuous exactness, the thoroughness, the impeccable draftsmanship, the sharpness of relief, are all here at their greatest. The amount of labor that the picture represents is simply appalling, and it is almost all wasted because it is not the kind of labor that was wanted. On all these figures not a gaiter-button is wanting, and the total result of all this addition of detail is simple chaos. The idea of the composition is fine, but the effect is missed. Looked at close at hand, each head, each hand, each strap and buckle, is masterly, but at a distance sufficiently great to permit the whole canvas to be taken in at one glance nothing is seen but a meaningless glitter. It is not only true that a life-sized figure treated like one of Meissonier's small ones "would be unendurable," but it is equally true that a great number of such small figures will not make a large picture. The sharp and hard detail which was in place in his early canvases is fatal to the unity and breadth necessary to a large composition. It is equally fatal to the sense of movement. The 'Smokers' and 'Readers' were doing as little as possible, and one felt that one had plenty of time to notice their coat buttons and the smallest details of their costume; the cuirassiers of '1807' are dashing by at a furious gallop, and the eye resents the realization of detail that it could not possibly perceive. Even if the action of the horses in the picture were correct (and, for once, it is not), nothing could make them move when the eye is thus arrested by infinitesimal minutiæ.

Such was Meissonier: within his limits an almost perfect painter, and, even when he overstepped them, one whose terrible conscientiousness in the exercise of amazing ability will always merit deep respect. He thoroughly earned the honors he received, the fortune he acquired and squandered, and the immortality of which he is reasonably certain.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS' 1862

MEISSONIER is one of the most remarkable painters of the nineteenth century. Such was his originality that without any preliminary groping he at once struck the path which with a sure step he followed to the end. In those first studies in which, as a rule, an artist tentatively seeks to find himself by emulating and imitating others, Meissonier asserted himself at once—not, of course, with the same accentuation, the same power of relief or of characterization which signalize his mature works, but nevertheless in such a way that he appeared to be quite distinct from all other painters, emphatically a master in his own domain, and easily to be recognized by the least observant. . . . The portraits of Ter Borch, Netscher, Metsu, Brauwer, and of Van Mieris might well hang on the walls of Meissonier's studio as the presentments of his progenitors, but a legitimate and authentic affiliation in no way prevents the individuality of the descendant, who may remain true to his origin and at the same time retain his own characteristics, his own special traits; and Meissonier's works, worthy of being placed in any gallery among the richest jewels of Dutch art, are yet distinctly his own. For if he resembles the "little masters" of Holland in their truthfulness, and in the exquisitely delicate perfection of their workmanship, in their precision of painting, and in their careful and exact delineation of detail, he differs from them in that he possesses qualities which are wholly French—qualities which have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated.

There is, for instance, a science in his composition unknown to the Dutch painters with whom he is frequently compared. This word "composition" may seem a singular one to use in speaking of paintings which often contain only one figure, but it is none the less correct. It is a mark of great art to inspire interest in a single figure, and Meissonier was master of that art in the highest degree. . . .

It should be noted with what close observation, with what keen historic perception, Meissonier penetrated into the spirit of the eighteenth century; he strikes the key-note even more truly than do the painters or writers of the period itself, not one of whom has portrayed or described it so vividly. And he by no means confines himself to the eighteenth century; he sometimes takes retrospective excursions into previous periods. He sends his compliments to Ter Borch, for example, by an elegant cavalier with a short cloak, a collar of Venetian point, and lace ruffles in his huge top-boots. His amateurs of painting do not always wear French coats and three-cornered hats, but sometimes, arrayed like the gentlemen of Netscher or of Palamedes, they visit the studio of some Dutch master, where they critically examine a picture finished in minute detail, while its painter, perfectly satisfied with his

work, affects an obsequious modesty. Meissonier is skilled in the portrayal of all such characters, accurately depicting their mien, bearing, and costume, and rendering with a life-like imitation of nature these little scenes composed of two or three personages. . . .

One point in particular which should be observed in his work is that his exquisite finish comes from the firm and clear rendering of objects reduced to small dimensions, and not because his manner of painting is in any way finical or labored. On the contrary, his style is broad, his paint is laid on in planes, with all the accent, touch, and even with a handling of the colors, as if his figures were the size of life,—only these qualities are all reduced to a proportionate scale, and when thus concentrated become clearer and more apparent. The hands of some of his figures are astonishing in the minute delicacy of all the details; in the delineation of each muscle, each vein, and in the care with which every finger-nail is painted; yet seen through a powerful magnifying-glass they would look like hands painted by Philippe de Champagne or by Van Dyck. It is not, then, by spending a month in putting the finishing touches to the handle of a broom—as is related of Gerard Dou—that Meissonier attains his marvelous results. His little pictures are always solidly constructed, admirably put together, and drawn with a degree of knowledge which genre-painters often lack. His local colors are frank, they are warm and strong without any false brilliancy or premature patina, and they are on a masterly scale. His talent, delicate as it is, is at the same time virile and robust. Possibly he does not sacrifice enough for the sake of the beautiful. For instance, he almost completely excludes woman from his work. No fair-haired maid-servant pours out the beer for those topers seated at the table, nor bears on a tray frail Bohemian glasses in which the yellow wine sparkles like a topaz; never do these haughty cavaliers address a declaration of love to a charming lady in petticoat of white satin; never does a fair model pose in those studios, so rich in objects of art; nor do we ever see near one of those windows with folding shutters, through which the light falls softly, a young girl busied with her spinning-wheel or plying her needle. This singular lack on the part of Meissonier cannot well be explained. Did he fear lest he should not render woman's delicate beauty so skilfully as he portrayed the more rugged attributes of man? We cannot say. We can only note the existence of this peculiarity, which is rare in the history of art. . . .

Meissonier has, indeed, introduced into the painting of genre all the serious qualities of great art. He is one of the masters of our own day to whose works a place will always be assured among those of the most celebrated painters, one who can count most surely upon immortality.—FROM THE FRENCH

WALTER ARMSTRONG 'MAGAZINE OF ART' 1891

IF I were told to describe in words what it is that makes a great painter, I should find it difficult to include any tangible gift that Meissonier was without. He was a superb draftsman; he was a master of composition, so

far as that quality will submit to mastery; he understood and could realize expression, and his dramatic power was great; his color was not disagreeable in his better moments, and his execution has never been excelled in precision, intelligence, and general sufficiency. And yet, with all these virtues he failed to touch the deeper nature—with all these powers he failed to satisfy the more refined perceptions. The fact is he lacked temperament. He could rise to the notion of a Bonaparte; he could paint him at a heroic moment, and could, by a consummate stage management, bring out his heroism; but he could not clothe him in that subtle envelop of art which has given a perennial charm to the doings of many a Dutch burgher. It is by the intensity of his own interest and by the patient skill with which he contrives to give it voice that he fascinates his public. . . .

Meissonier's gifts were almost entirely objective. They were those of an observer, a manipulator, a scientist. It was characteristic of him that in his latter years he was fascinated by the doings of instantaneous photography. He was interested rather in the fact itself than in its esthetic capacities. He was abundantly endowed with the French gifts of patience, of delight in technique, and of thoroughness in all that has to do with manipulation and form. As a workman Sir John Millais once said of him, "He was more complete than any Dutchman," and yet for the artist his best things will never have the charm that clings about a Metsu or a Vermeer of Delft.

MARIUS CHAUMELIN 'PORTRAITS D'ARTISTES'

MEISSONIER deserves praise for having resisted from the outset the influence of the two groups of painters who were at his advent dividing the favor of the French public; for having held equally aloof from the dry and colorless academic drawings of the classic and from the impassioned studies of the romantic school; for having, in his desire to paint small genre-pictures, turned to the true source of familiar every-day art—in a word, to the creators, the originators, of genre-painting. The pity of it was that in taking the Dutch for his models he should have imitated them in the letter rather than in the spirit. He emulated their delicacy of touch, the lightness and exquisite harmony of their color, but he was never inspired by their way of seeing and interpreting nature, nor by their deep feeling for the actual life about them, which is one of the chief charms of their works. Instead of looking about him and noting the types and manners of his contemporaries—the characteristics, passions, virtues and vices, beauties and absurdities, of the living men of his day—Meissonier set to work to paint a society that was dead and gone, a society of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and unfortunately he was led into devoting, in this retrospective work, far more thought to the portrayal of accessories than to the interpretation of ideas—to the faithful rendering of costume than to the truth of characterization.

In depicting detail, be it of the human face or of a landscape, Meissonier excels; but the general character of the one escapes him, as does the harmony of the other. Herein he is materially distinguished from such a painter as Millet, for instance, who grasped and portrayed in a truly grand way the

essential features and significant attitudes of his peasant models. Meissonier, however, analyzes, examines, dissects; he seizes with unheard-of dexterity even the very slightest inflection of the muscles, and reproduces with marvelous surety of touch each tiny line or wrinkle of the face. But if his aim be to astonish us he certainly makes no attempt to move us. No painter, indeed, cares so little as he for the "ultra-pictorial" methods which charm and captivate the public. It never occurs to him to cater to the evil passions nor to encourage the good. He avoids with equal care moral and vulgar subjects, scenes that are comic and those that are touching, characters of ancient history and the actual men and women of to-day. He knows neither laughter nor tears. He carries his indifference to grace and beauty to the point of almost banishing from his compositions both women and children. He makes no direct appeal to either the mind or the heart, but seeks, above all else, to charm our eyes by the feats of his brush, counting only upon his skill to give pleasure. His art, in short, is not made for man, but for the pure love of art itself.

The simplest themes sufficed for him—a soldier testing a sword, a sentinel leaning on his halberd, an arquebusier, a standard-bearer, a captain of foot-soldiers in full dress, a painter at his easel, an engraver bending over his copperplate, a bookworm reveling in his folios, a musician playing on his violin, another upon his flute, a cavalier awaiting an audience. Such are the subjects which Meissonier chose to paint, and the small panels which he has devoted to these single figures are among the most highly prized of his works. Their principal interest lies in the fidelity with which the expressions of the faces are rendered, in the truthfulness of the gestures, in the life-like attitudes, and in the marvelous painting of the accessories. In his scenes in which several personages are introduced he does not always succeed in uniting the figures or in bringing them into relation with the backgrounds. The details are invariably faultless; it is the effect of the whole which is sometimes unsatisfactory. . . .

Such is the unity of Meissonier's achievement, from the productions of his early years to his last works, that to be familiar with only a few examples suffices for a fair idea of his manner of painting and of his trend of thought. In execution he is always found to be a conscientious, patient, wonderfully skilful draftsman, combining with unfailing sureness of brush-work a fondness for the most minute lines and the most delicate embellishments. Although there is more dryness in his first productions, more life and spirit in those painted when he was at the height of his career, more breadth and perhaps more modeling in those of his later years, they are all alike in that they keep to the same pictorial ideal—precision. Everything in them is subordinated to this ideal. As to his artistic conception, it is invariably the detail, the accessory, which is emphasized and which occupies the chief place in his work. . . .

If we except two or three pictures, which have in them all the most delightful qualities, Meissonier's painting, so clear, so precise, so knowing, learned, and deliberate, will be found lacking in several great qualities—there

is nothing of the unexpected in it to take us by storm, nothing impulsive or impetuous to stir our emotions, no warmth of feeling to move, nor passion to transport us. It is perfection; but perfection so limited, so monotonous, that were the truth to be told, it ends by wearying even those who have been most impressed by his marvelous skill.—FROM THE FRENCH

LIONEL ROBINSON 'MEISSONIER'

WE do not claim for Meissonier grandeur of style nor sublimity of genius. The outward embodiment of the thought, rather than the thought itself, is too predominant at all times in his work. His creative power seems limited to a degree rarely found among painters of his technical power. He has little sentiment and no tenderness. On the other hand, he is absolutely free from sentimentalism or tawdriness. "To see on a large scale, to execute in miniature" seems to have been the aim of his art, and it would be difficult to find among the ranks of ancient or modern painters the name of one who, by careful and laborious work, more completely achieved his object, or to whom may be more truly applied the motto: *Maxime mirandus in minimis.*

The Works of Meissonier

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE SERGEANT'S PORTRAIT' PLATE I

"FOR technical skill and subdued humor," writes Mr. Lionel Robinson, "this picture is reckoned among Meissonier's greatest successes." The scene is laid in a barrack yard in bright sunlight. A sergeant, magnificent in his white and blue eighteenth-century uniform, and fully conscious of his fine appearance, is posing before a humble member of the artistic profession, surrounded by a group of soldiers who watch with critical interest the progress of their sergeant's portrait. The red brick wall of the building which forms the background enhances the effect of this brilliantly lighted scene, which Meissonier is said to have painted in order to prove to his critics that they were wrong in asserting that he could paint only interior scenes or those in which the light was subdued.

The picture, dated 1874, measures nearly two feet and a half high by about two feet wide. It is in Baron Schroeder's collection, London.

'THE BRAWL' PLATE II

'THE BRAWL' ('La Rixe') is one of Meissonier's most celebrated works. Painted in 1855 and exhibited in the Universal Exposition held in Paris in that year, it was purchased by Napoleon III. for twenty thousand francs ($4,000) and presented by him to Prince Albert during the

visit of Queen Victoria and her consort to Paris. It is now in the possession of the King of England.

The scene represents a quarrel in a tavern between bravos. The period is the early part of the seventeenth century. Tables and chairs have been overturned, and cards, the probable cause of the trouble, lie scattered on the floor. The assailant has drawn his dagger and struggles to free himself from two companions, as they with difficulty prevent his rushing upon his adversary, who, restrained by a third peacemaker, attempts to draw his sword. The violent movement, the fierce struggle of the angry men, the intense expression, not only of the faces but of each limb and muscle, are powerfully rendered by the artist, who, it is said, painted this stirring scene to silence the critics who had declared him unable to depict action.

The picture, larger than Meissonier's usual tiny panels, measures nearly eighteen inches high by twenty-two inches wide.

'THE ORDERLY' PLATE III

NOWHERE has Meissonier's skill in the exact rendering of detail, and at the same time his power of characterization, been better exemplified than in this celebrated picture of 'The Orderly' ('L'Ordonnance'). An orderly of the period of the First Republic, in high boots and with his musket slung across his shoulders, has delivered a despatch to an officer, who, standing with legs apart and back turned to the fireplace, pompous in the consciousness of superior rank, has taken his pipe from his mouth, and deliberately peruses the letter. A hussar seated at a table nearby, pipe in hand, watches the face of his chief.

The accessories of the scene, furniture, ornaments, and above all the costumes, are painted with such care that each bit of carving, each strap and buckle of the soldiers' uniforms, is clearly and accurately portrayed.

The picture, dated 1866, is now in the Vanderbilt Collection, New York. It measures eighteen inches high by fifteen inches wide.

'THE VEDETTE' PLATE IV

'THE VEDETTE,' or mounted sentinel, was a subject often painted by Meissonier, and one that gave scope to his fondness for portraying military life and picturesque costume. Above all it offered opportunity for his study of the horse, in the masterful delineation of which he was unsurpassed.

M. Gruyer thus describes the famous version of 'The Vedette' here reproduced (the full French title of which is 'La Vedette des Dragons sous Louis XV.'), the original of which is in the Condé Museum, Chantilly:

"Seated motionless upon his horse in the blazing sunlight, his gun at his side, the vedette scans the horizon. His good horse, with ears erect and nostrils distended as if scenting danger from afar, stands like a statue, his shadow outlined upon the sun-baked earth beside him. In every respect this horse is a model of correct and accurate drawing. As to the vedette himself,

he is characterized by that frank simplicity, that combination of elegance and straightforward realism, which are, as it were, the artist's signature. The little masterpiece vividly brings to mind those picturesque red dragoons, who, with their big boots and black three-cornered hats enlivened by knots of blue ribbon, formed part of the army of France in the time of Louis xv."

The picture was painted in 1863. It is on wood, and measures ten inches high by eight inches wide.

'FRIEDLAND, 1807' PLATE V

THIS famous picture is one of the uncompleted series of the "Napoleonic Cycle" (see description of the following plate). It has been spoken of by some critics as a "superb example of Meissonier's art," as his "finest achievement," and by others as "one of the worst pictures he ever painted," a "failure in composition," cold in its elaboration of detail, monotonous in the figures, which it is said were all painted from one and the same model; inferior, indeed, in every respect, save in the draftsmanship and marvelous technique, in praise of which no dissenting voice is raised. Whatever the view held of this picture, however, 'Friedland, 1807' is Meissonier's most celebrated work, and it is well known that the artist regarded it as his masterpiece. He expended fourteen years of labor upon it, studies innumerable were made for it (each figure, it is said, was the subject of a separate sketch), and changes and corrections were again and again introduced which resulted in an almost entire repainting of the scene. To portray accurately the appearance of grain trampled by hoofs of cavalry horses as shown in the foreground of the picture, Meissonier is said to have bought a wheat-field and hired a troop of cuirassiers to charge through it, he himself riding beside and carefully noting the attitudes of men and horses. Such was the thoroughness, the painstaking care, and the untiring patience that went towards the making of this famous work.

The subject represents the triumphant defiling of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard before Napoleon I., who, seated motionless upon his white horse, occupies the central point of interest, the spot upon which all eyes are fixed. Grouped about him are his generals—Bessières, Duroc, and Berthier; just behind him General Nansouty with his division awaits the order to defile; farther back is the "Old Guard," with their bearskin caps and white breeches; and behind them again, squadron after squadron of troops, with an infinite perspective dotted with men as far as the eye can see.

"I did not intend to paint a battle," said Meissonier; "I wanted to paint Napoleon at the zenith of his glory; I wanted to paint the love, the adoration of the soldiers for the great captain in whom they had faith and for whom they were ready to die. For the picture '1814,' the heartrending end of the imperial dream, my palette did not have colors sad enough; but in 'Friedland, 1807,' wishing everything to appear brilliant at this triumphant moment, it seemed to me that I could not find colors sufficiently dazzling. No shade should be upon the emperor's face to take from him the epic character I wished to give him. The battle of Friedland, already commenced, was nec-

essary to add to the enthusiasm of the soldiers and make the subject stand forth, but not to lessen its effect by saddening details. All such shadows I avoided—a dismounted cannon and some growing wheat which would never ripen, this was enough. The men and the emperor are in the presence of each other. The soldiers cry out to him that they are his, and the great chief, whose imperial will directs the masses that move around him, salutes his devoted army."

'Friedland, 1807' was purchased from the artist by the late Mr. A. T. Stewart of New York, for $60,000. At the sale of the Stewart Collection in 1887 it was bought by Judge Henry Hilton for an even larger sum, and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum, New York, where it now hangs. It is painted on canvas, and measures nearly four feet and a half high by about eight feet wide.

'THE CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE, 1814' PLATE VI

ONE of the two finished works belonging to an uncompleted series which it was Meissonier's intention to paint illustrating the chief events of the military career of Napoleon I. is this picture, 'The Campaign of France,' or '1814,' as it is perhaps more often called. It is by many regarded as his masterpiece.

"When I made the sketch for '1814,'" he said, "I was thinking of Napoleon returning from Soissons with his staff after the battle of Laon. It is the campaign of France, not the return from Russia, as has been sometimes suggested. For this theme I could scarcely find colors sad and subdued enough. The sky is dreary, the landscape devastated. The dejected, exasperated faces express discouragement, despair, possibly even treachery."

In the center of the picture, seated on his white horse and wearing his famous gray coat, rides Napoleon. Close behind follow his marshals—Ney, his overcoat buttoned around his shoulders; beside him Berthier, and then Flahaut. Farther back are Drouet and Gourgaud, and beside them an officer who from sheer fatigue has fallen asleep on his horse. Behind, as far as the eye can see, follow in military file the guides, lancers, and cuirassiers. "The abrupt diminution of the line of men in my '1814,'" said Meissonier, "is an intentional effect. Some painters would, perhaps, have put in as many figures as possible, but it was my idea to suggest a line stretching away into the distance out of sight. This gives greater majesty to the emperor with his marshals behind him—each so individual, so personal in costume and attitude, like Ney, for instance, who never put his arms through the sleeves of his overcoat. A little way off comes the infantry, marching in line, the drums in front."

To paint this figure of the emperor Meissonier made many studies. Having borrowed the identical gray riding-coat of the first Napoleon, the famous *redingote grise*, from the National Museum, where it was preserved, he had an exact copy made for his model to wear. M. Charles Meissonier, his son, has told how his father waited long for the appropriate weather in which to paint the scene from nature. "At last the snow fell, and when it

had covered the ground my father set to work. He had the earth trampled down by his servants and broken up by the passing to and fro of heavy carts. When the track had become sufficiently muddy, he began work, and, notwithstanding the bitter cold, placed his models on horseback; then, with prodigious activity, he hurried on the study of details in order to get them finished before a thaw set in. Fortunately the weather continued cold, and the same sad gray sky shrouded with opaque clouds remained—the sky necessary for the desired effect. After the escort of generals Napoleon's picture was the next work. All the different parts of his costume were ready and had been executed under Prince Napoleon's supervision and rigorously copied from the authentic relics. When the time came to dress the model it was found that he could not put on the clothes. He was a stout young man and the riding-coat was too small for him, while the hat fell over his eyes. My father then tried on the costume; the coat fitted him like a glove, the hat seemed made for him. He did not hesitate for a moment, but at once took the model's place on the white horse that had been sent from the imperial stables, had a mirror set up before him, and began to copy his own image. The cold was intense; my father's feet froze to the iron stirrups, and we were obliged to place foot-warmers under them and to put a chafing-dish near him, over which he occasionally held his hands."

The picture was painted in 1864. It measures about twenty inches high by thirty inches wide, and is in the Chauchard Collection, Paris.

'THE STIRRUP-CUP' PLATE VII

MEISSONIER repeated this subject several times, always with variations. In this version, owned by the late Mr. Frederick L. Ames, Boston, the scene is laid before an inn. Hat in hand, a cavalier of the time of Louis XIII. takes his parting glass, the "stirrup-cup," from the landlord's wife. This is one of the rare instances of the introduction of a woman in a picture by Meissonier.

The attitudes are lifelike, the expressions of the different figures natural, and in the effect of strong, vibrant sunshine which permeates the scene Meissonier has given an admirable example of his skill in the portrayal of light and atmosphere out-of-doors.

The trees at the left of the picture are vivid spring green, relieved against a bit of blue sky; the wall of the inn is of cream-colored stone; the horse is white; the cavalier is clad in pale gray-green stuff; the woman's bodice is fawn-colored and her skirt bright cherry red. The picture measures about seven inches high by nine inches wide.

'THE PRINT COLLECTOR' PLATE VIII

IN a room filled with a variety of objects, pictures framed and unframed upon the walls, bottles, jars, books and ornaments upon the tables, engravings in portfolios or lying carelessly upon a chair—a room which is said to be a representation of one of Meissonier's own studios, and which is at-

tractive in its very untidiness—a print collector, wearing a long dark coat, gray stockings, and low shoes, is engaged in showing one of his treasures to a visitor, who, clad in a light brown coat, and with his hair dressed and powdered for the day, critically regards it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"There seems no sense of ordered arrangement anywhere," writes Mr. A. G. Temple, "yet every inch of this panel shows the same transcendent skill, from the leg of the chair to the sensitive value given to the stone jar against which the green table-cloth falls. Nowhere is there opacity, but a beautiful transparency alike in lights and shadows."

The picture measures about fourteen inches high by eleven inches wide. It is now in the Wallace Collection, London.

'THE READER IN WHITE' PLATE IX

THIS little picture, known as 'The Reader in White' ('Le Liseur Blanc'), painted on a panel eight inches high by six inches wide, is one of the incomparable series of single figures which went far towards establishing Meissonier's reputation, and attained such world-wide popularity that the artist could have made his fame and fortune by the mere multiplication of these tiny masterpieces.

"It is in his single figures—his monologues," writes M. André Michel, "that Meissonier attains perfection. If one would experience unalloyed pleasure let him look at the charming series of 'Readers,' standing or seated in their rooms, where all the accessories are so characteristic of their lives and tastes. In every one of these little pictures the light comes from the side, through a window sometimes open, sometimes partly closed by inside shutters. A green or a red cloth covers the table, on which are piled books bound in parchment or calfskin, and pamphlets with worn and ragged edges. The Reader himself, dressed sometimes in black, sometimes in white, and again in cherry color, is standing, or leaning against the window, or seated before his table, absorbed in his book, while on his face there is always a subtly portrayed expression of inward content."

The 'Reader' here reproduced is dressed in a costume of white woolen material, his hair is powdered, and the table against which he leans is covered with a green velvet cloth. Painted with the exquisite finish of a Dutch "little master," this picture is yet characterized by a spirit, an indescribable something, distinctly French. It was painted in 1857, and is in the Chauchard Collection, Paris.

'THE BROTHERS VAN DE VELDE' PLATE X

MEISSONIER has here represented the two Dutch painters Adrien and Willem van de Velde, who flourished in the seventeenth century. Adrien, the elder, was noted for his landscapes with figures and cattle, and Willem for his marine views. The scene is the studio of the younger brother. Adrien van de Velde, wearing a gray doublet, breeches of the same color, and a long red mantle, is seated before his brother's easel, attentively exam-

ining a painting, while Willem, palette and brush in hand, awaits his elder brother's criticism. He wears a pearl-gray coat with slashed sleeves.

The carved oak sideboard covered with various objects, the mandolin on its top, the unframed canvas resting against the wall beside it, the open portfolio of sketches on the floor, the chair in the foreground, as well as every detail of feature and costume, are painted with all the care and technical skill of which Meissonier was a past master.

The picture, dated 1856, measures ten inches high by eight inches wide. It is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY MEISSONIER IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

THE following list includes only the more important pictures in collections which are accessible to the public, for the majority of Meissonier's works (nearly five hundred in all, and of which about seventy-five are in the United States) are in private possession, and therefore not only difficult to trace, but constantly changing hands. For a fuller list the reader is referred to Gréard's 'Meissonier' (London and New York, 1897).

ENGLAND. LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: A Musketeer; Halting at an Inn; Napoleon I. and his Staff; A Cavalier; St. John in Patmos; The Print Collector (Plate VIII); The Decameron; The Bravos; The Roadside Inn; Portrait of Colonel Félix Massue; Soldiers Gambling; A Cavalier; A Musketeer; Polichinelle; Dutch Burghers; The Guardroom — FRANCE. CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: The Vedette (Plate IV); The Cuirassiers of 1805; The Amateurs of Paintings (water-color) — LYONS MUSEUM: Portrait of Meissonier; Portrait of General Championnet; Portrait of Paul Chenavard — PARIS, LOUVRE: Napoleon III. at Solferino; Napoleon III. and his Staff; Expectation; Young Woman Singing; Landscape; Washerwomen at Antibes; Studies of Cuirassiers and Horses (three panels); Portrait of Alexandre Dumas the Younger; Portrait of Madame Gerriot; Three Views of Venice; The Madonna del Bacio; Ruins of the Tuileries; The Siege of Paris; Samson; J. J. Rousseau and Madame de Warens; On the Staircase; Studies of two Cuirassiers; Antibes; The Travelers; Cuirassier; Portrait of Meissonier when Young; Portrait of Meissonier (Page 22); The Reader; The Three Smokers; The Flute-player; Military Orders; The Poet — VALENCIENNES MUSEUM: Portrait of Meissonier (water-color) — GERMANY. MUNICH, NEW PINAKOTHEK: The Bravos — HAMBURG, KUNSTHALLE: A Cavalier — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, FODOR MUSEUM: Dying Man and Monk — UNITED STATES. BALTIMORE, WALTERS GALLERY: The Jovial Trooper; The End of a Game of Cards; Courtyard of the Artist's Studio; '1814' (single figure of Napoleon); Two Portraits of Meissonier — BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: A Horseman (sketch); A General (sketch) — CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: The Vedette — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Friedland, 1807 (Plate V); The Sign-painter (water-color); The Brothers Van de Velde (Plate X); General and Adjutant; Man Reading; A Cavalier — PHILADELPHIA, ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: Cavalier Waiting an Audience.

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Barye

FRENCH SCHOOL

BARYE
SEATED LION
PAVILION DE FLORE, LOUVRE, PARIS

BARYE
ELEPHANT OF SENEGAL RUNNING

BARYE
PANTHER SEIZING A STAG

BARYE
TIGER DEVOURING A CROCODILE
LOUVRE, PARIS

BARYE
THESEUS SLAYING THE MINOTAUR

LIBRARY

BARYE
STANDING BEAR

BARYE
WALKING LION

Scanned

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIRAUDON

BARYE

WOLF SEIZING A STAG BY THE THROAT

Uof I

BARYE
JAGUAR DEVOURING A HARE

U of M

BARYE
LION CRUSHING A SERPENT
TUILERIES GARDENS, PARIS

ANTOINE-LOUIS BARYE

Barye's appearance is described in the account of his life which follows. The portrait given above is based on a daguerreotype retouched by Flameng.

Antoine-Louis Barye

BORN 1796: DIED 1875
FRENCH SCHOOL

ANTOINE-LOUIS BARYE (pronounced Bar-ee) was born in Paris, September 15, 1796. His father, a jeweler, who had removed from Lyons to Paris shortly before his son's birth, seems to have been too poor to afford him much schooling, for at thirteen the lad was apprenticed, first to Fourier, an engraver of military equipments, and a little later to a silversmith, Biennais. In 1812, however, Barye's apprentice days came to an end. The war which had devoured the men of France now demanded even the children, and at sixteen Barye was drafted by conscription. During this period of military service he seems to have planned his future; for when, after the capitulation of Paris, he was released from the army, he at once began the study of design. As he could devote thereto only the moments spared from the engraving trade, which he had taken up again to earn his living, we may form some conception of his energy when we find him at the age of twenty deemed sufficiently advanced to be admitted to the studio of a well-known sculptor, Bosio by name.

The teachings of Bosio, a cold, conventional artist of the academic school, could not have been of much profit to the youth whose work in art was to be the depiction of living reality; and in 1817 Barye entered the studio of the painter Gros, a very different type of master. Always reticent and self-contained, Barye never spoke in detail of these early years; but his stay in Gros's atelier was probably favorable to the development of his sense of mass, energy of conception, and preference for dramatic action, for although by conviction and in teaching a devoted classicist, Gros was by temperament and in his own work an ardent romanticist. "All the painters who studied in his studio," says M. Alexandre, "appear to have looked attentively at what he did, but to have listened as little as possible to what he counseled."

Two years later, when he was twenty-three, Barye tried for the annual prize awarded by the Institute in the Department of Medals. The subject of the composition was 'Milo of Crotona Devoured by a Lion,' and all that can be said of Barye's maiden effort is that it showed some boldness and vigor. The jury gave him an honorable mention, but not the Prix de Rome,

for which he had hoped; and instead of being able to spend five years studying in Rome he was obliged to remain in Paris—for which we should be heartily grateful. In 1820, and in the two following years, he tried again with no better fortune; in 1823 no prize was awarded; and in 1824 Barye was not even allowed to compete. Such ill success drove him back to the workman's bench; and for eight years thereafter he earned his living in the shop of a fashionable goldsmith, Fauconnier.

At this time he was a married man, and two daughters had been born to him. Later his wife and daughters died, and he married again, and had by this second marriage a family of eight children. Beyond this we know almost nothing of his private life.

It was during his eight years with Fauconnier that Barye made his first important studies of animals. Whether the idea of applying beasts drawn from nature to the decoration of ornamental objects originated with him or with his master we cannot tell; but for Fauconnier he executed at least sixty little models of animals for watch-charms and brooches, or paper-weights and clock ornaments; and these little figures, now very rare, show a truthfulness and breadth of treatment which make them far superior to the usual class of such subjects. In a word, Barye had discovered his bent.

From this time on he never ceased to spend every spare moment at the Jardin des Plantes—the Paris menagerie, or zoo—and in the museums of stuffed beasts and skeletons connected with it. He would sit before the cages for hours at a time watching the action of the beasts, and strive with pencil to catch their characteristic movements, or, pulling a lump of wax from his pocket, would make a hasty model of a head or reproduce the angry curve of a tail. Old Père Rousseau, head keeper of the animals, became his especial friend. "He opened the doors of the menagerie to him at five o'clock every morning, and when he saw him draw from his pocket a few poor hard crusts for breakfast would give him some slices of softer bread meant for the rations of the bears." Rousseau lived long enough to see his protégé become famous, and loved to talk of the "tall, thin young man, always silent, who first found my beasts worthy of sculpture."

Such studies, once begun, enchained Barye till his death. When he was sixty-seven years old, the American connoisseur, Mr. Walters, called at his house several days in succession, only to find that he was absent; and at last Mme. Barye exclaimed: "Ah, sir, there is no use in coming here for three weeks. A new tiger has just arrived from Bengal, and until its wildness is gone—no M. Barye!" Never thereafter was he content with any other knowledge than that derived first hand from the study of living beasts, and he began a systematic course in reading on natural history and the anatomic structure of animals.

Yet his first contributions to the Salon of 1827, when he was thirty-one, were not animals, but busts of a young man and a young girl. Three years later, however, he submitted an animal group, his 'Tiger Devouring a Crocodile,' which excited much comment. Such realism, such forcible rendering of life and movement, had never before been seen; indeed, the tiger had not

been considered worthy of the honors of sculpture, much less the crocodile; for academic zoölogy recognized only two animals, the lion and the horse, and both had degenerated into mere conventional forms.

But the attention which his 'Tiger Devouring a Crocodile' attracted was by no means an unmitigated advantage. True, the group and its subsequent purchase by the French government brought Barye reputation, and he left Fauconnier and set up for himself; but as soon as it became apparent that a new influence, too strong to be disregarded, had appeared in sculpture, two classes of opponents arrayed themselves against him: first, those who honestly revered the old traditions and were shocked at Barye's disregard of them; and second—and more to be feared because their opposition was secret—jealous rivals. Therefore, when he exhibited at the Salon of 1833 his 'Lion Crushing a Serpent' there was an extraordinary sensation; and when the group was bought by the government, cast in bronze, and set up in the Tuileries Garden, and its designer made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, the indignation of those who disapproved of his work became burning, and the opposition of his rivals aggressive. "Since when has the Tuileries become a menagerie?" exclaimed some one, and the saying was taken up as a war-cry by Barye's adversaries. But so great was the clamor that every one who pretended to the reputation of a connoisseur had to come out with an opinion for or against him; and the public, led by various far-seeing critics, began to find a charm in the little bronzes which he had meantime been constantly producing.

The Duke of Orleans, who had become Barye's liberal patron, now ordered from him the celebrated *surtout*, or table decoration, which consisted of nine small sculptured groups representing episodes of the chase. The groups were finished in time for the Salon of 1834; but when the duke asked Barye to submit them to the jury, the sculptor, knowing that he had become the victim of jealousy, and foreseeing from the taunts which were flung at him as being a "maker of paper-weights and mantel ornaments" what the outcome might be, declined to act. Thereupon the duke himself made overtures, and was amazed to find that the groups would be refused on the ground that they were not sculpture but goldsmith's work. He hurried to Louis Philippe and begged that monarch to prevent such an act of injustice, but the latter with some irony replied: "*Que voulez vous?* I have appointed the jury, but I cannot force them to recognize works of genius."

The six animal pieces and the water-colors which Barye sent to the Salon of 1834 were not refused, but he received no award. The following year he showed a 'Tiger' in stone; and in 1836 submitted the 'Seated Lion,' one of his finest works, and a series of small bronzes. These last the jury refused to accept, giving the same ridiculous pretext as in respect to the Duke of Orleans's *surtout*—that they were not sculpture but jeweler's work. This time the insult was too pointed, the hostility too evident, and Barye, profoundly wounded, ceased to exhibit at the Salons for many years, making his reappearance only in 1850, when his reputation was firmly established.

At this period, too, he had to suffer another serious disappointment. Al-

though always ambitious to work on a large scale and for public monuments, he would never, with characteristic aloofness, solicit such commissions; but now M. Thiers, the premier, and one of his admirers, seems to have made vague promises to intrust him with the execution of the large groups planned for the Place de la Concorde; and we may imagine how Barye's imagination must have kindled at the prospect of adorning the most imposing square in the world with colossal figures of his beasts. But the shifty Thiers began to listen to Barye's detractors, and the commission shrank, first to statues for the four piers of the Pont de la Concorde, then to one figure for a corner of the square, and at last to an allegorical piece to crown the Arc de Triomphe —but even this commission did not materialize.

Despairing, then, of fair treatment at the Salon or of obtaining public work, Barye conceived the idea of setting up a workshop and foundry of his own, and selling his bronzes direct to the public; and in 1839, having borrowed the necessary capital, he embarked on this enterprise. The result might have been predicted from the beginning, for with Barye the question of profit was altogether subservient to that of art. He wished to put into practice the profound studies which he had made of the technical processes of casting and finishing bronzes, and to sell only perfect casts. He also planned to devote himself to new work, and indeed this period was perhaps the most fruitful of his career. But with all his attention centered on the artistic side of his enterprise, he almost entirely disregarded its business aspect. With naïve simplicity he waited for patrons to come to him; and an odd sort of salesman he must have made, leaving visitors to their own devices, and frequently giving the impression of being unwilling to part with a bronze, or insisting on some improvement of finish or a fresh casting before he would let it go. He would often direct his wife to put some particularly successful piece out of sight, or at all events not to show it to any except a "real amateur."

Meantime, in addition to producing numerous small works, he obtained a few public commissions. In 1839 he designed the 'Lion' for the Column of July; and in 1847 the authorities had the 'Seated Lion,' which he had exhibited at the Salon of 1836, cast in bronze and placed, together with a reversed duplicate, beside one of the entrances to the Louvre.

Naturally the bronze foundry and shop did not pay; and in 1848, when the Revolution made all business enterprises hazardous, those who had financed the venture, unwilling to risk their capital further, sued him for a sum equivalent to seven thousand dollars, and, lacking other assets, seized his models. Ten years later, indeed, he managed to repay his creditors, and regain possession of these models; but now, at the age of fifty, he found himself in a more hopeless state than even at the beginning of his career.

Domestic troubles, too, were added to these material disasters. His favorite daughter died, and, an even greater grief, he discovered that one of his sons had been base enough to palm off on purchasers inferior casts, pretending that they were those finished by his father, thus stabbing Barye in his most sensitive point—his artistic conscience. Perhaps this cumulation of misfortune was the cause of that systematic impenetrability, that voluntary isola-

tion and growing bitterness, which he manifested more and more with every year, and which deprived him of the sympathy of all but his closest friends.

But the Revolution of 1848 was not entirely an ill wind for Barye. It gained him a public post somewhat to his liking, for the new director of the Louvre appointed him Director of the Department of Molding for that museum. If Barye had kept this post long he might have rendered great service to the Louvre, since his technical studies had made him the most expert bronze-founder in France; but he continued in office only four years, for in 1852 the place was taken from him.

Meantime, in 1850, he again began to exhibit at the Salon, his first contribution being the admirable group of the 'Centaur and Lapith.' To the Salon of 1851 he sent one of his most noteworthy pieces, 'Theseus Slaying the Minotaur'; and the following year exhibited his 'Jaguar Devouring a Hare,' which perhaps marks the crowning point of his achievement.

All this time he was continually carrying on his studies at the Jardin des Plantes; and in 1854 he was delighted at obtaining the professorship of drawing in zoölogy at the small school for the artistic study of animals maintained in connection with the menagerie. The salary was only about four hundred dollars a year, but it added something to his meager means, and the facilities which the position afforded for his individual work must have proved a great resource to him. He had, however, little power of interesting his pupils, and for the most part contented himself with silently looking over their work, and occasionally offering a comment. Sometimes he would forget his destination on the way to the class-room, and would be discovered standing in front of one of the cages at the menagerie.

In 1854 he received another public commission. Through the influence of Lefuel, the architect of the Louvre, a stone group, the subject of which was 'War,' was ordered for one of the inner faces of the courtyard of that building. This group showed that Barye's devotion to animals had not deprived him of the power of nobly executing the human figure, and three more companion groups were ordered, the subjects being 'Peace,' 'Order,' and 'Force.' The originals of these, half the size of life, are perched so high on the Louvre as to be beyond appreciation by ordinary eyesight, and curiously enough may be better seen in the United States, where, through the liberality of Mr. Walters, they, together with the 'Seated Lion' of the Louvre, have been set up in bronze in Mt. Vernon Square, Baltimore.

Barye was now almost sixty. His talent had attained its full development, and in spite of the fact that he had never taken a step toward seeking fame or commissions, the masterly character of his work had become recognized, and a little ease began to show itself in his pinched circumstances. At the Universal Exposition in 1855 he was given the Grand Medal of Honor in the Section of Bronzes, and was made an Officer of the Legion of Honor.

In regard to his private life—and it would be hard to find a less eventful one—he observed a characteristic reticence even with his most intimate friends. Here is the man at sixty as Théophile Silvestre has sketched him: "His demeanor and his gestures are precise and dignified, yet without any

real austerity. His eyes, vigilant, yet calm, look you straight in the face. His forehead is losing its short and whitening hair. His nose is slightly upturned, his face square and vigorous, yet relieved by delicate modeling. . . . The self-restraint, deep-seated melancholy of his character, and his innate pride seem to escape in spite of him from his inner nature."

On the other hand, the few who knew Barye intimately found him, at least on occasions, full of animation and spirit, although his animation was never familiar, and his wit was of the sarcastic kind. He used to dine occasionally with a number of artists, among whom was Corot, and in their society he perceptibly unbent; but for the most part the impression he gave was that of self-contained austerity.

In his latter years he lived in winter in the rue Montagne Sainte Geneviève, Paris. His home in summer was a cottage at Barbizon, and he delighted to paint in oils and water-colors in the Forest of Fontainebleau. His former residence in the rue Saint Anastase he kept for his workshop; and his catalogue of 1855 shows that he then had for sale more than a hundred bronzes, ranging in size from a turtle to be worn as a locket up to the large 'Rogero and Angelica on the Hippogriff.' The prices ranged from sixty cents for the turtle to one hundred and forty dollars for the hippogriff group.

It was by Americans rather than by his own countrymen that the value of Barye's bronzes seems to have been first recognized. Mr. William H. Hunt, the American painter, was a stanch admirer; and Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, was probably Barye's best patron.

In 1861, when great monuments for Paris were in question, Barye was again talked of for public works, and received some minor commissions; but he had now passed his prime. He is said to have remarked rather sadly to a friend who congratulated him on receiving some public order, "I have waited all my life for patronage and now it comes just as I am putting up my shutters." In 1862 he received a commission for a bronze equestrian statue of Napoleon I. to be erected in Corsica. The statue was not, however, in his line and is of only mediocre merit. In 1863 he was appointed president of what was called the "Consultive Commission of the Central Union of the Arts Applied to Industry," and up to the end of his life was much interested in this post.

In 1866 his friends persuaded him to offer himself for election to the Institute. It seems remarkable that any inducements could have persuaded Barye to make the requisite preliminary visits to the members of that body; it may have been that, realizing that his career as a creating genius was over, he sacrificed his personal pride for the sake of his wife and children; for if he died a member of the Institute they would be pensioned, and his works would fetch higher prices. But the sacrifice was fruitless, for he was rejected. He was, however, elected two years later. How he came to be induced to again offer himself is explained by the story that M. Lefuel, the architect, and his great friend, one day took him to drive and on the way home stopped at a certain house and persuaded Bayre to go in with him. When Barye entered he found himself visiting one of the members of the Institute, and Lefuel's

ruse was exposed. Once in the distasteful round, however, Barye persevered, made the obligatory calls, and this time was elected.

With this honor we may mark the close of his active career as an artist. His succeeding works cannot be ranked with his previous productions; and he himself seemed conscious of failing powers, for in 1873 he declined an order for a vase given him on the most liberal and flattering terms, because he knew that he could not produce as in former years. Moreover, he was now occupied with a congenial task which did not call for new production. In 1873 Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, who had been appointed to select objects for the new Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, called on him and said, "M. Barye, I come to make you a proposition. I come to commission you to supply the Corcoran Gallery with one specimen of every bronze you have ever designed." "This speech," said Mr. Walters, "produced the liveliest effect on the old sculptor's stolid calmness; his eyes filled, and he spoke with difficulty. 'Mr. Walters,' he said, 'my own country has never done anything like that for me!'" He immediately set to work to execute this commission, and before his death had managed to send to Washington no less than one hundred and twenty bronzes.

Up to the very end Barye occupied himself with his beloved art. His health remained excellent until the last five years of his life, when he suffered from gout; but even when confined to his chamber he occupied himself by making water-colors or by giving additional finish to some of his bronzes. One day as his wife was dusting the casts in his workshop, she said to him that when he felt stronger it would be wise to cut his signature more legibly on some of the groups. "Don't worry," replied the old sculptor, "within twenty years people will be hunting for that signature with a magnifying-glass."

He died peacefully, of a disease of the heart, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1875, confronting death as stoically as he had confronted life. His friends had concealed from him the fact that the painter Corot, whom he loved, had died only a few days before.

The Art of Barye

BARYE is the Michelangelo of the animal kingdom. He restored to sculpture elements which had been forgotten by generations of artists — the elements of force, of subtlety, and of life. — E. J. T. THORÉ

ROGER BALLU 'L'ŒUVRE DE BARYE'

THE name Barye awakens in our minds the image of a world of animals, small and great, which he fixed immutably in bronze; but it is not true that he was a sculptor of animals only. He excelled in the whole domain of sculpture; but his constant predilection for animal forms proved that this was

his chosen field, attracting him the more, perhaps, because it had been almost unexplored before his advent; in this field he attained to the highest triumphs possible, putting as much beauty and force into his statues of animals as had ever been brought to the sculpture of the human form. Every model which came from his hand—the wild beast roaring, the bird taking its flight, the snake coiling and striking—awakes more than the simple image of such or such an animal. It shows us nature itself, brimming with the fullest intensity of life, and such power and grandeur that no human form could evoke more completely the sentiment of beauty.

Because of their small dimensions, and because of something almost picturesque in their appearance, certain of Barye's works seem like those which commerce had theretofore monopolized, and are often put to the same uses. We find his bronzes in all sorts of houses, on chimneypieces, on the tops of clocks, condemned to the useful rôle of paper-weights; but wherever we find them they always preserve their intrinsic nobility of character, and belong no more to what is loosely called "industrial art" than do the Tanagra figurines, for they are conceived with the same breadth as the greatest statues. By an elimination of details he gained what we might call a fictitiously monumental character. An elephant only a few inches high seems a colossus —in miniature; a lion, which a few pounds of metal would suffice to cast, produces an impression of grandeur.

Look over his works, large and small, and note how every one is stamped and dominated by that for which there is no other term than "style." Barye sought unceasingly for harmony of form, and found it always. Under his hand each line is at once true and eloquent, and the general outline which bounds the group or figure cuts against the background with breadth and amplitude. With infinite art he concentrated the spectator's attention upon the dominant parts—the vigorous limbs, the solid and salient muscles which make large flat bosses under the hide; and finally we must admire the wonderful exactness with which he established the proportions, one of the secrets of his power, for no artist has ever studied anatomy more carefully, or used his knowledge with more triumphant effect.

Barye was the first to reproduce certain animals which the sculptor's chisel had before avoided. He dignified in bronze the rabbit, the pelican, and the monkey; and even with these, or with such clumsy models as the elephant on the full trot, or the bear at his lumbering play, he created works which bear the imprint of the highest style, because he has so disposed the outlines as to give even the ugliest and clumsiest of them a certain gracious dignity.

To this faculty of elevating reality and ennobling form Barye added the power of rendering life in full intensity, and these constitute the two most characteristic qualities of his genius. He went as far as is possible in sculpture in the expression of movement. Note this tiger crouched against the ground, ready to shoot through the air in a terrible spring; this owl just alighting on a tree, his outstretched wings still feeling the air beneath them; this horse passing at full gallop, or neighing as he prances and curvets; this panther, crafty and feline, stealing along with silent steps. Or note these ter-

rific battles in which wild beasts, reptiles, and great carnivorous birds take part. A lion is about to crush, with formidable paw, a serpent, fearful despite its littleness; a jaguar bounds upon a deer, and bites through its neck; an eagle on his aery rips with curved beak the body of a dying heron; a boa-constrictor wraps his great rings about a crocodile and strangles him, while the reptile, yawning his enormous maw, lashes and twists. In every one of these combats Barye gives us fury at its paroxysm, rage at its fiercest. Yet though everything is contorted, violent, frightful, tragic, the artist was constantly mindful of his broad lines, which ever remained obedient to the most rigorous canons of sculptural art.

Barye was not the sculptor of movement and tense attitude only. He has given us animals motionless and at rest. A stag standing upon a rock listens in the solitude; a lion dreams with eyes half closed; a gazelle lies relaxed in death; a rabbit hunched up into a ball is nibbling peacefully; a heron, that melancholy philosopher, is depicted sleeping poised upon one leg, head beneath wing.

Gifted with a penetrating and analytical mind, Barye studied nature in all her infinite variety. He knew the distinctive characteristics of each race, the peculiarities of each species. No two of his animals are alike. Each has the individual aspect, pose, and attitude proper to it—its own individuality, as it were. His panther from Tunis is very different from the panther from India; his stag from the banks of the Ganges could not be confounded with the stag from France; and a horse fancier would recognize at first glance not only whether the horse he depicts belonged to one or another breed, but whether it was full-blooded or half-blooded. But this scientific knowledge did not cramp his vitalizing power. His animals are neither stiffened nor imprisoned in their bronze forms. Their immobility seems only an instant's suspension of movement. Let the fairy's wand touch them and they will resume that movement. Nor have they any of that mournful sadness or dishonored look which comes to an animal long confined in a cage. His beasts live in the boundless desert, in the tangled depths of inaccessible forests, or on the crags of rugged mountains, superb in the full development of their natural forces.

Note, too, that in Barye's animals the effect of movement is no local thing, or brought about by any ingenious trick or artifice of the studio. The roaring lion roars with every limb, from his rising mane to his lashing tail; the pointing dog shows in every muscle fixity which precedes the spring. Break one of his bronzes, carry a limb to some disciple of Cuvier, and he will reconstruct for you not only the animal, but its attitude.

Barye by no means stopped with the rendering of exterior forms. He gives us the inner qualities quite as forcibly—the temperament, the instinct. With what feline voluptuousness this jaguar sucks the blood of his victims! Is not this elephant wise and debonair despite his colossal bulk? Does not this curveting and whinnying horse show pride in his freedom and elegance of movement?

It has often been avouched that Barye had a special liking for murderous

and terrible scenes. I believe that those who think this do not fully understand his work. In even the most terrible of these mortal combats he never evidences a taste for cruelty. He merely avails himself of the fittest means to exhibit the ferocity of the beasts which he represents. Unquestionably the bent of his genius did attract him to displays of force and nervous power; but he could see equally what was graceful and fantastic in animal life. Terrible and tragic when he shows us a tiger furious in his rage, he is equally graceful and charming when he shows us a light and slender gazelle, and delightfully humorous when he depicts a bear in his trough, another standing clumsily on his hind legs, or a solemn heron riding on the back of a tortoise. Again he has his epic side, as in his 'Seated Lion,' and makes himself "the Michelangelo of the animal world."

Barye effected a revolution in the sculpture of his time. Before him not only were certain animals thought unworthy of the sculptor's attention, but even those which passed for noble, like the lion and the horse, had come to be considered of only secondary importance—as mere accessories to the human figures. But Barye brushed aside the impossibly noble courser, whose function it was to bear heroes or draw triumphant cars, and took for his model the living horse. The half-heraldic, half-classic lion with his humanized face seemed to him ridiculous, and he conceived the novel idea—which, somehow, seemed monstrous to his contemporaries—of studying him in the menagerie. For convention and formalism he substituted vitality and truth.

Was he then a "realist," this innovator? Before answering the question it would be wise to come to an understanding as to the exact sense of that much-abused term. If realism be the conscientious, penetrating, faithful rendering of nature, if, in a word, it implies a passion for truth, we may count Barye among the realists, and as one of realism's greatest glories. If, on the other hand, by realism is meant nothing but a servile reproduction of every manifestation of nature, a copying of the real object with Chinese fidelity, and without choice as to that object, and if the search for the real blind the seeker to all save the outward show of things—then Barye never was a realist. He investigated the structure of animals, knew the dimensions of each bone, dissected their bodies curiously; but, better than any one could tell him, he knew the exact point where anatomy stops and art begins. Never is his work a mere display of erudition; never did he parade his knowledge of technical details.

His forms, rendered though they are with scrupulous care, defy the dissecting-knife, for there are two kinds of truth even of structure, one of which we may call "anatomical truth" and the other "artistic truth." One is positive, brutal, unvarying; the other shows things according to the laws of art, and brings to that depiction beauty, order, harmony, and mass. Barye was master of both of these truths, but he availed himself of the anatomical truth only that he might base his artistic truth upon a surer foundation. He suppressed, or rather merely hinted at, the secondary parts and multiplex details of the muscular system, and modeled, as art demands, in large planes and masses; but these correspond so accurately to the anatomical divisions of the bony structure that it does not suffer, while art gains. He combined two

natures, that of the artist and that of the naturalist; and the artist, who conceived and planned, was dominant; the naturalist obeyed and executed, and was secondary.

It is a strange fact that Barye, who in representing animals rendered the impression of movement and life so powerfully, seemed to obey quite another impulse in representing man. Here, instead of movement and strain, he depicted almost wholly attitudes which are calm, tranquil, and full of a grave dignity. Though with less serenity and a less degree of ideal elevation, his statues, like those of antiquity, show us primarily beautiful bodies, and express no transient emotions. Their whole end seems to be to image forth beauty through harmony of plastic perfection. He may be compared to the Greek masters whenever he touches the human figure *per se*, for in every case he represents not a man, but man taken in the broadest abstraction. By effacement of individuality he elevates his statue to a type—and upon this point the sculptor of the figure and the sculptor of the animal in him were one.

Some attempt has been made to establish a link between the character of Egyptian sculpture and Barye's style. In the general silhouette, in the envelop of lines, there is a certain nobility common to both; but the art of Egypt is more solemn, more majestic, more grandiose than Barye's, and has none of his warmth, intimacy, and life. What a contrast, for instance, between the Egyptian Sphinx, crouching for eternity, and a tiger by Barye, leaping in fury upon its adversary. His work recalls, if it recalls anything, the animal sculpture of Assyria rather than that of Egypt; but he could not have been influenced by Assyrian models. He had exhibited all his prime qualities ten years before the newly discovered bas-reliefs from Khorsabad revealed the impressive art of Nineveh to France.

Where, then, may we discover the parentage of Barye's genius, or trace the influences which unconsciously went to the formation of his talents? Perhaps all that it is safe to affirm is that his genius was primarily that of his own time and country expressed through his own strong individual temperament. The transports of imagination, the ideal flights, the aspirations which glorified Renaissance art in Italy during its golden period were not for him; but he did possess that temperance, practical good sense, analytical power, and faculty of lucid conception and clear expression which have been the natural qualities of the French school of art at its best. To him, as to most French artists, the domain of transcendent and abstract conception was closed. His is an art neither of sentiment nor of emotion, but of form and of force. He was not a poet. He had a message, and spoke to his own time and in his own language what was given him to say; but that message was a new one, and was spoken with a plenitude and energy which will make it forever superb.
—FROM THE FRENCH

CHARLES D'HENRIET 'REVUE DES DEUX MONDES' 1870

BARYE transports us into a world the existence of which we half forget—a world without mercy or pity, in which necessity, the only law, dominates; a world in which fear, craft, and violence reign. But he, the creator, looks on without emotion; he does not sympathize; he sheds no tears; he

points no moral and draws no conclusion. He merely depicts, shows us the fact—that is his rôle. Antique in his calm aloofness, as in his precision and firmness of hand, he is yet modern in his love of the dramatic, the striking, and the picturesque.

EUGÈNE GUILLAUME 'NOTICES ET DISCOURS'

IT would have been impossible to predict the promise of Barye's future from his first competition medal, 'Milo of Crotona Devoured by a Lion,' made when he was trying for the Prix de Rome in 1819, or from another bas-relief sketch of this same period, 'Hector Reproaching Paris.' Only when poverty forced him to abandon his academic studies and he entered Fauconnier's workshop, and there, for some unknown reason, took up the modeling of animals, did his originality begin to develop.

His first real masterpiece was the 'Lion Crushing a Serpent,' exhibited in 1833. Compare this monarch of the desert, thin, and rough of hide, with the academic lion which had theretofore been the accepted type in sculpture —a solemn, coldly ornamental beast, destitute of all real nobility, and whose majesty, such as it is, was pure attribution, and in no wise derived from nature—and we may readily grasp the essential elements of novelty in Barye's work. These consisted primarily of a first-hand study of the beast itself, and of a profound knowledge of its anatomical structure.

But Barye's 'Lion and Serpent' showed even more. It was a work of militant romanticism. His lion was a wild lion, with every trace of wildness emphasized, and it was this which gave the group its moving quality. Like the ancient sculptors, he marked with extraordinary distinctness the gullet and paw, those members of the animal which are the instruments of its energy, and most necessary to its existence—but unlike them, his work has no architectonic restraint or touch of symbolism. Neither, on the other hand, does it show any taint of the theatrical, the humanly emotional, such as marked the animal paintings of Rubens, Snyders, and their school. His lion is depicted purely for himself, with all considerations of environment, ornament, and *mise en scène* disregarded. He is beautiful only with the beauty of his native wildness, dignified only with the dignity of natural might.

Thanks to innate genius, coupled with his study of living nature, Barye with this group freed animal-sculpture from all captivity, whether from that of the menagerie or from the still more stifling imprisonment of convention. But he had not yet reached his height. The 'Lion Crushing a Serpent' lacked that breadth of treatment, that simplification, which the laws of plastic art require, and which distinguish sculpture from mere casts from life.

To such a criticism Barye's 'Seated Lion' of 1847 might seem an answer. It is a work of monumental sculpture of the first order. The principal divisions of the body, the muscular masses, the head and the mane, are all rendered with a simplicity and energy which equal the finest animal-sculptures of Egypt and Assyria. But though equally monumental and imposing, Barye's lion shows none of the coldness, the architectonic impassibility, of Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture, in which planes and proportions were established by

rigid and hieratic tradition. Equally typical, the type has here been arrived at through the observation and digestion of natural detail. Barye's lion is real, might live, might leap down from the pedestal; yet all this naturalism is subordinated to the central oneness of the whole—the statue is the abstract of leonine being.

In his 'Seated Lion,' then, Barye showed that he had learned the lesson which all modern sculptors must learn; namely, that the point of departure of true art is not from the ideal, but must spring from nature and thence attain to ideality. In this work, while remaining fundamentally true to life, he had by force of genius and plastic energy attained supreme sculptural expression.

Meantime, though devoting most of his attention to animal-sculpture, Barye had not neglected man. The numerous figures of his earlier years, such as the horsemen in his hunting groups, are remarkable for vitality and truthfulness to the race and time to which they belong; and in his later works, in which he dealt with the figure primarily, such as the four stone groups for the Louvre, he proved himself no less a master of the forms of man than of animals, exhibiting the same characteristics—energy of conception, breadth in execution, and essential truth to structure—in rendering both.

This joint knowledge of the anatomy of man and beast qualified Barye to excel in a branch of sculpture in which most other modern artists have signally failed—the representation of such chimerical beings as the hippogriff of his 'Rogero and Angelica,' the centaur of his 'Centaur and Lapith' and the minotaur of his 'Theseus Slaying the Minotaur.' The hippogriff, for example, is a horse, whose beak and claws appear under Barye's hand, if fantastic, at least not impossible, for not only are they real beak and claws, but their junctures with the nose and fetlocks of the horse are true anatomical junctures; the wings—most difficult features to handle successfully in sculpture—seem able to sustain the animal and capable of movement by his muscles. In the minotaur, again, note the absolutely convincing juncture of the bull's head with the man's shoulders.

If the aim of sculpture be to disengage and present the essential and permanent elements in living beings, Barye took the surest road, for there is no more certain way to determine what these constituent and immutable elements are than by the study ot nature. Every animal that he molded was first, and above all else, the representation of some particular species, and of some particular instinct. Moreover, he scrupulously obeyed that law which demands that the artist shall depict nothing untrue to the nature of his model, or incapable of being expressed through its natural exterior form. In not one of his works do we find any attempt at theatrical *mise en scène*, any trace of the "pathetic fallacy." Each of his figures lives solely for and of itself, absorbed in its own individuality. He never takes a subject out of its own sphere, never gives it an emotion which is unnatural to it.

But let not this insistence upon naturalism as Barye's prime tenet mislead the reader into thinking that he was a mere realist—a copier of actuality. Nothing could be further from the truth. Nature served as the basis of his

works, but those works were ideal. He strove to discover for himself what nature's facts really were, and then (if I may employ the figure) cast the metal of these facts in the mold of his own genius. You will never find one of his works, not even the hastiest sketch, that is a mere portrait or imitation of reality. It would have been opposed to his whole conception of sculpture to consecrate in bronze or plaster the relative disorder of any individual form.

Let us now for a moment consider Barye's work from a more technical standpoint. To begin with, the subjects he preferred to treat are not those which represent emotions. He shows us neither joy nor sadness. His heroes fight impassively, his animals satisfy their instincts. What he did choose to represent was movement, and he selected the most suitable material for sculpture which depicts movement; namely, bronze. To assure solidity in a marble group with much variety of outline the sculptor is compelled to make use of purely artificial supports (we all know the impossible stump, growing impossibly under the belly of the horse); but the tenacity of bronze allows small supports to carry large masses, so that the outline may be kept free; and, as it is hardly necessary to point out, the essential feature in sculpture dealing primarily with movement is outline.

Moreover, bronze, with its strong reflections of high light and black wells of shadow, does not show forms by the delicate transitions between half-lights and half-shades as marble does, so that objects molded in it are mainly distinguished by their contours; and in choosing bronze as his medium Barye chose material best suited to his style, for he excelled in drawing, or outline. Indeed he drew better than he modeled, cared more for line than for surface. His forms are analyzed and summed up in broad surfaces bounded by lines of remarkable sweep and firmness. His, in a word, was the architectural type of sculpture, and it is perhaps this quality that allies it with earlier antique carvings, giving certain of his works something of an archaic look that sets them back in time, and lends them an aspect of authority that most modern sculpture lacks.

If such are the ideas that Barye's works suggest, these works themselves stand above censure, either by artist or scientist. We may hand them down to posterity secure in the conviction that our judgment of their eminence will be confirmed.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Barye

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'SEATED LION' PLATE I

IN 1836 Barye exhibited the plaster original of this colossal 'Seated Lion.' Eleven years later the French government had it reproduced in bronze, and set up beside the stately Pavilion de Flore entrance to the Louvre, facing

the Seine. As another figure was needed to balance it on the other side of the portal, Barye was asked to furnish a duplicate. This seemed to him an artistic heresy which he could not countenance. To his thinking, the only possible companion for the 'Seated Lion' would be another figure which should not cheapen the first by suggesting an indefinite number of seated lions all cast from the same mold. But the price he demanded for a companion work (which, indeed, he seemed not at all anxious to undertake) was so high that the authorities revoked the commission, and, in spite of his protest, had a reversed duplicate cast for the other side of the entrance—an action which wounded him cruelly.

The 'Seated Lion' is unquestionably Barye's masterpiece in the monumental style. "Abandoning all the minute details which marked his previous work," writes Arsène Alexandre, "Barye here composed in the broadest and most monumental lines, and modeled in the most vigorous and summary masses, so that the eye, distracted by no detail, feels at a glance the powerful tranquillity and august pride of the whole. Conscious of his might, the lion seems at once to command, to disdain, to watch, to dream, and to guard; yet beneath the outward calm we divine the inner force. It would be impossible to imagine a more striking presentment of power in repose."

'ELEPHANT OF SENEGAL RUNNING' PLATE II

BARYE was careful to discriminate between different species in his representations of animals. We do not need the "Senegal" to tell us that this 'Elephant Running' is from Africa. The elephant of Asia has smaller ears and tusks, its back is curved upwards and its brow is straight, while the African elephant has a brow curved outward and a hollow back.

"This figure," writes Roger Ballu, "is a wonderful piece of work. The elephant has agility, a certain grace, even lightness; and yet all this without prejudice to the essential bulk and heaviness of the natural animal."

The height of the figure is five and a half inches.

'PANTHER SEIZING A STAG' PLATE III

THE full title of this group, which was modeled about 1851, and which measures fifteen inches high, is given in Barye's catalogue as 'A Large Panther Seizing a Stag of the Ganges.'

"The stag's hind quarters sink," writes M. Roger Ballu, "his head and neck are borne almost to the ground under the terrible pressure of the panther's paw, struck between his eyes and muzzle, while the latter, the superb mounting line of his body rising from the squatting hind paws as a base, seizes the neck of the stag in his jaws, and bears down his prey beneath his weight."

'TIGER DEVOURING A CROCODILE' PLATE IV

THE Parisian public was startled, at the Salon of 1831, by this group, which was shown in plaster, half life-size. Its audacious realism shocked many. "You smell the menagerie as you look at it," wrote one critic. "Its over-naturalness debases the art of sculpture," wrote another. Nevertheless

its vivid vitality compelled attention. "What energy, what ferocity," writes Gautier; "what a thrill of satisfied lust for killing shows in the flattened ears, the savage, gleaming eyes, the curved, nervous back, the clutching paws, the rocking haunches, and the writhing tail of the panther, and how the poor scaly monster doubles in agony under those cutting teeth and claws."

The group first showed Barye as an innovating spirit in sculpture, and it is evident that (as a writer in the 'Magazine of Art' has pointed out), "notwithstanding its vitality and truth, the work was still too close to merely imitative realism; Barye had not yet gained that authority which later enabled him to accentuate the typical and subordinate the merely accidental."

The full title of the group, which was bought by the French government in 1848 for the Luxembourg Gallery and is now in the Louvre, is 'A Tiger Devouring a Gavial of the Ganges.' The gavial is a species of crocodile in which the end of the snout attains, in old males, the flattened protuberance shown in Barye's model.

'THESEUS SLAYING THE MINOTAUR' — PLATE V

THOUGH Barye made his greatest fame as the sculptor of animals, hardly one of his many human figures is insignificant or undignified. The critics previously quoted have spoken at length of his treatment of man, and M. Guillaume has also pointed out (see page 35) that his knowledge of anatomy fitted him especially for the representation of such half-man, half-animal beings as the bull-headed minotaur of this group, which is perhaps his most masterly achievement outside animal-sculpture.

The minotaur was, in Greek mythology, a monster which devoured the youths and maidens whom the Athenians were periodically compelled to send him as a tribute. He was killed by the hero Theseus, and Barye shows us the climax of the struggle.

"In creating this work," writes Clément, "Barye could hardly fail to remember the 'Theseus' of the Parthenon; but though he preserved the Greek type, he borrowed nothing, and the group, while imbued with the antique sentiment and character, has all the life and warmth of a modern work. The virile beauty of Theseus, with his broadly massed torso, proud attitude, and superhuman calm, contrasts markedly with the bestial fury and gross, heavy limbs of the minotaur. Brute force is struggling against heroic intelligence, and we have no doubt of the result."

"Had this group," writes Mr. De Kay, "been dug up at Pompeii or Olympia every art magazine in the world would have had its portrait and expatiated on its magnificent Greekness; every museum would have sent for casts, and lecturers would have pointed out wherein the modern lagged far behind the ancients; namely, in the wonderfully fresh way the real was blended with the ideal. It falls short of the very greatest sculpture known only by having in a less degree that bright and godlike serenity we find in such works as the 'Venus of Melos.'"

The group was begun in 1841 and finished in 1846, though not exhibited at the Salon till 1851. It measures eighteen inches high.

'STANDING BEAR' PLATE VI

OF all the animals which Barye introduced to an astonished public in the early nineteenth century, perhaps that which surprised them most was the bear. From time immemorial the lion had been considered a noble animal; the horse was allowed in sculpture because the ancients had treated him, and because without him equestrian statuary would have been impossible; the boar and dog were tolerated because of their ennobling connection with the chase; but the clumsy bear was considered distinctly unworthy of the honors of bronze or marble. Barye, however, took poor, outcast Bruin for one of his favorite subjects, representing him, singly or in groups, at least ten times; and one of his best achievements in a lighter mood is this 'Standing Bear,' which he produced in 1833. There is something waggish about the little figure (it measures only nine and a half inches high), which yet expresses admirably that mixture of force and heavy awkward indolence characteristic of bears of all species.

'WALKING LION' PLATE VII

"THE epithet 'paper-weights' was often applied to Barye's smaller bronzes by those whom it pleased to sneer at them," writes Arsène Alexandre. "Perhaps the title was never more ridiculously inappropriate than when aimed at such a figure as the 'Walking Lion,' even though it measures but thirteen inches high. The play of the muscles is so accurately observed, the whole line of the body, from the mane just beginning to rise in anger to the tail which impatiently lashes the air, is rendered with such vitality, and the legs give such an impression of just moving into the next step, that it would be truer to say that the glance *follows* the animal rather than observes him. If the 'Walking Lion' be a paper-weight, it is worthy to hold down only such papers as the manuscripts of Shakespeare or Victor Hugo!"

'WOLF SEIZING A STAG BY THE THROAT' PLATE VIII

THE wolf, leaping from cover, has seized the running stag by the throat. The stag's impetus has dragged the wolf under his belly, but now he is pinned fast and can run no further. Again Barye gives us the supreme moment of the struggle. "It seems," writes M. Alexandre, "as if he threw his combatants together and then waited, calmly, to seize the vital moment which was to decide the fate of the mortal duel."

'JAGUAR DEVOURING A HARE' PLATE IX

"THE jaguar, squatting on his hind paws, his belly settling to the ground, raises his breast, propped on one forepaw, the strong bone of its joint breaking the serpentine line of the flank, and burrows his jaws into the entrails of the hare, his neck furrowed with great swellings," writes Edmond de Goncourt. "The hungry, eager reach of neck and shoulders, the contented settling down of the hind quarters, dimpled with nervous contractions,

the infolding of the powerful hind legs, the writhe of the tail—the torsion at its end suggesting the last ebb of the excitement of the attack—the terrible puckering of the face, the laying back of the small ears, the skilful opposition of the effect of those parts in which the muscles are relaxed and dormant and those in which they are tense and in action—all this makes the group one of those imitations of nature beyond which sculpture cannot go. Truly it is a perfect rendering of the fierce, gluttonous, voluptuous enjoyment of the feline beast in the taste of blood."

If any one of Barye's works can fairly be termed his masterpiece it is this group, exhibited in plaster at the Salon of 1850, and in bronze at the Salon of 1852. It measures fifteen and a half inches high.

'LION CRUSHING A SERPENT' PLATE X

IN a much-quoted passage Théophile Gautier has imagined the effect which this lion, first exhibited in plaster at the Salon of 1833, must have made upon the servile academic images of the animal which sculptors had been heretofore content to reproduce. "These marble lions," he writes, "had manes like the perruque wigs of the time of Louis XIV., the neatly waved locks of which fell gracefully over their backs; their faces were debonair, with almost human features, reminding one of the traditional countenance of the 'noble father' in the old comedies; their flaccid bodies, seemingly stuffed with bran, showed no trace of bone or muscle; and one uplifted paw usually rested gracefully on a ball—not a very leonine gesture it must be confessed. . . . At the sight of Barye's superb and terrible beast, bristling his unkempt mane, wrinkling his muzzle with a rage mingled with disgust above the hideous reptile which, pinned under his claws, writhes in a convulsion of impotent rage, all these poor old marble lions must have whipped their tails between their legs, and let the balls which served to keep them in countenance, escape."

The details in this group are not so broadly handled as in Barye's later work, and the outline of the whole is, from a distance, somewhat confused; but all critics agree in regarding it as a masterpiece of energy and realism.

It was purchased by the French government, and in 1835, cast in bronze, was set up in the Tuileries Garden, where it still stands. A cast of it has been presented by France to the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It measures a trifle over four feet in height.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF BARYE

Shortly after Barye's death an exhibition of his works, comprising some three hundred and fifty bronzes or plaster models, one hundred oil-paintings, seventy water-colors, and upwards of one hundred drawings and sketches, was held at the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris. These represented the contents of his studio at the time of his death. In addition to these he had executed a number of unique works which were in private collections or in public places. The Corcoran Gallery, Washington, now possesses perhaps the most satisfactory collection of his bronzes. The following list takes account only of Barye's animal and figure sculptures. For his decorative pieces, paintings in oil and water-color, etchings, drawings, etc., see the reprint of Barye's own catalogues given in Roger Ballu's 'Barye' and the list in Arsène Alexandre's 'Barye.'

PIECES OF LARGE SIZE AND PUBLIC MONUMENTS

CORSICA. AJACCIO: Equestrian Statue of Napoleon I.—FRANCE. LYONS MUSEUM: Tiger devouring Virginian Stag—MARSEILLES MUSEUM: Two Tigers devouring a Stag; Lion devouring Wild Boar; Lion devouring Antelope—PARIS: Bas-relief Lion, Column of July—PARIS, CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE: St. Clotilde—PARIS, LOUVRE: Tiger devouring a Crocodile (Plate IV). [ENTRANCE TO PAVILION DE FLORE] Seated Lion (Plate I). [COUR DU CARROUSEL] Four Stone Groups: (1) War, (2) Peace, (3) Force, (4) Order; Napoleon III. dominating History and the Arts (bas-relief); Two Figures of Youths representing Rivers—PARIS, TUILERIES GARDEN: Lion crushing Serpent (Plate X).

BRONZE FIGURES

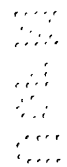
TABLE Decoration for Duke of Orleans, comprising nine pieces: (1) Hunt of Tiger with Elephant, (2) Hunt of Lion with Buffaloes, (3) Hunt of Wild Ox, (4) Hunt of Bear, (5) Hunt of Elk, (6) Eagle and Wild Goat, (7) Serpent with Bison, (8) Lion with Boar, (9) Leopard with Doe; Bust of the Duke of Orleans; Napoleon Bonaparte; Amazon; Gaston de Foix; Charles VI. in the Forest of Mans; Charles VII.; Tartar Warrior reining up Horse; Two Arab Cavaliers killing Lion; Medieval Cavalier; Arab Cavalier killing Wild Boar; Arab Cavalier killing Lion; Cavalier surprised by Serpent; Elephant ridden by Indian crushing Tiger; Warrior of the Caucasus; Huntsman, Louis XV. Costume; Medieval Peasant; Rogero and Angelica on the Hippogriff; The Graces; Nereid arranging Necklace; Minerva; Apollo; Juno; Theseus slaying the Minotaur (Plate V); Centaur and Lapith; Theseus struggling with Centaur Bianor.

BRONZE ANIMALS

MONKEY on Gnu; Bear pulled down by Dogs; Bear fleeing from Dogs; Two Young Bears boxing; Bear eating an Owl; Standing Bear (Plate VI); Seated Bear; Ratel stealing Eggs; Greyhound lying down; 'Tom,' Algerian Greyhound; Harrier fetching Hare; Dalmatian Dog and Pheasant; Spaniel and Dalmatian Dogs pointing Partridges; Spaniel pointing Pheasant; Seated Hound; Standing Hound; English Hound; Wolf seizing Stag by the Throat (Plate VIII); Wolf abandoning his Prey; Wolf caught in Trap; Two Young Lions; Lion holding Guiba; Lion devouring Doe; Lion and Serpent (Sketch for the 'Lion' of the Tuileries Garden); Seated Lion; Lioness of Senegal; Lioness of Algeria; Walking Lion (Plate VII); Walking Tiger; Walking Lion (new model); Walking Tiger (new model); Tiger surprising Antelope; Panther seizing a Stag (Plate III); Tiger surprising a Stag; Tiger devouring Gazelle; Panther lying down; Panther of India; Panther of Tunis (bis); Panther surprising Civet-cat; Panther holding Stag; Jaguar devouring Hare (Plate IX); Walking Jaguar; Standing Jaguar; Jaguar holding Alligator; Jaguar devouring Agouti; Sleeping Jaguar; Jaguar devouring Crocodile; Ocelot carrying off Heron; Cat; Rabbit; Seated Hare; Startled Hare; Elephant crushing Tiger; Elephant of China; Elephant of Senegal running (Plate II); Elephant of Asia; Elephant of Africa; Horse surprised by Lion; Full-blooded Horse; Half-blooded Horse; Half-blooded Horse with lowered Head; Turkish Horse; Percheron Horse; Wild Ass; Dromedary of Algeria (bis); Dromedary of Egypt; Dromedary ridden by Arab; Persian Camel; Elk surprised by Lynx; Family of Deer; Stag pulled down by Scotch Hound; French Stag walking; French Stag resting; Stag listening; Stag belling; Stag with lifted Leg; Family of Stags; Stag rubbing Horns against Tree; Spotted Deer; Java Stag; Spotted Stag; Stag of the Ganges; Virginian Stag; Dead Wild Goat; Ethiopian Gazelle; Kevel; Bull; Rearing Bull seized by Tiger; Bull pulled down by Bear; Small Bull; Buffalo; Wounded Boar; Eagle holding Heron; Eagle with outspread Wings; Eagle holding Serpent; Parrakeet on Tree; Pheasant; Wounded Pheasant; Chinese Golden Pheasant; Stork standing on Tortoise; Owl; Marabout Stork; Tortoise; Crocodile; Crocodile devouring Antelope; Python swallowing Doe; Python strangling Crocodile; Lion of the Zodiac (bas-relief reduction of the Lion of the Bastille); Leopard (bas-relief); Panther (bas-relief); Genet carrying off a Bird (bas-relief); Virginian Stag (bas-relief); Buck; Doe and Fawn; Doe lying down;

UofM

VERONESE
THE VISION OF ST. HELENA
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



UofM

VERONESE
THE FAMILY OF DARIUS BEFORE ALEXANDER
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Scanned with CamScanner

VERONESE
CHRIST AT EMMAUS
LOUVRE, PARIS

U of M

VERONESE
THE HOLY FAMILY WITH SAINTS
ACADEMY VENICE

VERONESE
THE MARRIAGE AT CANA
LOUVRE, PARIS

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

[493]

VERONESE
THE RAPE OF EUROPA
DUCAL PALACE, VENICE

Uof M

VERONESE
THE TRIUMPH OF VENICE
DUCAL PALACE, VENICE

UofM

VERONESE
PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN
LOUVRE, PARIS

VERONESE
THE FINDING OF MOSES
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

Scanned with CamScanner

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON
[441]

VERONESE
ST. MARCUS AND ST. MARCELLINUS LED TO MARTYRDOM
CHURCH OF SAN SEBASTIANO, VENICE

PORTRAIT OF VERONESE BY HIMSELF UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

Paolo Veronese was tall and of distinguished appearance. His complexion was dark and his features regular. The portrait here reproduced was painted by the artist towards the latter part of his life. He is dressed in a fur-trimmed garment of neutral tint, and wears about his neck the gold chain which was conferred upon him by the Venetian Senate in recognition of his genius.

MASTERS IN ART

Paolo Caliari

CALLED

Veronese

BORN 1528: DIED 1588
VENETIAN SCHOOL

PAOLO CALIARI, or Cagliari, better known as Paolo Veronese (pronounced Vay-ro-nay-sy), was born in Verona, as his cognomen implies, in the year 1528. His father, Gabriele Caliari, was a sculptor, and it was under his parent's tuition that Paolo's artistic education was begun; but as he soon gave evidence of a marked predilection for painting, his father relinquished the idea of training him in his own branch of art, and sent him, at the age of fourteen, to the studio of his uncle, Antonio Badile, a painter of some reputation in Verona. According to Vasari, he also received instruction from another and more noted master of that city, Giovanni Caroto, though of this there is no existing proof. As some of his early works bear resemblances to those of Domenico Brusasorci, it has been with reason conjectured that he studied under that painter, and it has also been said that to facilitate his studies he copied many of Dürer's engravings, and that he was influenced by Parmigiano's drawings, for which he conceived a great admiration.

Before he was twenty Paolo Veronese was already spoken of as an artist of brilliant promise. His earliest works were painted for the churches of his native city, but Verona offered only a limited field for his abilities, and in 1551 he accepted the invitation of Cardinal Ercole Gonzaga, eldest son of the Marquis of Mantua, to take part with Brusasorci and other painters of Verona in the decoration of the Mantuan cathedral. The works he executed there have long since disappeared, but we are told that they so far surpassed those of his collaborators that upon his return to Verona he found himself the object of considerable ill-will and jealousy.

It was not long after this that Veronese was called upon by the counts of Porti to decorate the villa which they had built at Tiene, near Vicenza. There for the first time he was given full liberty in choice and treatment of his subject; and in collaboration with another young painter of Verona, Gian

Battista Zelotti by name, whose work harmonized admirably with his own, he painted upon the walls of the villa, scenes from mythology and classic history, in which are congregated gods and goddesses, knights, warriors, and noble ladies clad in sumptuous raiment. Accompanied by Zelotti, Veronese is next heard of at the Palazzo Emo at Fanzolo, near Castelfranco, where the two artists painted a series of mythological subjects.

At about this time Zelotti, having received a commission to execute some work in Vicenza, parted from Veronese, who, a master now of considerable reputation, forthwith decided to try his fortune in Venice. This was in 1555, when he was twenty-seven years of age. A friend and fellow-townsman, Bernardo Torlioni, was then living in Venice as prior of the convent of San Sebastiano, and to him Veronese turned upon his arrival in the strange city. Well aware of the talent of the gifted young artist of whom Verona was already proud, the prior at once obtained a commission for him to paint a 'Coronation of the Virgin' and four other subjects for the sacristy of the Church of San Sebastiano, and such was the success of this work that he was intrusted with the decoration of the ceiling of the church, upon which he painted scenes from the story of Esther and Ahasuerus.

When first shown to the public, these works, which seemed to breathe the very spirit of Venice, with its blue sky, its luminous atmosphere, and its palatial architecture, produced a profound impression. At once the fame of the young Veronese painter was assured. He soon became the most popular artist of the day in Venice, acknowledged by one and all to be well-nigh the equal of Tintoretto, who was ten years his senior, and even to rival Titian, then in his eightieth year; and by no one did Veronese's talent receive readier recognition than by that great painter, who, despite his years, was still full of vigor, and whose opinion and judgment still swayed the art world of Venice. With such a friend to advance his progress, and with the assured patronage as well of Sansovino, the eminent architect and director of public buildings in Venice, and with his own brilliant genius to enable him to realize all expectations, Veronese's career became from that time forth a series of triumphs.

The moment chosen for his advent in Venice was, moreover, propitious. The city was at the zenith of her glory. Commerce was active, riches abundant, and at a period of such prosperity there was no scarcity of employment for either architect or artist. Veronese, quickly recognized by all as a master, was soon in receipt of many and important commissions for work in churches and in public buildings. His early patrons, the monks of San Sebastiano, repeatedly asked him to add to his decorations in their church, and he always willingly complied with their request, so that in course of time the Church of San Sebastiano became a veritable treasure-house of his art. At Titian's recommendation he was employed by the Venetian senate, in 1562, to work on the Ducal Palace together with Tintoretto and Orazio Vecelli, Titian's son. The decorations painted there by these three artists in the Hall of the Great Council all perished in the fire of 1577.

It was also at about this time that Veronese was commissioned by the proc-

urators of St. Mark's to decorate, in conjunction with several of the most celebrated artists of Venice, some of the newly built halls in the Library of St. Mark's, the understanding being that a prize of honor, over and above the price agreed upon for the work, should be conferred upon him who should best acquit himself in the undertaking. "And after all the pictures had been well examined," writes Vasari, "a golden chain was placed around the neck of Paolo Veronese, he, by the opinion of all, being adjudged to have done the best."

In 1563 Veronese painted for the Convent of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice, one of his most famous works, the immense picture of 'The Marriage at Cana,' now in the Gallery of the Louvre, Paris. Three other large canvases representing similar scenes were executed by him later for different religious bodies — 'The Feast at the House of Simon,' now also in the Louvre, another of the same subject, now in the Brera Gallery, Milan, and 'The Feast at the House of Levi,' now in the Venice Academy. "All these great compositions," writes a recent critic, "in spite of their sacred titles, were, in reality, merely reproductions of those sumptuous banquets and festive entertainments in which the wealthy Venetians took delight, and which were marked by an ever-increasing degree of state and ceremonial. The presence of Christ and his disciples are but insignificant accessories in the scene. The stately Palladian architecture and gorgeous costumes, the crowd of musicians, the buffoons and lackeys, the gold and silver plate, the silken canopies and banners, are all borrowed from Venetian life."

Veronese delighted in the portrayal of such scenes. It is said that upon the back of one of his drawings the following note in the painter's own handwriting was found; whether it be authentic or not, it is at any rate highly characteristic of the man who excelled in the painting of splendid ceremonials. "If I ever have time," so the note reads, "I want to represent a sumptuous banquet in a superb hall, at which will be present the Virgin, the Saviour, and St. Joseph. They will be served by the most brilliant retinue of angels which any one can imagine, busied in offering them the daintiest viands and an abundance of splendid fruit in dishes of silver and gold. Other angels will hand them precious wines in transparent crystal glasses and gilded goblets, in order to show with what zeal blessed spirits serve the Lord."

On one occasion, indeed, the Church saw fit to take Veronese to account for his introduction of worldly accessories into a scene from sacred history. The picture in question was 'The Feast at the House of Levi,' now in the Venice Academy, and on July 18, 1573, Paolo Veronese was called before the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition to explain the liberties which he had taken with the text of the Holy Gospel in this picture which he had painted for one of the churches of Venice. In reply to his interrogators, who found fault with the introduction of a dog in a place where they felt that a figure of the Magdalene would have been more fitting, Veronese defended himself by saying that he had supposed the same license was granted to painters as was allowed to "poets and fools," and frankly confessed that whenever it was necessary to fill in the empty spaces of his compositions he freely put in figures of his

own invention, and while ready to show all honor to the Magdalene, he did not feel that in the place specified her figure would accord with the composition of his picture.

When asked if he considered it suitable to introduce such figures as dwarfs, buffoons, and drunken Germans—these last being regarded by the Italians of that day as rank heretics, and one of whom the painter had realistically portrayed as in the act of stanching a bleeding nose—Veronese admitted that it was not, but said that he had introduced such figures in order to express the fact that the master of the house was rich and had many servants in his employ, and pleaded by way of excuse for seeming irreverence, the examples of his great predecessors, citing as an instance Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment,' painted upon the wall of the pope's chapel in Rome, in which all the sacred personages were represented as quite nude. And was he of the opinion, asked the inquisitors, that that was proper and decent? To which Veronese made answer: "My very illustrious lords, I had not taken such matters into consideration. I paint with such study as is natural to me, and as my mind can comprehend." This, however, was not sufficient in the opinion of the Holy Office to excuse or even to palliate Veronese's offense, and having been duly reprimanded he was ordered to remove the objectionable figures in his picture at his own expense, and before the expiration of three months.

In 1564, or 1565, Veronese, then about thirty-six years old, is believed to have gone to Rome upon the invitation of Girolamo Grimani, Venetian ambassador to the papal court. The study there of the works of antique art and of the great achievements of Michelangelo and Raphael undoubtedly produced its influence upon his work; but his stay in Rome was not of long duration, for in 1565 he was again in Venice, where he was so overwhelmed with commissions that even his almost unparalleled assiduity and productive powers were severely taxed. And not only in Venice but in the adjacent country, where many of the wealthy patricians had built villas and were desirous that he should adorn their walls, did his brush find employment. Of these decorations the most important existing examples are those which he painted in the Villa Barbaro (called also Villa Maser, Villa Manin, or Villa Giacomelli), situated among the mountains near Asolo, and belonging to Daniel Barbaro, himself an artist of Venice whose wealth enabled him to live in princely style. The date of these frescos is not known. It has generally been supposed that they were painted about 1563; but their breadth of style and the frequent introduction of nude figures would seem to indicate that they belong to a period subsequent to the painter's visit to Rome, and were probably executed about 1566.

Never soliciting honors, Veronese was once reproached by Contarini for his indifference in not entering the lists with other competitors for orders to paint in the then newly restored Ducal Palace. "I know better how to deserve orders than how to seek them," was Veronese's reply. That his abstaining from the competition in no way militated against his obtaining the honors so eagerly sought for by his fellow-artists, however, is evident from

the fact that in the decoration of the palace many important works were intrusted to him.

With the exception of his journey to Rome, Paolo Veronese never traveled far from Venice, the city of his adoption, which he dearly loved. A proposition from Philip II. that he should go to Spain and there decorate the Palace of the Escorial was courteously declined by the painter, who sent in his stead Federigo Zuccaro, one of his collaborators in the Ducal Palace.

Of Veronese's private life very little is known. When nearly forty years of age, upon a visit to his native city of Verona, he married Elena, the daughter of his uncle and early master, Antonio Badile. Their two sons, Gabriele and Carletto, both followed their father's profession. From the character of Veronese's pictures, stamped as they are with a certain joyousness, it may safely be inferred that his life was happy. From the vast number of important works which he executed, as well as from the evidence offered by documents containing statements concerning the extent of his property, we know that he had acquired wealth. He is said to have been economical and thrifty; according to his early biographer, Ridolfi, even a little parsimonious—a reputation which would seem to be ill-founded, for it is well known that in some matters Veronese was lavish in his expenditure; he was, for instance, habitually arrayed in rich garments of silk and of velvet, and freely spent his money upon the costly stuffs, brocades, gold-embroidered silks, and rich draperies, with which his studio was well supplied, and which figure so largely in the sumptuous scenes he delighted to portray.

Honored and beloved, Veronese was a man of affectionate and amiable disposition, upright in character, straightforward, and frank. He did not live to the ripe old age attained by either of his great contemporaries, Titian or Tintoretto. When only sixty years old he died, April 19, 1588, from the effects of a cold contracted while taking part in the jubilee procession held in Venice on Easter Monday of that year in honor of Pope Sixtus V.

Veronese was buried in the Church of San Sebastiano, Venice, a fit resting-place for him by whose genius its walls had been so richly decorated.

The Art of Veronese

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

VERONESE'S art was a reflection of the advancing Renaissance, wherein simplicity was destined to lose itself in complexity, grandeur, and display. He came on the very crest of the Renaissance wave, when art, risen to its greatest height, was gleaming in that transparent splendor that precedes the fall.

The great bulk of his work had a large decorative motive behind it. Almost all of the late Venetian work was of that character. Hence it was brilliant in color, elaborate in subject, and grand in scale. Splendid robes, hang-

ings, furniture, architecture, jewels, armor, appeared everywhere, and not in flat lusterless hues, but with that brilliancy which they possess in nature. Drapery gave way to clothing, and texture-painting was introduced even in the largest canvases. Scenes from Scripture and legend turned into grand pageants of Venetian glory, and the facial expression of the characters rather passed out in favor of telling masses of color to be seen at a distance upon wall or ceiling. It was pomp and glory carried to the highest pitch, but with all seriousness of mood and truthfulness in art. It was beyond Titian in variety, richness, ornament, facility; but it was below Titian in sentiment, sobriety, and depth of insight. Titian, with all his sensuous beauty, appealed to the higher intelligence, while Veronese and his companions appealed more positively to the eye by luxurious color-setting and magnificence of invention. The decadence came after Veronese, but not with him. His art was the most gorgeous of the Venetian school, and by many is ranked the highest of all, but perhaps it is better to say it was the height. Those who came after brought about the decline by striving to imitate his splendor, and thereby falling into extravagance.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

VERONESE elevated pageantry to the height of serious art. His domain is noonday sunlight ablaze on sumptuous dresses and Palladian architecture. Where Tintoretto is dramatic Veronese is scenic. Titian, in a wise harmony, without either the Æschylean fury of the one or the material gorgeousness of the other, realized an ideal of pure beauty; but Tintoretto and Veronese are both of them excessive. The imagination of Tintoretto is too passionate and daring; it scathes and blinds like lightning. The sense of splendor in Veronese is overpoweringly pompous. His canvases are nearly always large—filled with figures of the size of life, massed together in groups or extended in long lines beneath white marble colonnades, which inclose spaces of clear sky and silvery clouds. Armor, shot silks and satins, brocaded canopies, banners, plate, fruit, scepters, crowns, all things, in fact, that burn and glitter in the sun, form the habitual furniture of his pictures. Rearing horses, dogs, dwarfs, cats, when occasion serves, are used to add reality, vivacity, grotesqueness, to his scenes. His men and women are large, well-proportioned, vigorous—eminent for pose and gesture rather than for grace or loveliness—distinguished by adult more than by adolescent qualities.

Veronese has no choice type of beauty for either sex. We find in him, on the contrary, a somewhat coarse display of animal force in men and of superb voluptuousness in women. He prefers to paint women draped in gorgeous raiment, as if he had not felt the beauty of the nude. Their faces are too frequently unrefined and empty of expression. His noblest creatures are men of about twenty-five, manly, brawny, crisp-haired, full of nerve and blood. In all this Veronese resembles Rubens. But he does not, like Rubens, strike us as gross, sensual, fleshly; he remains proud, powerful, and frigidly materialistic. He raises neither repulsion nor desire, but displays with the calm strength of art the empire of the mundane spirit. All the equipage

of wealth and worldliness, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—this is Veronese's realm. Again, he has no flashes of poetic imagination like Tintoretto; but his grip on the realities of the world, his faculty for idealizing prosaic magnificence, is even greater.

Veronese was precisely the painter suited to a nation of merchants, in whom the associations of the counting-house and the exchange mingled with the responsibilities of the senate and the passions of princes. He never portrayed vehement emotions. His Christs and Marys and martyrs of all sorts are composed, serious, courtly, well-fed personages, who, like people of the world accidentally overtaken by some tragic misfortune, do not stoop to distortions or express more than a grave surprise, a decorous sense of pain. His angelic beings are equally earthly.

The Venetian Rothschilds no doubt preferred the ceremonial to the imaginative treatment of sacred themes; and to do him justice, Veronese did not make what would have been in his case the mistake of choosing the *tragedies* of the Bible for representation. It is the story of Esther, with its royal audiences, coronations, and processions, the marriage feast at Cana, the banquet in the house of Levi, that he selects by preference. Even these themes he removes into a region far from biblical associations. His *mise en scène* is invariably borrowed from luxurious Italian palaces—large open courts and loggie, crowded with guests and lackeys—tables profusely laden with gold and silver plate. The same love of display led him to delight in allegory—not allegory of the deep and mystic kind, but of the pompous and processional, in which Venice appears enthroned among the deities, or Jupiter fulminates against the vices, or the genii of the arts are personified as handsome women and blooming boys. In dealing with mythology, again, it is not its poetry that he touches; he uses the tale of Europa, for example, as the motive for rich toilettes and delightful landscape, choosing the moment that has least in it of pathos. These being the prominent features of his style, it remains to be said that what is really great in Veronese is the sobriety of his imagination and the solidity of his workmanship. Amid so much that is distracting he never loses command over his subject, nor does he degenerate into fulsome rhetoric.

CHARLES YRIARTE 'PAUL VÉRONÈSE'

VERONESE was not the greatest genius of the Venetian school, but his temperament was undoubtedly the frankest, his nature the most joyous, his creative power the most inexhaustible, and he was, moreover, the most independent of all the painters of Venice. His facility of execution has never been equaled. For his color-scheme he borrowed nothing from his predecessors nor from his illustrious contemporaries. Every one of his canvases, replete with life and movement, is a feast for the eyes. The light skies of his native country are reflected in his pictures, the ever-changing hues of the lagoons of Venice, and that clear atmosphere in which her silvery domes seem to float in clouds of mother-of-pearl traversed by the rays of the sun.

Joyous, free, proud, full of health and vigor, Veronese is the very incar-

nation of the Italian Renaissance, that happy time when under smiling and propitious skies painters produced works of art with as little effort as trees put forth their blossoms and bear their fruit. There is an air of triumph in his pictures; and when, in deifying Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, or in celebrating the victories of her illustrious leaders, he clothes his subject in majestic allegories, we seem to hear the strains of martial music and the glad songs of victory. Over this race of heroes, whose forms stand forth against a great expanse of blue and open sky, light is everywhere diffused with lavish hand, while sunshine seems to fall from the painter's luminous palette.

History, religion, and mythology each plays its part in the compositions of Veronese. Gods are invested with mortal attributes; his heroes and saints are clad in the iridescent fabrics of his own epoch; Venus, Diana, Calypso and her nymphs, are all arrayed in trailing skirts of rich brocade and crimson-colored stuffs; for them he empties the coffers of the noble ladies of Venice. Dido is metamorphosed into a dogaressa; Æneas dons the armor of a sea-captain. At the 'Marriage at Cana,' with a somewhat startling anachronism, Veronese assembles in a superb palace of noble architecture, in a vast hall, and beneath marble porticos, numerous illustrious characters, from Solyman, sultan of Turkey, to the emperor Charles v., and invites to the feast many of the famous artists of his day, thus bequeathing to posterity the strangest and yet at the same time the most truthful and vivid of documents.

Veronese rarely appeals to the intellect; he seeks rather to charm and delight the eye, displaying to our vision all the splendors of light, all the wealth which heaven has bestowed upon man, all that makes material existence dear. His moral is not profound, nor is his motive serious. A painter and only a painter, his function is to prepare his colors and to portray light. As a vast orchestra pours forth floods of harmony which can be separated into a thousand different sounds, each one produced by a single instrument, so does Veronese unroll before our eyes a sumptuous scene in which the colors, each one happily assigned its place, combine in producing an effect in which we do not look for philosophy or reason, whose secret we make no attempt to penetrate, but to whose charm we invariably succumb.

Veronese excelled in the manner in which he placed his figures in an atmospheric envelop, bathing them, so to speak, in light. His imagination was excited by vast surfaces. He could be in turn charming, sprightly, pompous, majestic. Over the reddish background with which he covered his canvas before beginning to paint his picture, his brush passed quickly and lightly, his hand executing as rapidly as his brain conceived. His inspiration was all his own; he followed no rule, adhered to no tradition, utterly disregarded historical truth, and troubled himself not at all about established and consecrated types. So long as he succeeded in portraying light, life, and movement, his object was achieved.

Carpaccio was naïve and realistic; Giorgione was sad and dreamy; the princely Titian was a poet with a magician's palette; but Paolo Veronese was a strong craftsman, noble in bearing and loyal in nature, who held himself bound by no dogmas, and knew neither the effort of conception nor the

travail of thought; but the uprightness of his nature, the truth and dignity of his character, are apparent in his work; and as all true poetry has its origin in what is actual and real, so by force of light, of brilliancy, of his passion for existence, and his joy in living, Veronese's pictures may be said to be creations both lofty and inspired.—FROM THE FRENCH

W. M. ROSSETTI 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA'

IN Paolo Veronese's works the first quality which strikes one is the palatial splendor—grand architecture, stately vistas, personages of easy and affable dignity in sumptuous costumes, the crowded assemblies, the luxury of environment, the air and light, the graceful and abundant poise of action and of limb, the rhythmic movement, the sweet and lordly variegation of tint. The pictorial inspiration is entirely that of the piercing and comprehensive eye and the magical hand—not of the mind; for Veronese yields none but negative results to the touchstone either of exalted and profound imagination or of searching and constructive common sense. The human form and face are given with decorous comeliness, often with beauty. He constantly painted his figures and faces from the life, thus securing range and precision of character; but of individual and apposite expression there is next to none, and of reasoned realistic contact with the professed subject-matter—whether in general disposition, in costume and accessory, or in attitude and effort of mind—there is frequently no trace at all. In fact, Paolo Veronese is preëminently a painter working pictorially, and in no wise amenable to a literary or rationalizing standard; you can neither exhibit nor vindicate his scenic apparatus by any transcription into words. He enjoys a sight much as Ariosto enjoys a story, and displays it in form and color with a zest like that of Ariosto for language and verse.

Veronese was supreme in representing, without huddling or confusion, numerous figures in a luminous and diffused atmosphere, while in richness of draperies and transparency of shadows he surpassed all the other Venetians or Italians. In gifts of this kind Rubens alone could be pitted against him. In the moderation of art combined with its profusion he far excelled Rubens; for, dazzling as is the first impression of a great work by Veronese, there is in it, in reality, as much of soberness and serenity as of exuberance. By variety and apposition he produces a most brilliant effect of color; and yet his hues are seldom bright. He hoards his primary tints and his high lights, like a rich miser who knows how to play the genial host on occasion. A colossal spontaneity, to which a great result is only a small effort of faculty, is the chief and abiding impression derived from contemplating his works. He very rarely produced small pictures; the spacious was his element.

J. BUISSON 'CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE'

WHAT are the intrinsic and technical merits which account for the success and the fame of Paolo Veronese? In the first place, it is the perfection of the whole. Veronese is of all painters, without a single exception, the one whose work shows most unity. None of his predecessors ever ren-

dered with such certainty—nor has any painter done so since his day—the synthetic impression produced upon the human eye by the spectacles of nature; and among all great masters of the brush there is not one from whose works it is so difficult to extract details. To separate a portion from one of Veronese's compositions would indeed be like amputating a member of an organic body.

And if he has the most unity, he is also the most simple, the most truthful, the most approachable of painters; above all, the most ethereal of colorists. He is the painter of air. His values are faultless, and his shadows are at once transparent and full of color. There is no artifice about them, as in Rubens's exaggerated reflections, or in Rembrandt's excessive sacrifices which render almost monochromatic those portions of his pictures which are in deepest shadow. Veronese's lights are broad and steady, modeled without any glitter, and yet of so bright and shining a quality as to appear absolutely radiant. He was the most perfect colorist ever destined by nature to perceive the different qualities of light and color, to detect all the manifold variations in intensity and value, and to reveal them with marvelous art to ordinary mortals. It may unhesitatingly be affirmed that the laws of optics applied to his painting would reveal no law that he did not instinctively feel and put into practice. This it is, above all else, which constitutes his greatness. Around this main point, this central kernel, which may be defined as the perfection of the color sense, his other qualities—imagination, rhythm, taste, elegance, nobility, and decorative splendor—are but complementary attributes attracted into his orbit by one dominant and characteristic force.—FROM THE FRENCH

THOMAS COUTURE 'ENTRETIENS D'ATELIER'

IF Paolo Veronese is not the greatest of colorists he is assuredly the greatest of painters. His color has not the intensity of Titian's, nor is it characterized by Titian's poetic feeling; but if he be inferior to Titian in these particulars, he has a gamut of such vast extent, and is so marvelously gifted in all that constitutes a painter, that we sometimes wonder if he does not surpass all others. He possessed Titian's qualities, but not to an equal extent. His drawing is not so firm, and although his color is more luminous his tones are not so mellow; but then he is more delicate, he is more true, more varied, and more charming.

As to his manner of painting, it is quite unlike Titian's. I have no hesitation in saying that Veronese's painting is painting *par excellence;* there is nothing beyond it; it is the apogee. He paints with a full brush and a free hand. It is only in the painting of some of his draperies that he makes use of certain methods known as Venetian, and then he does it with such frankness that it is perfectly self-evident and entirely simple. Beyond that his painting is like that of all true artists—only it is better.

He seldom mixes his tones; in the flesh tints which call for a number of colors he experiments freely, placing greenish-gray tones alongside of red ones. Seen from a distance the contrast is softened and the coloring acquires strength and at the same time extreme delicacy.

Frank and beautiful colorist that he is, Veronese has none of the tricks of the luminarist. His painting is full of light—light which is always true to nature and is diffused over all. He establishes one brilliant high light and gives his picture some one strong and deep value more intense than all others, but never is he guilty of perpetrating those ingenious little devices of so many painters of light which smack of the trivial and the artificial. . . .

Like all the Venetian painters, Veronese loved strong, deep colors—heroic harmonies produced by the perfect accord of opposites. But the introduction of neutral tones, above all of the beautiful silvery grays which permeate his architectural motives, subdues his pictures and gives them distinction. His method of painting is enchanting; and yet it is never brought into undue prominence. Compare it, for instance, with Rubens's style, and the difference will be seen to be marked. In Rubens's pictures the technique is astonishing, it strikes the eye at once; whereas in Veronese's work it is just what it should be—sufficient for rendering his subject, and yet so subordinate that it never obtrudes itself.

Veronese's painting is truly virginal. It has the velvety quality of a peach, all the frank ingenuousness, the chastity of youth and beauty. His drawing is as beautiful as his color; it is elegant and straightforward and marred by no mannerisms. Of gentle birth, he expresses himself without effort. He has the grace of true distinction.—FROM THE FRENCH

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

PAOLO VERONESE is the despair of the modern artist by the volume, the quality, and the facility of his work; that he should have done so much so admirably, and should have done it all so easily, seems nearly incredible. He is not so great an artist as Titian, nor so great a poet as Tintoretto, but neither of these has produced anything which as a simple *tour de force* of painting equals the 'Marriage at Cana,' in the Louvre. In this great picture and in his 'Triumph of Venice' Veronese comes to us like a crash of music, music in which the brass is heard perhaps loudest of all, but where the strings, too, are in harmony; and if the spirit is not stirred by it the blood is, and the pulse leaps. You hear the swelling of the trumpets, the blare of the bugles; horses curvet, banners wave, men, women, and children crowd balconies and monumental staircases before palaces such as Palladio loved, and behind all a low-toned blue stands for the sky of Venice.

The pageants of the republic are the subjects which Veronese filled with a whole population of men and women who, above all else, *live* with an abounding fullness of life. With him existence seems to quicken into something stronger than its daily habit; his pictorial moment is always at its fullest; he will paint adolescents, and old men if need be, but his types have generally the vigor of middle life and are set in a perpetual pageant; it is when the drums strike, and the troops fall in, and horses begin to paw that Veronese takes up his brush; this to him is existence as it should be painted, and be-

cause his conviction was so sincere, his delight in splendor so honest, his sumptuousness is never vulgar.

Veronese is the best all-round draftsman among the Venetians of the sixteenth century; his bodies and faces have a constructive soundness rarely found in the pictures of Titian and Tintoretto, and conspicuously absent in some of the latter's greatest works. His color has a *transparent*, brilliant lightness unequaled by that of any other master, and a sweeping sureness of touch which is a delight to the modern painter. He can compose superbly when he chooses, and if at times he does it so easily that the method of it is unnoticed, the effect is the greater; in this composition he rarely troubles himself about chiaroscuro as an aid, but gets along quite well without it. Some of his pictures show a certain weakness and prettiness of color, a fondness for pinks and blues, but it is not often that his color-instinct fails; he much more frequently falls short in the expression of his subject, for he cared little about drama, and stirs us by intense vitality rather than moves us by poignancy. Some of his altar-pieces are confused and theatrical, and perhaps no Italian was ever less in love with the simple group of a Holy Family. Pushed to its logical sequence, the weaker side of his art degenerates into the overblown and coarse. But his spontaneity and naturalness, in spite of his types, which are not always exempt from grossness, save him from vulgarity. No man ever painted more instinctively and because it was his natural means of expression, and for the easy handling of great masses of people upon huge, cheerful, light-filled canvases, no master has ever equaled Paolo Veronese, the latest born, and in some respects the greatest, painter of the school of Venice.

The Works of Veronese

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE VISION OF ST. HELENA' PLATE I

ONE of Veronese's most charming works is this picture of St. Helena, the mother of the Roman emperor Constantine the Great, who, after the conversion of her son to Christianity, likewise embraced the cause, and in her zeal journeyed to Jerusalem, where she became inspired with a longing to discover the cross upon which Christ had suffered, and which had been revealed to her in a dream. At her command a temple of Venus, which stood upon the spot believed to be the place of the crucifixion, was torn down, and there, buried deep in the ground, were three crosses, one of which was proved to be the true cross by the miraculous healing power which it possessed. Constantine forthwith erected a basilica upon the spot, and at its consecration the true cross was raised on high for the veneration of the people.

"Veronese has painted St. Helena," writes M. Buisson, "as a young Venetian lady of a well-known type, asleep at her window, leaning on her elbow in an attitude more natural than mystical. Through the open window

two cherubs are seen in the sky bearing in their arms the sacred cross. St. Helena's profile is exquisite; her expression is of the utmost purity. All the charm of the woman is revealed in the curve of her throat, her delicate ear, and in her rich hair, one lock of which falls upon her shoulder. The harmony of lines and the harmony of colors are one. An impression of stillness, of ideal and perfect peace, is produced without revealing that the artist sought for anything more than the satisfaction of his art. Although 'The Vision of St. Helena' cannot be compared with the vast and splendid compositions of Veronese, it yet bears the stamp of his genius, his distinctive mark, his atmosphere."

The picture, once the altar-piece of a chapel in Venice dedicated to St. Helena, is now in the National Gallery, London. The design is believed to have been taken by Veronese from a small engraving by Marcantonio, probably after one of Raphael's drawings.

The canvas measures about six and a half feet high by nearly four feet wide.

'THE FAMILY OF DARIUS BEFORE ALEXANDER' PLATE II

THERE is a tradition that Veronese, having been detained by some accidental circumstance at the Pisani Villa, at Este, there painted this picture, now in the National Gallery, London, as a surprise for the family whose hospitality he was enjoying, and that upon his departure he left it for his hosts, with word that he was leaving behind him the wherewithal to defray the expenses of his entertainment. The large dimensions of the picture, however (it measures nearly eight feet high by fifteen and a half feet wide), to say nothing of the requirements in the way of models, etc., would seem to preclude the possibility of its having been executed in secret.

The scene represents Alexander the Great, in crimson dress and cuirass, surrounded by his generals, receiving the submission of the captive family of the Persian king, Darius, after the battle of Issus, B.C. 333; but in his treatment of the subject Veronese has given us a picture of contemporary Venetian life, and in the principal personages has freely introduced portraits of the Pisani family. Presented by a minister of Darius, Sisygambis, the queen-mother and the wife and daughters of Darius kneel at the feet of Alexander, imploring pardon for having mistaken Hephæstion, one of his generals, for the conqueror himself. Pointing to his friend, Alexander assures her that she has not erred, for that Hephæstion is indeed another Alexander. In the background is a marble arcade, upon the top of which groups of spectators are assembled.

The glowing colors in this picture are what first strike the eye. Of all Veronese's works, it is said to be the best preserved. Indeed, Rumohr speaks of it as "perhaps the only existing criterion by which to estimate the original coloring of the master." "It is in itself a school of art," writes Kugler, "where every quality of Veronese is seen in perfection—his stately male figures, his beautiful women, his noble dog, and even his favorite monkey, his splendid architecture, gem-like color, tones of gold and silver, marvelous facility of hand, and unrivaled power of composition."

'CHRIST AT EMMAUS' PLATE III

IT is interesting to compare this picture by Veronese, now in the Louvre, with that by Rembrandt of the same subject, which hangs in the same gallery (see MASTERS IN ART, Part 6, Vol. 1). In the little painting by the Dutch master, small in size, "insignificant in appearance, subdued in color," we are at once impressed by the deep religious feeling of the work in which no worldly accessories are introduced to lessen the effect produced by that marvelous face of the Saviour so full of intense feeling, of mortal suffering, and divine inspiration. Whereas in Veronese's large canvas it is not the simple and touching story as told in the Bible that is portrayed, but a scene of contemporary Venetian life with its glowing colors, rich costumes, and sumptuous setting.

In a marble-paved hall ornamented with columns, Christ, clad in a rose-colored robe and with a halo surrounding his upturned head, is seated at a table blessing the bread and wine before him. On either side is a disciple; behind are attendants busied in serving the repast, and at the right of the picture a group of people who, tradition says, represent the painter's family. In the foreground two little girls with golden hair and dressed in brocaded silk —the artist's daughters, they are called—are playing with a large dog. Between the columns at the left we look out upon a landscape in which Christ and the two disciples are seen, and in the distance the buildings of a city.

The canvas measures nearly ten feet high by about fifteen feet wide.

'THE HOLY FAMILY WITH SAINTS' PLATE IV

THIS picture, formerly in the Church of San Zaccaria, Venice, and now in the Academy of that city, represents the Madonna, with the Infant Jesus in her arms, seated in a niche, the upper portion of which is hung with black and gold tapestry. She is dressed in a red robe, a blue mantle lined with green, and behind her is extended a gray drapery held on one side by a cherub. On her left St. Joseph, in blue with a yellow cloak, leans upon his staff. Below upon a marble pedestal stands the little St. John, his face turned upward to the Christ-child, his hand resting upon that of St. Francis, behind whom are seen the head and shoulders of St. Justina. On the right is St. Jerome, dressed in a watered silk robe of pale rose-color and a crimson velvet cape.

"This Holy Family," writes Théophile Gautier, "is painted in the rich and gorgeous style characteristic of Paolo Veronese. The presence of St. Francis, of St. Jerome in cardinal's robes, of St. Justina with her shining coil of golden hair arranged in the Venetian fashion, the quasi-royal stage upon which the Madonna is enthroned, offering the Child for adoration, are all far more suggestive of an apotheosis than of a portrayal of the humble home of St. Joseph."

The picture is painted on canvas and measures nearly eleven feet high by a little over six feet wide.

'THE MARRIAGE AT CANA' PLATE V

OF all Veronese's works the most celebrated is this great banquet-scene, 'The Marriage at Cana,' now in the Louvre, Paris. It was painted for the refectory of the Convent of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice. The contract for the work was signed on June 6, 1562, and the picture was finished by September 8, 1563. Veronese received in payment three hundred and twenty-four silver ducats and a pipe of wine, besides the cost of materials employed and his own living-expenses while engaged upon the work. In 1794, at the time of the wars of the French Republic, the picture was taken from Venice to Paris and placed in the Louvre, and when the other works of art carried off by the French were returned to Italy, its vast dimensions—it measures twenty feet high by thirty feet wide—made it so difficult of transportation that a painting by the French artist Lebrun was accepted in exchange, and 'The Marriage at Cana' remained in the Louvre.

"It is impossible to look at this picture without astonishment," writes Mr. W. M. Rossetti; "it enlarges one's conception of what pictorial art means and can do. The only point of view from which it fails is that of the New Testament narrative; for there is no more relation between the Galilean wedding and Veronese's court banquet than between a portrait of Lazarus and a portrait of Dives."

In this sumptuous picture, which Ruskin has aptly described as "one blaze of worldly pomp," the marriage feast takes place in the spacious hall of a Venetian palace, which, marble-paved and ornamented with marble pillars, commands a prospect of neighboring palaces outlined against the blue sky. The wedding guests are seated at table, Christ, in a red robe and blue mantle, with the Virgin beside him, occupying the central place. At the extreme left end of the table, clad in purple and gold, Alfonso d'Avalos, Marquis del Guasto, figures as the bridegroom, and Eleanor, wife of Francis I., king of France, as the bride. Charles V., Francis I., Solyman I., sultan of Turkey, and Queen Mary of England are all portrayed, while in the foreground, among a group of musicians, Veronese has introduced the principal Venetian painters of his day. He himself, a tall man dressed in a yellow cloak, bald, and with a black beard, plays the violoncello; Tintoretto, holding a similar instrument, bends down to whisper in his ear; Jacopo Bassano plays the flute; and Titian, wearing a red damask robe, is on the right playing the double bass.

Servants are busied in waiting upon the guests; some on the balcony above are engaged in carving the meats, while others bear smoking viands in dishes of silver and gold. All is life and movement in this great picture, so full of decorative splendor and harmonious beauty of color and composition. It is said to be of all the pictures in the world "the one which makes the greatest impression on the greatest number of people." Charles Blanc calls it "the triumph of Veronese's art," and Vasari's recent editors pronounce it not only his most representative work, but in some respects "the masterpiece of modern painting."

'THE RAPE OF EUROPA' PLATE VI

VERONESE has here represented the well-known mythological story of Europa, the Phœnician princess whose surpassing beauty captivated the fancy of Zeus. One day while she was gathering flowers with her maidens in the fields by the margin of the sea, the god, having transformed himself into a snow-white bull, mingled with her father's herds, and Europa, charmed with the gentleness and beauty of the animal, ventured to mount upon his back, whereupon Zeus slowly moved with his precious burden to the water's edge, plunged into the waves, and bore her far away across the sea to the Island of Crete.

At the left of the picture we see the golden-haired Europa, dressed not in Greek costume but in the rich silken apparel of a Venetian lady of the sixteenth century, seating herself with the assistance of her attendants upon the back of the divine bull. Crowned with flowers, he stoops to receive her and lovingly licks her foot, while Cupids in the air above scatter flowers upon the group. In the distance further incidents in the story are represented; the bull is seen advancing with Europa towards the shore, and, again, we see him swimming with his prize across the sea.

Taine says of this picture that "for brilliancy, fancifulness, refinement, and invention of color, it has no equal." "It is one of those works," he writes, "in which, through a subtle combination of tones, a painter surpasses himself, forgets his public, loses himself in the unexplored regions of his art, and discovers harmonies, contrasts, and unusual effects outside of the common world of every day, far beyond all semblance of reality."

"It is a famous and beautiful picture," write Vasari's recent editors, "but nevertheless lacks atmosphere more than do most of Veronese's works; there is even a certain paperiness about some of the draperies, and parts of the picture do not keep their proper planes. It is likely enough that time rather than the painter is at fault. On the other hand, though one cannot echo the dictum of Gautier that this is the finest pearl in Veronese's casket, few are insensible to its charm, which Taine said, 'fills the heart with joy.' The whole picture seems steeped in an atmosphere of youth and opulent beauty and perennial pleasure. Though the pink-and-white Europa and the girls around her suggest the type of the eighteenth-century painters; though the idyl lacks the serene breadth and simplicity of Giorgione's pastorals; though these women in their pearls and silks are fine ladies, not nymphs or goddesses, their vigorous grace and tranquillity are of the true golden age. The greenish shadows from the branches above them fall on the billows of brocade, on the warm amber tones of the amply molded shoulders, on the rosy necks under the gold fuzz that escapes from the tightly coiled braids. The cool shimmer of the pearls, the flowers, the glimpse of peacock-colored sea, the little pink ears in the shadow of the bright hair, what a delicious feast for the eye they are!"

The picture measures about eight and a half feet high by nearly ten feet wide. It is in the anticollegio, or waiting-room, of the Ducal Palace, Venice.

'THE TRIUMPH OF VENICE' PLATE VII

UPON the ceiling of the Hall of the Great Council, in the Ducal Palace, Venice, Veronese painted this great picture of 'The Triumph of Venice'—the picture of which Taine has said that it is "not merely food for the eyes, but a feast." In a richly decorated architectural setting, between spiral columns of marble, Venice, golden-haired and radiant with beauty, clad in a robe of blue and gold and ermine, sits enthroned among clouds. Angels fly down from the blue sky above to place a crown upon her head, and around her are grouped young women in draperies of violet, azure, and gold, personifying Glory, Fame, Peace, Liberty, Commerce, and Agriculture. On a balcony beneath, Venetian ladies, in the costume of the time, are seated with their children and attendants, and below, a throng of people, warriors on prancing horses, a soldier sounding a trumpet, men, women, children, all press forward to enjoy the spectacle and do homage to Venice their queen.

"This picture," write Vasari's editors, "is so rich and so silvery at once in its color that it may be called magnificent in its technique as in its motive. As a subject it is exactly what Veronese loved best to treat, and among his works only 'The Marriage at Cana' and 'The Family of Darius' can rival it. . . . No picture shows a more masterly arrangement, a style at once so sumptuous, yet elevated, figures whose somewhat exuberant loveliness is saved from vulgarity by an air of pride and energy, magnificent material treated with such ease and sincerity. The architectonic setting, the picturesque crowd below, the robustly beautiful women around the Venice, are handled with a certain forceful dexterity, and with no more apparent effort than Veronese showed in disposing of the folds of a brocaded robe. Here is indeed a worthy incarnation of Venice—beautiful, stately, luxurious, proud, receiving the homage of earth and sea, of east and west. These Epicureans are the children of fighters and invaders; these healthy and vigorous bodies are overflowing with vitality; their grace is born of strength, and looking at them we realize that the heroic age had not yet passed away when Veronese painted this triumphal hymn to the republic."

'PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN' PLATE VIII

ALTHOUGH many of Veronese's large compositions are filled with portraiture, he painted but few portraits properly so-called. Those few, however, are distinctly fine. The one here reproduced represents a young woman in a black dress with full white sleeves and a white chemisette. A gauze veil floats at either side of her head, and around her neck and arms are chains of gold. A little child clings to her left hand, resting his curly head against it as he plays with a greyhound, only a portion of the animal's head being introduced into the picture.

The canvas measures nearly four feet high by a little over three feet wide. It was formerly in a private collection in Verona, but since the time of Napoleon I. has formed part of the collection of the Louvre, Paris.

'THE FINDING OF MOSES' PLATE IX

IN this representation in the Dresden Gallery of the familiar Bible episode of the finding of the infant Moses, Veronese has treated the subject with his customary disregard of historical exactitude, giving the scene an Italian setting, clothing the principal personages in Venetian costumes, and introducing various picturesque accessories, such as halberdiers in armor, a Moor in eastern dress, and a negro dwarf holding two dogs in a leash.

The daughter of Pharaoh, richly dressed in silk, stands under a group of trees beside the river, surrounded by her attendants, one of whom presents to her the child just discovered in the waters of the Nile. In the distance the sister of Moses is seen, who, we are told, "stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him," running, at the command of Pharaoh's daughter that a nurse should be procured, to call the boy's mother to come and care for him.

The picture is fine in composition and rich in color. It measures nearly six feet high by a little more than nine feet wide.

'ST. MARCUS AND ST. MARCELLINUS LED TO MARTYRDOM' PLATE X

ONE of the greatest of the many paintings executed by Veronese for the Church of San Sebastiano, Venice, where it still occupies its original place, is this celebrated canvas representing 'St. Marcus and St. Marcellinus led to Martyrdom.'

These two young men, so the story goes, belonged to a noble family and were friends of St. Sebastian. Convicted of being Christians, they were condemned to death, but upon the urgent entreaties of their aged parents, and the supplications of their wives and children, to recant and save themselves for the sake of those who loved them, their resolution was shaken and they began to falter. At this critical moment St. Sebastian rushed forward exhorting them not to renounce their religion, and such was his eloquence that not only were his friends confirmed in their faith, but all present, including even the judge himself, were converted to Christianity. Marcus and Marcellinus were thus saved for the time being, but shortly afterwards they were condemned with the whole Christian community and put to death.

In the center of the picture, St. Sebastian, dressed in blue armor and bearing a banner in one hand while with the other he points to an angel descending from heaven, encourages Marcus and Marcellinus to meet death for the sake of their faith. With hands bound and chains about their feet they follow their friend, turning deaf ears now to the entreaties of their mother, who stands beside them, of their white-haired father, who, in gray robe and crimson cloak and supported by two attendants, stands in front of St. Sebastian, and of their wives and children kneeling on the steps below. Groups of men, women, and children, in picturesque costumes, are assembled on balconies and beneath porticos, some clinging to pillars, others crowding the steps—all interested spectators of the scene.

"This picture," writes Kugler, "displays a beauty of composition, a rich-

ness without a redundance of subject, and a power of expression which in some respects entitle it to be considered the noblest of Veronese's works."

The canvas is eleven and a half feet high by nearly eighteen feet wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY VERONESE WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Christ at the House of Jairus — BELGIUM. BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Juno pouring Riches upon Venice; Holy Family and two Saints — ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Family of Darius before Alexander (Plate II); Consecration of St. Nicholas; Vision of St. Helena (Plate I); Mary Magdalene; Rape of Europa (Study); Adoration of Magi; Four Allegorical Groups — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: The Marriage at Cana (Plate V); The Feast at the House of Simon; Christ at Emmaus (Plate III); Susanna and the Elders; Burning of Sodom; Holy Family; Christ bearing Cross; Crucifixion; St. Mark crowning the Virtues; Jupiter chastising the Vices; Portrait of a Young Woman (Plate VIII) — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Jupiter, Fortune, and Germania; Saturn and Religion; Minerva and Mars; Apollo and Juno; Jupiter, Juno, Cybele, and Neptune; Four Allegorical Paintings — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Madonna with the Cuccina Family; The Finding of Moses (Plate IX); Adoration of the Magi; The Marriage at Cana; Portrait of Daniel Barbaro — MUNICH GALLERY: Jupiter and Antiope; Cupid holding Chained Dogs; Portrait of a Lady; Holy Family; Christ and the Captain of Capernaum — ITALY. FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Portrait of Daniel Barbaro; Portrait of a Lady; Baptism of Christ; Christ taking Leave of his Mother; Portrait of a Child — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of Veronese (Page 22); St. Catherine; Annunciation; Martyrdom of St. Justina; Esther before Ahasuerus; Holy Family with St. Catherine — MASER, VILLA BARBARO: Frescos — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: St. Anthony, St. Cornelius, and St. Cyprian; The Feast at the House of Simon; Adoration of the Magi — PADUA, CHURCH OF SANTA GIUSTINA: Martyrdom of St. Justina — ROME, BORGHESE GALLERY: St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes — ROME, COLONNA GALLERY: Portrait of a Man — VENICE, ACADEMY: Battle of Lepanto; The Feast at the House of Levi; Holy Family with Saints (Plate IV); Annunciation; Confession and Martyrdom of St. Christina (four pictures); Venice enthroned with Hercules and Ceres; Coronation of the Virgin; Charity; Faith — VENICE, DUCAL PALACE: [ANTICOLLEGIO] Rape of Europa (Plate VI); [HALL OF THE COLLEGE] Thanksgiving for Lepanto; [CEILING] Venice enthroned with Justice and Peace; Faith; Neptune and Mars; Moderation; Industry; Vigilance; Abundance; Fidelity; Gentleness; Simplicity; Fortune; [HALL OF THE COUNCIL OF TEN] Age and Youth; [HALL OF THE GREAT COUNCIL] Return of Doge Andrea Contarini after Chioggia; [CEILING] Triumph of Venice (Plate VII); Defense of Smyrna; Capture of Scutari; [LIBRARY] Adoration of the Magi — VENICE, CHURCH OF SANTA CATERINA: Marriage of St. Catherine — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO DELLA VIGNA: Madonna with Saints — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN SEBASTIANO: Madonna with St. Catherine and Father Michele Spaventi; Crucifixion; Madonna in Glory; St. Sebastian before Diocletian; Martyrdom of St. Sebastian; St. Marcus and St. Marcellinus led to Martyrdom (Plate X); Baptism of Christ; [ON THE ORGAN] Purification; Adoration of the Shepherds; Pool of Bethesda; [CEILING] Esther meeting Ahasuerus; Esther crowned by Ahasuerus; Triumph of Mordecai; [CEILING OF SACRISTY] Coronation of the Virgin; Four Evangelists — VERONA GALLERY: Deposition; Portrait of Pasio Guadienti — VERONA, CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO IN BRAIDA: Martyrdom of St. George — VERONA, CHURCH OF SAN PAOLO: Madonna and Saints — VICENZA, CIVIC MUSEUM: Madonna — VICENZA, CHURCH OF MADONNA DEL MONTE (ON MONTE BERICO): Feast of St. Gregory — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Christ and the Centurion; The Finding of Moses.

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Copley

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PORTRAIT OF COPLEY BY HIMSELF

Copley was a fine looking man, courtly in manner and elegant in his dress. The portrait given above shows him with a powdered wig and wearing a red coat and white muslin stock. The original painting, a sketch in oils, in which the head is life-sized, is owned by Gardiner Greene Hammond, Esq., of Boston, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

John Singleton Copley

BORN 1737; DIED 1815
AMERICAN SCHOOL

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, the first great American portrait-painter, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on July 3, 1737. Both his parents, although of English origin, were Irish by birth. His father, Richard Copley, was a native of Limerick; his mother, Mary Singleton, was the daughter of John Singleton, Esq., of Quinville Abbey, County Clare. Married in 1736, Richard Copley and his young bride determined to seek a new home for themselves in America, the story current in the Copley family being "that Mr. Richard Copley, although endowed with a good name and a handsome person, was not wealthy, and that Squire Singleton perhaps could not, and certainly did not, so largely endow his daughter as to allow her husband and herself to continue to reside in County Clare in the style to which she at least had been accustomed." Accordingly they emigrated to the new world, and forthwith settled in the town of Boston, where, in the following year, their only son, the future painter, was born. At about the time of his son's birth Richard Copley died in the West Indies, where he had gone for his health, and about ten years later his widow, who after the death of her husband had carried on the tobacco business, in which he had been engaged, married Peter Pelham, a widower with three sons; one son only, Henry Pelham, was born of this second marriage.

Unfortunately, but little is known of Copley's childhood and early youth. When very young he is said to have shown a decided taste for drawing, even, according to family tradition, covering the walls of his nursery with childish sketches, and frequently incurring the displeasure of his teachers by the drawings with which he ornamented his school-books. He was by nature quiet and shy, and when his companions were engaged in play or in study would often steal away, pencil in hand, "to muse over his own fancies and to pursue undisturbed his favorite employment."

"The marriage of Copley's mother to Mr. Pelham," writes Mr. Augustus T. Perkins, "was probably of the utmost advantage to the future artist. Besides being a man of unusually good education for the time—a land-surveyor and a mathematician—Mr. Pelham was certainly a passable painter of por-

traits, and a mezzotint engraver of more than ordinary merit. He preceded Smybert, the painter, and Harrison, the architect, who came to this country in the train of Bishop Berkeley, by at least three years. Whitmore, speaking of him in connection with his painting and engraving, says, 'He was the founder, indeed, of these arts in New England.' . . . Pelham most probably taught his stepson, Copley, the rudiments of his art, whilst his example must have been of timely service in fostering such tastes as the child may have shown. The household of Peter Pelham was, perhaps, the only place in New England where painting and engraving were the predominant pursuits."

Beyond the instruction received from his stepfather, however, Copley seems to have been self-taught; although it is difficult to accept the statement made in after years by Copley's son, Lord Lyndhurst, that his father "was entirely self-taught and never saw a decent picture, with the exception of his own, until he was nearly thirty years of age," when there were in Boston at that time numerous portraits by the Scotch painter John Smybert, and by Jonathan B. Blackburn, who succeeded Smybert in that town as "the painter of the quality," to say nothing of a few good pictures brought from Europe by the wealthiest among the colonists.

In 1751, when Copley was fourteen years old, his stepfather died. He and his mother and brothers continued to live in the small house which they had been occupying in Boston, near the Quaker meeting-house in Lindel's Row, not far from the upper end of King Street, as State Street was then called. In the following year the young artist painted a portrait of his step-brother, Charles Pelham, which, although faulty in many respects, gave promise of what the boy of fifteen was to accomplish in after years. In 1753, when sixteen, he painted and engraved a head of the Rev. William Welsteed, of Boston, and also executed in oils a portrait of Dr. De Mountfort, then a child.[1]

The next few years passed quietly and uneventfully. The young painter worked diligently at his profession, improving constantly both as a draftsman and a colorist, and being in receipt of an ever-increasing number of commissions for portraits in oils and in crayons.

In 1769, when he was thirty-two years old, Copley married Susannah Farnum, daughter of Mr. Richard Clarke, a wealthy and distinguished merchant of Boston, and agent for the East India Company, whose name was later to become famous as the consignee of the cargoes of tea which were thrown into Boston harbor by way of protest against the tax imposed by England upon that commodity. The marriage was an eminently happy one. Mrs. Copley has been described as a woman of unusual beauty of character, and of such high mental attainments that her companionship was a never-failing inspiration to her husband. Copley frequently introduced her portrait into his subject-pictures, and from a crayon sketch which he made of her,

[1] The frequently repeated statement that when Washington visited Boston in 1755 Copley painted his portrait in miniature has been proved to be without foundation. The so-called Copley miniature of Washington, now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, was painted by C. W. Peale in 1777. See 'Life Portraits of George Washington' by Charles Henry Hart, 'McClure's Magazine,' February, 1897.

but still more from her likeness in the celebrated 'Family Group' (plate VI), it is evident that she possessed much personal beauty.

At the time of his marriage Copley had as many commissions for portraits as he could execute, and although his prices were not high, ranging from five to fourteen guineas, he was in receipt of a comfortable income. Two years later we hear of him as living in a beautiful house on Beacon Hill, Boston, "fronting on a fine open common;" and it was not long after this that he became the owner of all the land which lies between Charles, Beacon, Walnut, and Mt. Vernon Streets, Louisburg Square, and Pinckney Street—a tract of about eleven acres. Upon this estate—his "farm" he used to call it—Copley's early married life was spent. There four of his six children were born; there he practised his art with unremitting diligence, painting those many portraits of courtly gentlemen in broadcloth or in satin coats and powdered wigs, and of stately ladies in gowns of rich silks and stiff brocades, which have made his name famous.

The population of Boston at this time was about eighteen thousand. Fine colonial mansions standing in spacious gardens embellished the town, commanding unobstructed views of the adjacent country with its hills and forests, and of the harbor, alive with sailing-vessels from all parts of the world. Even in those early days Boston was noted as the center of a learned and cultivated society, and among the distinguished men and women, the eminent statesmen, merchants, and divines, Copley counted patrons and friends, "his courtly manner and genial disposition making him a general favorite."

In 1771, Colonel Trumbull, then a young man at Harvard College, relates that he visited the painter in his home on Beacon Hill, and was greatly struck by the richness of Copley's dress and elegance of his appearance, describing him as being attired in a suit of crimson velvet with gold buttons, and as having everything about him in very handsome style.

In 1774 an important step in Copley's career was taken. Some time before—probably in 1766—he had sent to his countryman the painter Benjamin West, then resident in London, a picture of a boy seated at a table, holding in his hand a chain to which a squirrel is attached. This painting, a portrait of the artist's half-brother, Henry Pelham, was unsigned, and the letter which should have accompanied it having been delayed, the picture reached its destination without an explanatory word. West, however, surmised that it was the work of an American painter from the pine wood of the frame on which the canvas was stretched, and also because the flying squirrel introduced was an animal peculiar to America, and the painting bore so plainly the evidence of a master-hand that he was loud in his praise, enthusiastically pronouncing the coloring to be worthy of Titian. The rule excluding from the exhibition of the Society of Incorporated Artists—the forerunner of the Royal Academy—all anonymous works, indeed all works not painted by members of the Society, was waived, and Copley's 'Boy with the Squirrel' was given a place in the exhibition.

His reputation in England was at once established, and he was urged to go to London; but although strongly tempted to try his fate in competition

with the artists of his day in a way from which he was debarred in his home across the sea, the serious risks which such a step involved caused him to hesitate. "I make as much here," he wrote to a friend in 1767, "as if I were a Raphael or a Correggio; and three hundred guineas a year, my present income, is equal to nine hundred a year in London. With regard to reputation, you are sensible that fame cannot be durable where pictures are confined to sitting-rooms and regarded only for the resemblance they bear to their originals. Were I sure of doing as well in Europe as here, I would not hesitate a moment in my choice; but I might in the experiment waste a thousand pounds and two years of my time, and have to return baffled to America."

His marriage, the family cares which followed, and the necessity of earning an income sufficient not only for the expenses of his travels, but for the support of his wife and children during his absence, postponed all thought of Europe for the time, however, and it was not until 1774, when relations with the mother-country were becoming strained, and he may have felt that his income was in danger of being curtailed, that Copley concluded to cross the Atlantic, in order to improve his style by the study of the old masters in the galleries of Italy and other continental countries, and possibly to try his fortune in England, where he had already established a name for himself. Accordingly, in June of that year, leaving his wife and children to follow later if it should seem best to transfer the home from Boston to London, Copley left his native country, to which, as it turned out, he never returned.

A cordial welcome awaited him in England, where he landed after a four-weeks' voyage. West took him to see all that was best in art in London and showed him every attention. In a letter to his wife, written soon after his arrival, Copley says, "I have just returned from Mr. West's house, where I took tea. He accompanied me to the queen's palace, where I beheld the finest collection of paintings, I believe, in England. . . . I have had a visit from Sir Joshua Reynolds, and from Mr. Strange, the celebrated engraver. Lord Gage is out of town; I have not, therefore, seen him or Lord Dartmouth, but shall be introduced to the latter next week by Governor Hutchinson. . . . I dine out every day."

In addition to his social engagements Copley found ample opportunity for the exercise of his profession; but he was anxious to begin his art studies as soon as possible, and in August he left England for Italy, and passing through Lyons, Marseilles, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, reached Rome in October. His letters to his wife written at this period of his career give the best and most vivid account of his travels. Everywhere his interest was aroused by the novelty and beauty of the scenery, and by the great works of art which he saw. From Genoa he writes: "I am impatient to get to work, and to try if my hand and my head cannot do something like what others have done, by which they have astonished the world and immortalized themselves. Genoa is a lovely city. . . . If I should be suddenly transported to Boston I should think it only a collection of wren-boxes; it is on so small a scale compared to the cities of Europe."

In a letter from Rome, after expressing his relief upon hearing from Mrs. Copley that hostilities between the colonies and Great Britain were not so openly declared as he had feared from the accounts in the London papers, he says: "It is truly astonishing to see the works of art in this city—painting, sculpture, and architecture in such quantity, beauty, and magnificence as exceed description. I shall always enjoy satisfaction from this tour. . . . I know the extent of the arts, to what length they have been carried, and I feel more confidence in what I do myself than I did before I came."

"Everywhere I go," he writes later, "I find some persons to whom I am known, or am introduced to. . . . When I arrived in Naples I waited on Sir William Hamilton, to deliver a letter from Mr. Palmer, of Boston. I was introduced into a room where there was a concert and company. I inquired of the servant which was Sir William, and delivered my letter. Mr. Izard stepped forward and presented me. Sir William read the letter, and politely said: 'Mr. Copley needs no introduction; his name is sufficient anywhere.' I cannot but say I have been surprised to find myself known in places so distant; I am happy, at the same time, in being less a stranger in the world than I thought, and have found in every place persons desirous of rendering such kind offices as a stranger stands in need of."

But with all his enjoyment of foreign travel and keen delight in the works of art about him, Copley was filled with anxiety regarding the disturbed condition of his country, the welfare of his family, and the uncertainty which attended their future and his own career. His main idea was to complete as speedily as could be the studies he had laid out for himself, so that the separation from his wife and children should be of the shortest possible duration, "for till we are together," he wrote to Mrs. Copley, "I have as little happiness as yourself. As soon as possible you shall know what my prospects are in England, and then you will be able to determine whether it is best for you to go there or for me to return to America."

This question was soon decided by the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. Copley was in Parma at the time, where he had been commissioned by Lord Grosvenor to make a copy of Correggio's 'Madonna with St. Jerome,' a commission which he successfully carried out, although according to his own acknowledgment his anxiety almost rendered him incapable of proceeding with it.

In a letter to his wife written at this time he says: "I am informed by a letter from London that what I greatly feared has at last taken place, and the war has begun, and, if I am not mistaken, the country which was once the happiest on the globe will be deluged with blood for many years to come. I cannot think that the power of Great Britain will subdue the country, if the people are united, as they appear to be at present. I know it may appear strange to some men of strong understanding that I should hold such an opinion, but it is very evident to me that America will have the power of resistance till grown strong enough to conquer, and that victory and independence will go hand in hand. I tremble for you, my dear, my children and friends."

Dread of the long separation from her husband which would be enforced by war, and the knowledge that there would be no employment for an artist in a country impoverished by its ravages, decided Mrs. Copley to follow her husband without waiting to hear of his return to England, and leaving in the care of Mrs. Pelham, Copley's mother, her youngest child, which was too delicate to bear the long sea voyage, and which shortly afterwards died, she set sail with her two young daughters and son on the last ship which left New England under the British flag. Upon their arrival on the other side of the water they were cared for by Mrs. Copley's brother-in-law, Mr. Bromfield, then in London, until such time as Copley could join them.

The news that his wife and children had left America reached the painter while he was in Parma, and before many months the family were reunited in London, which thenceforth became their home. Their first residence there was in Leicester Fields, but at the end of a year or two they removed to 25 George Street, Hanover Square, where Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Copley's father, lived with them. The house was commodious, and admirably adapted in its arrangements to the requirements of a painter, and there the remainder of Copley's life was spent.

Copley was already well known in London. It was not long before he became the fashion, and commissions for portraits of the nobility and of people of note kept him busily employed. Not only was he engaged in painting portraits, but, fired by the example of West, he attempted, in accordance with the taste of the day, the composition of large historical scenes. The first of his subject-pictures was 'A Youth Rescued from a Shark,' depicting an experience in the early life of Mr. Brook Watson, whom Copley had met on the voyage to England, and whose vivid description of the incident had made a deep impression on his mind. Of the two versions which he painted of this subject one is now in Christ's Hospital School, London; the other is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Upon West's recommendation Copley was intrusted with the painting of a picture of the three young daughters of King George III. in the garden at Windsor. Mrs. Amory has told us how the artist, in his anxiety to do justice to this group and to his own genius as well, so wearied the patience of the little princesses that their attendants appealed to the queen to request Mr. Copley to shorten the time he exacted for their sittings. The queen, however, deemed it best not to interfere, and in the end the success of the picture amply compensated for all trials which the children had undergone.

Copley was, indeed, notorious for his slow method of procedure in painting. On one occasion Gilbert Stuart happening to call at his studio, Copley asked if he would stand for him while he painted a bit of the cambric shirt-ruffle that decorated his bosom. Thinking that it would occupy but a few minutes, Stuart complied, but after standing a long time he became impatient, and Copley apologized for the delay. "No consequence at all," said Stuart, "I beg you would finish—do all you can to it now, for I assure you this is the last time you ever get me into such a scrape."

Another story, of more than doubtful authenticity it must be said, is told

of his undertaking to paint a family group which progressed so slowly that the wife of the gentleman who ordered it died and he married again. At his request a portrait of his first wife was introduced as an angel, while her successor occupied her place on earth. But before the picture was completed the second wife died, and was placed in the clouds above, being in her turn succeeded by a third, who claimed the central position in the group. As the price of this picture was in proportion to the artist's labor, it was disputed by the gentleman, who claimed that the painting should have been completed before his domestic changes had necessitated the alterations. It is further said that Copley went to law about it, and won his suit.

Copley's celebrated canvas, 'The Death of the Earl of Chatham,' now in the National Gallery, London, established his reputation as a historical painter. 'The Death of Major Pierson,' painted some time afterwards, and now in the same gallery, is of greater artistic value, and added materially to his fame, as did his large canvas, now in the trustees' room of the Boston Public Library, of 'Charles I. Demanding in the House of Commons the Five Impeached Members.'

In 1779 Copley was elected a member of the Royal Academy, of which body he had previously been chosen an associate. Soon after this he was commissioned by the city of London to paint a large picture of 'The Siege and Relief of Gibraltar,' now in the Guildhall of London, and, accompanied by his wife and eldest daughter, went to Hanover, Germany, to paint the portraits of four Hanoverian generals who were to figure in the composition. A letter from the English king, George III., was presented to the painter, and insured a hospitable reception for him and his family.

With the exception of this trip to Germany, the remainder of Copley's life was passed in England. "A more congenial sphere for a man of genius," writes Mrs. Amory, "can scarcely be imagined than his London home. It was the favorite resort of his countrymen in England, of every shade of political opinion, and of all that were distinguished in the aristocratic circles of the colonial court, as well as men of art and letters."

But notwithstanding Copley's success in his profession and happiness in his home, his thoughts constantly reverted to that earlier home in America, and in his heart he cherished the hope of returning to it. His property in Boston, which since his departure for England had greatly increased in value, had been sold by his agent at a sacrifice, and Copley, desiring to annul the bargain, sent his son to America in 1795 to regain, if possible, "the farm" on Beacon Hill. To his lasting sorrow, however, this attempt met with no satisfactory result, and there was no alternative but to accept of a compromise of all Coplev's claims. "Thus," writes Mrs. Amory, "the dream of his life since he left America vanished, and his last aspiration of returning to close his eyes among the scenes of his youth ended in disappointment."

The last years of Copley's life were saddened by pecuniary embarrassments. "Picture after picture was finished," we are told, "exhibited, and admired, but not sold; so that his self-love was wounded and his spirits de-

pressed." The disturbed political condition of England occasioned by the long continued continental wars, which crippled her financial resources and rendered the times unfavorable to art, was in a measure accountable for this; but there was in addition the fact that new methods in painting were replacing the old, and that what had been acceptable to the generation to which Copley belonged was not in accordance with the taste of the generation which followed. But in spite of discouragements he worked on diligently to the last, always able to interest himself so absorbingly in his painting that with his brush in hand every other subject was forgotten.

In the spring of 1815 Mrs. Copley wrote to her daughter, Mrs. Gardiner Greene, then living in Boston, "I have the happiness to say that we are in health, and this is much when I bring your recollection to the period of life to which your father has attained. In your absence of fifteen years you would contemplate a great change; he grows feeble in his limbs, and goes out very seldom, for walking fatigues him; but his health is good, and he pursues his profession with pleasure."

In the following August Copley had a stroke of paralysis, and on the ninth of September of that year, 1815, he died, at the age of seventy-eight, from the effects of a second stroke. He was buried in the Church of St. John the Baptist at Croydon, not far from London.

His wife survived him many years, as did three children,—Mrs. Gardiner Greene, already mentioned, who, after her marriage, lived in Boston, Massachusetts; Miss Mary Copley, who remained in London; and one son, Lord Lyndhurst, the distinguished British jurist and statesman, who was three times appointed lord chancellor of England.

The foregoing biographical sketch is largely based upon Mrs. Amory's 'Life of Copley' and upon the memoir of the painter by Mr. Augustus Thorndike Perkins.

The Art of Copley

SAMUEL ISHAM — 'A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING'[1]

COPLEY'S painting separates itself into two pretty sharply marked divisions, according to whether it was done before or after he left Boston. The latter half is far more skilled and complete technically, but it is the earlier work, the long series of portraits of our colonial dignitaries, divines, judges, and merchants, with their womankind, which is most interesting and characteristic and which gives him his peculiar importance. They are the only pre-revolutionary relics on which we can depend to put before our eyes the very age and body of the time. The very lack of facile skill makes their veracity more convincing than that of the canvases of Gainsborough or Reynolds, where temperament or training idealized or Italianized the sitters into

[1] In preparation for the Macmillan Co.

something rather different from what their contemporaries saw in daily intercourse. Gainsborough was a poet, Reynolds an eclectic, wise in all the traditions of the craft, who could at will see with the eye and work with the hand of Van Dyck or Titian—or come pretty near to it. Copley had no such temperament or training; the sitters themselves, in the cold, clear light of New England, were what he tried to put on the canvases, unmodified by any golden mist of Venice or facile brushwork of the Netherlands.

This is not to make him the equal, much less the superior, of the men just named. His surroundings forced upon him a greater sincerity, which seems also to have corresponded with his temperament. He began under the influence of his stepfather, Pelham, and though the latter died when Copley was a boy of fourteen, yet his influence shows through much of the painter's early work. The engraving, in mezzotint, of Welsteed, made when Copley was sixteen, much resembles the average work of Pelham, and is more like the production of a mediocre craftsman than the early effort of a boy of exceptional talent. He very soon gave up engraving and seems never to have returned to it in any form, but his early works show its influence in a blackness of shadow and a hardness of style; they were in addition stiff and ungraceful, and in the faces there was a sincerity of plainness which must have been trying to the sitters. Even Smybert, whose work resembles that of Copley at this period, and whose colonial dames are rigid and unbending enough, yet manages to put into their faces a comeliness and charm unknown to the youthful Copley, still struggling uncompromisingly with the difficulties of drawing. His improvement was steady, but it took him long to master certain details like the rendering of eyes, which Smybert never became entirely sure of. At first they were little better than dark slits, and in his best colonial work the lids are often unnaturally prominent. He learned nothing by heart, acquired no ready formulas for execution. He had to see every detail in front of him and put it down exactly as it was. He worked laboriously, mixing each tint with his palette-knife, holding it up and matching it to his sitter's face before he placed it on the canvas. This made him a slow executant, and there are many stories of the tedium of sitting for him; sixteen sittings of a whole day each were not considered too much for a head alone. . . .

The pictures thus produced were without beauty of tone or richness of color. Something must be allowed for the fading of the flesh-tones, probably put in with carmine, but the effect must always have been crude and harsh. The high lights are chalky white, the shadows black or brickish brown; a cold, raw blue (like Prussian blue) is often painfully prominent, and there is no attempt to soften the opposing tints nor to blend them. The paint is laid on heavily and worked smooth until there are no brush-marks visible. There is no attempt to keep the shadows transparent, nor much glazing or working over. It resembles more, in a way, the contemporary French work than the English, where the traditions of Van Dyck were being revived. Nevertheless, in spite of these faults, or possibly on account of them, the portraits have remarkable qualities. The figures are well placed on the can-

vas in good, if rather rigid, poses, and the backgrounds, especially in the full-length portraits, are sufficiently furnished with curtains, tables, and Turkey rugs; but over and above all else is the thorough, unwearied sincerity of the work. Copley knew his sitters, knew their position in the community, their dignity, their character, their wealth. He was in sympathy with them, and judged by their own standard those airs and graces which to a European might seem provincial and uncouth. Holmes has well called his portraits the titles of nobility of the Bostonians of his day.

He painted them as they were, serious, self-reliant, capable, sometimes rather pompous in their heavy velvet coats, but men to be depended on in an emergency; the women fit mates for the men, their faces stamped with that character which left its impress on every child of the ample families of the time. At times there is a difficulty in reconciling his portraits with the reputation of the sitters for grace and beauty handed down in the old diaries and letters, but in time his sincerity triumphed even here, and while the portrait remained crude, hard, and without charm, yet we recognize that it is the portrait of a charming woman. This lack of charm tells terribly against them when hung in a gallery with other pictures, but when seen in the places for which they were destined, the halls or rooms of old colonial houses of Boston or other of the New England cities, or brought together in official groups as in the Harvard Memorial Hall, their inherent strength makes itself felt. They take their places as the true *genii loci* as nothing else could do. Even their faults strengthen the impression. . . . The velvet coats and embroidered waistcoats of the men, the satin robes and laces of the women, are of undoubted genuineness. Even if the satin looks like tin we know that it is satin, and if a colonial worthy goes to the expense of silk stockings not even the most casual observer could mistake them for wool.

In time this unremitting labor began to have its result. During the last ten years or so of his Boston life Copley was master of his trade and could produce what he tried to. That his portraits still remained dry and hard, without atmosphere, was because he had not seen enough good work to recognize what he lacked. But he was now in a position to benefit at once from increased knowledge. He was no sooner abroad than his style gained in ease and simplicity. His portrait of Ralph Izard and his wife, painted when he was in Rome, shows still something of the old stiffness of attitude, the overfilling with detail, but the work is smoother, more graceful, though minutely finished in all its parts in a way more characteristic of the continental work of the time than of the English, where the example of Reynolds had produced a broader, more effective handling. With his London life Copley's work took on more and more of the English manner. His 'Family Group' of himself, his wife, his father-in-law, and his four young children, painted a few years after his arrival, shows this alteration, but retains also the finer qualities of his colonial period and is one of his very best works. The composition is not in perfect unity and the tone is cold, with much of a sort of claret color and his old unpleasant blue, but they are softened and harmonized with skill, and the shadows and blacks are soft, rich, and deep.

The painting of the heads is superb, drawn impeccably, full of character, and with only a touch of the old rigidity; the children especially are most happy in attitude and expression. . . .

The 'Family Group' was preceded by the 'Youth Rescued from a Shark,' and followed by the series of his historical pictures, inspired doubtless by West's; but, surpassing their prototypes, they remain to-day masterpieces of the kind. . . .

These compositions, however, were but incidents in his work. Portrait painting was the business of his life from beginning to end. Probably his latter work should be called better than his earlier. It certainly had fewer glaring faults, but it also had less personality. His earlier work is unmistakable anywhere; his latter often approaches so closely to that of the brilliant circle of contemporary portrait-painters in England that it is practically indistinguishable from it. A little extra firmness and solidity of drawing persists till the end, but the poses, the dark backgrounds, the rich color, the glazings, are all of the school.

Like Reynolds, Copley sought for "the Venetian," the marvelous medium supposed to have been used by Titian, which like the philosopher's stone would by its own virtue transform the leaden tones of mediocre painters into gold. He even thought a few years before his death that he had found it, but he was then only one of many who could paint glowing canvases. Patronage fell off; almost his last important work, an equestrian portrait of the prince regent, from which he hoped great things, remained unsold; his health declined and his life did not long outlast his popularity.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN 'BOOK OF THE ARTISTS'

COPLEY'S portraits are among the few significant art-memorials of the past encountered in this country; and, as they are characteristic to a high degree, they possess the interest which is ever attached to such relics. He was the only native painter of real skill which the new world could boast prior to the Revolution.

It cannot be doubted that his knowledge was acquired under considerable discouragement, and that the excellence of his drawing was the result of persevering study. The want of early advantages appears chiefly in his coloring. The dryness of tone and formality of manner in his pictures is, in a great degree, attributable to the unpropitious influences under which he acquired the rudiments of his art.

Associated as his portraits chiefly are with the colonial or revolutionary period of our history, there lingers around them the charm of a bygone era, which endears even their palpable defects. The want of ease and nature in these time-hallowed portraits is, indeed, as authentic as their costume. They are generally dignified, elaborate, and more or less ostentatious and somewhat mechanical, but we recognize in these very traits the best evidence of their correctness. They illustrate the men and women of a day when pride, decorum, and an elegance sometimes ungraceful but always impressive marked the dress and air of the higher classes. The faces are rarely insipid, and the

hands almost invariably fair and delicately molded. A rich brocade dressing-gown and velvet skullcap, a high-backed and daintily carved chair, or showy curtain in the background, are frequently introduced. "Sir" and "Madam" are the epithets which instinctively rise to our lips in apostrophizing these "counterfeit presentments." There is that about them which precludes the very idea of taking a liberty. They look like incarnations of self-respect—people born to command—men whose families were regulated with the reserve of state policy, and women who were models of virtue and propriety. In reading of John Hancock or Mrs. Boylston, we think of them as painted by Copley. Large ruffles, heavy silks, silver buckles, gold-embroidered vests, and powdered wigs are blended in our imaginations with the memory of patriotic zeal and matronly influence. The hardness of the outlines and the semi-official aspect of the figures correspond with the spirit of those times.

Like all genuine portrait-painters, Copley unconsciously embodied the peculiarities of his age. Pride of birth had not then been superseded by pride of wealth. The distinction of gentle blood was cherished. Equality had only begun to assert itself as a political axiom; as a social principle it had not dawned upon the most ultra reformers. The patrician element still carried honorable sway in the new world, and ere its external signs were lost in republican sameness of bearing and costume, the pencil of Copley snatched them from oblivion, by a faithful transfer to canvas.

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON 'NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE' 1902

IT was Copley's own belief that his best work as a painter was done in America, and in this opinion the thoughtful student of his portraits cannot fail to concur. They are never commonplace and the handling is always unmistakable. A calm, deliberate, and methodical workman, he never hurried and never neglected any part of his task. "He painted," as Gilbert Stuart said in after years, "the whole man." Self-taught, Copley's merits and faults are his own. Superior as a colorist to a majority of his contemporaries, he delighted in the brilliant and massive uniforms, the brocades and embroidered velvets, the rich laces and scarfs of his day, and painted them, and the masterful men and stately women which they garbed, with sure and loving hand. He modeled a head with as much care as did Clouet, and he was especially felicitous in catching the expression of the eye, while his skill in rendering the individuality and character of the hand has seldom been excelled.

Copley's faults as a painter are an occasional tendency to dryness, to hardness of outline, and to stiffness in his figures. However, distinction is never lacking in his work, and in his best portraits the faults I have mentioned are hardly apparent. Indeed, their truth, simplicity, repose, and refinement would have done credit to any artist of any time; and painted as they were by a young man who never had a teacher, and who saw few, if any, good pictures save his own until he was nearly forty years of age, they are bound to remain the marvels of our pioneer art.

Copley was essentially a portrait-painter, and his historical and religious pictures, though showing no mean ability, are wanting in imagination, and,

at their best, are little more than groups of carefully executed portraits. Still, considered solely as a portrait-painter, his fame is secure. No painter, not even Holbein or Velasquez, ever lived in closer sympathy with the spirit of his time than did he.

The Works of Copley

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. DANIEL DENISON ROGERS' PLATE I

ONE of Copley's most charming works is this portrait of Abigail Bromfield, first wife of Mr. Daniel Denison Rogers of Boston. It was painted in England, and in its composition and technical qualities exemplifies the change which had taken place in Copley's style since leaving America, the influence of the English school being here clearly marked.

Mrs. Rogers is dressed in white satin with lace ruffles in the neck and sleeves and a white muslin scarf about her shoulders. Her hair, which is arranged in the fashion of the day, is slightly powdered, and she wears a large hat with a soft muslin crown trimmed with plum-colored ribbons and surmounted by white ostrich plumes, while around the edge of the brim is a delicately painted fall of lace. She stands in an open landscape, her skirt, scarf, and ribbons blowing in the breeze. Behind her is a tree, and to the left a brilliant sunset sky, changing in color from pale greenish-blue with white clouds above into a glow of red and gold at the horizon.

The picture measures about three feet four inches wide by a little over four feet high. It is owned by Miss Annette P. Rogers, of Boston, Massachusetts, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

'MR. AND MRS. RALPH IZARD' PLATE II

WHILE in Rome in 1774-5, Copley painted this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard, whose acquaintance he had made on the journey to Italy, and of whom he saw much during his sojourn there. Mr. Izard was a wealthy planter of South Carolina, who had been educated in England, and, since 1771, had resided in London. His wife was, before her marriage, Miss Alice Delancey of West Chester County, New York, niece of James Delancey, lieutenant-governor of that State.

Copley's double portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Izard, the only original work which he is known to have undertaken while on his European travels, is one of his most important achievements. The canvas measures seven feet four inches wide by five feet nine inches high. Mr. and Mrs. Izard are represented at opposite ends of an elaborately carved table with red porphyry top. The lady, in a dress of blue taffeta with white gauzy muslin at neck and

sleeves, a white gauze scarf, and muslin cap surmounting her brown hair, is seated on a sofa upholstered in rose-colored damask with a heavy curtain of the same color draped behind her. The figure of Mrs. Izard is excellently rendered, but that of Mr. Izard is less happy, the wooden qualities which characterize many of Copley's early work being here manifest. The colors, however, are admirable, the close-fitting suit of brownish-gray cloth, light gray stockings, white sleeve-ruffles and stock, contrasting harmoniously with the rose-colored damask of the chair on which he is seated.

In the middle distance is a marble group of which Mrs. Izard has apparently just finished a sketch which she hands across the table for her husband's inspection. Various objects in the background are suggestive of their foreign surroundings—a column and a parapet on which stands a Greek vase, and, in the distance, the Roman Colosseum.

This picture was to have been delivered to Mr. Izard in London, but the outbreak of the American Revolution, and his appointment by the Continental Congress as commissioner to Tuscany, prevented his return to England, and after the war his income was so reduced that he no longer felt able to pay the price agreed upon of two hundred guineas. The picture accordingly remained in Copley's studio until, in 1825, ten years after the death of the painter, a grandson of Mr. Izard, Mr. Charles Manigault, purchased it in London from Mrs. Copley for the original price. It remained in the possession of the family for which it had been in the first place painted until 1903, when it was acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where it now hangs.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. DANIEL HUBBARD' PLATE III

THIS portrait of Mrs. Daniel Hubbard is, as a recent critic has said, "a typical Copley, the work representative of the artist's happiest and most refined vein." There is a decided charm about the picture, not only because of the beauty and distinction of the subject, which are here admirably expressed, but because of the skill shown by the painter in the pose and drawing of the figure, the careful modeling of the face and hands, the rich fall of the drapery, and the harmony of the colors.

Mrs. Hubbard is standing by a small table covered with papers, on which one arm rests. She wears a gown of golden brown satin, greenish in tone, cut low in the neck and finished at both neck and sleeves with muslin ruffles deeply trimmed with lace. Around her throat is a muslin ruff fastened with a bow behind. Her dark hair is combed back from her forehead over a cushion and ornamented with pearls. A column, partly hidden by a dark green curtain, is at the left, and in the distance is a gray cloudy sky.

Mrs. Hubbard, who before her marriage was Mary Greene, was born in Boston in 1734. She married Daniel Hubbard, the son by a previous marriage of the lady whom her father married for his second wife, and who, in 1776, was one of the list of proscribed Tories obliged to leave Boston when the town surrendered to Washington.

Copley's portrait of Mrs. Hubbard was probably painted about 1764. The canvas measures three feet four inches wide by four feet two inches high. It is owned by Miss Mary H. Whitwell, of Boston, Massachusetts, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

'THE DEATH OF MAJOR PIERSON' PLATE IV

THE incident which Copley has here portrayed occurred during the invasion of the Island of Jersey by the French in the year 1781. At the storming of St. Helier, the capital of the island, the lieutenant-governor was taken prisoner, and compelled by the enemy to sign a document commanding the English garrison within the castle to remain quiescent. This command was treated with contempt, the garrison declaring that they would hold the castle at all cost, and Major Pierson, a young English officer only twenty-four years old, having quickly collected a few companies of the Jersey militia, courageously charged the invaders, closing with them in a hand-to-hand conflict, and at the moment of victory was killed by a ball fired at him by a French officer, who was himself immediately shot down by Major Pierson's negro servant.

In the center of the picture the body of Major Pierson is being borne from the fight. At the immediate left is the negro servant in the act of firing upon the French officer by whom his master was killed, and whom we see in the background dying in the arms of a companion. The fact that the figures of the principal groups were all portraits of British officers who participated in the engagement added to the interest which the picture aroused.

Of all Copley's historical paintings 'The Death of Major Pierson' is considered his best. The composition is well ordered, the scene full of action, and the colors harmonious. It was painted in 1783 for Alderman Boydell, who had engaged a number of Royal Academicians, Copley among them, to contribute towards the formation of a gallery of English paintings of historical subjects. Later it passed into the possession of the Copley family, and at the sale of Lord Lyndhurst's pictures in 1864 was purchased for the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs.

The canvas measures about eight feet high by twelve feet wide.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. THOMAS BOYLSTON' PLATE V

THE portrait of Mrs. Thomas Boylston is justly considered one of Copley's finest works. "His fame," writes Mr. William Howe Downes in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' "may rest secure upon this portrait, which recalls the work of the great masters by its simplicity, repose, penetrating truth, and refinement. It is executed with the easy skill of a master-workman and has no weak spots. Mrs. Boylston is seated in a handsome arm-chair which is covered with faded yellow brocade fastened with brass-headed nails. Her gown is of a light olive-brown silk, and she wears a white cap and broad white muslin collar, or cape, covered with black lace, wide white ruffled

wristbands, and silk mitts. There is a curtain in the background. The face, which is of a very intelligent and interesting cast, is described with perfect taste, and, it may be presumed, with perfect accuracy; the lady's hands, which lie crossed upon her lap, are characterized with equal force. In its pretty, old-fashioned frame, this portrait, so quiet, so well-bred, so complete, utterly refutes the superficial judgment that Copley could paint nothing so well as his sitters' clothes."

Mrs. Boylston was the mother of Nicholas Boylston, one of the benefactors of Harvard University, who founded a professorship there of rhetoric and oratory, and of Thomas Boylston, who bequeathed part of his fortune to the city of Boston. She died in 1774, the year of Copley's departure for England. His portrait of her, and those which he painted of her two sons, hang in Memorial Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'THE COPLEY FAMILY GROUP' PLATE VI

ONE of the most interesting of Copley's works is this celebrated 'Family Group,' painted soon after he was established in his English home, and representing himself and his wife, four of his children, and his father-in-law, Mr. Richard Clarke.

Mrs. Copley, in a bright blue dress and with a white head-dress worn upon her dark hair, is seated upon a sofa of rose-colored damask. At her side, her childish form thrown across a round cushion, is her little daughter Mary, dressed in white with a golden brown sash. The child at his mother's knee, whom Mrs Copley bends forward to caress as he looks up lovingly into her face, is John Singleton Copley, Jr., the future lord chancellor of England. He is dressed in pale yellow with a gray sash. The little girl in front, standing demurely with crossed hands, and suggestive of one of the young children of King Charles I. painted by Van Dyck, is Elizabeth, Copley's oldest child, who in after life married Mr. Gardiner Greene, of Boston. Her quaintly fashioned dress is of white striped muslin, the skirt showing pink underneath, and around her waist is a pink gauze sash which falls like a train behind. Her cap of frilled muslin is finished in front with a tiny pink rosebud. Behind her, to the left, sits Mrs. Copley's father, Mr. Clarke, with gray powdered wig, holding on his knee the year-old Jonathan, who died while still a child. A long pink ribbon attached to a rattle in the little boy's hand, his yellow hair, and white dress are offset by the black of Mr. Clarke's costume. Copley himself, in very dark blue and with a gray powdered wig, stands behind, leaning on a parapet, with papers in his hand.

This picture, which is about eight feet wide by six feet high, hung for nearly a century over the fireplace in the dining-room of Copley's house in London. Upon the death of his son, Lord Lyndhurst, it was purchased by Charles S. Amory, Esq., the husband of a granddaughter of Copley, and brought to the United States. It is now in the possession of Edward Linzee Amory, Esq., who has loaned it to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where it now hangs, and by his permission it is here reproduced.

'PORTRAIT OF COLONEL EPES SARGENT' PLATE VII

THIS portrait offers a remarkably fine example of Copley's style at a period prior to his departure for England, when some of his most vigorous and characteristic work was produced. It is undated, but was probably painted before 1760.

Colonel Epes Sargent is represented standing with his right elbow upon the base of a column. One hand is in the pocket of his coat; the other is outspread upon his chest, and is painted so strongly and realistically that Gilbert Stuart used to say of it that art could go no further. "Prick that hand," were his words, "and blood will spurt out." Colonel Sargent wears a long, loosely fitting coat of drab broadcloth buttoned to the throat. White lawn ruffles are in the sleeves, which are finished with deep cuffs. A touch of color is given to the costume by the strip of gold lace which trims an inner vest. His face is round and full, his eyes small, blue, and laughing, his straight nose and thin lips are admirably modeled, as is the broad forehead offset by the light curling wig, from which some of the powder has fallen upon his shoulder. The background of the picture is a shadowy landscape. The canvas measures a little over four feet high by three feet three inches wide.

Colonel Epes Sargent, whose colonel's commission was held under King George II., was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1690, but the latter part of his life was passed in Salem, where he died in 1762. His portrait by Copley is in the possession of Mrs. George Henry Clements, of Flushing, New York, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

'PORTRAIT OF MISS SUSANNA RANDOLPH' PLATE VIII

THIS portrait, painted in England, is a fine example of Copley's late manner, and is strikingly reminiscent of Gainsborough, whose influence is felt in the pose of the figure, arrangement of the accessories, and somewhat in the scheme of color.

Susanna Randolph was the daughter of the first Brett Randolph of "Chester," Powhatan County, Virginia. Most of her life was passed in England, where, in 1783, she married Dr. Charles Douglass, heir presumptive of the Earl of Morton.

In Copley's picture she is represented standing in a park-like landscape, resting one elbow on a parapet on which lies a spray of jasmine. She wears a gown of sky-blue silk with undersleeves of soft white muslin, and in one hand holds the end of a white gauze scarf striped with gold, which is thrown across her shoulder and encircles her waist. Her brown hair is dressed with pearls and blue ribbons, and a touch of blue is given in the rosette which decorates her white slipper. Her eyes are brown, her complexion clear, and the flesh-tones of face, neck, and arms are delicately rendered. The figure, which is life-size, is relieved against a background of dark foliage, brownish-green—almost olive—in tone. To the left are glimpses of blue sky, and at the horizon a golden sunset light.

The picture measures a little over six and a half feet high by four and a half feet wide. It is owned by Mrs. Charles F. Sprague, of Brookline, Massachusetts, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

'PORTRAIT OF LADY WENTWORTH' PLATE IX

THIS portrait was painted in 1765, when Lady Wentworth, then Mrs. Theodore Atkinson, was nineteen years old. She is dressed in a gown of silvery gray satin finished at the neck with lace, and with lace ruffles in the sleeves. A light brown gauze sash threaded with gold crosses the bodice diagonally, and fastened from her shoulders is a deep blue cloak falling in folds behind. A string of pearls, held together with a bow of white ribbon, is around her throat, and pearls are also worn in her dark hair. Both hands rest upon a table before which she is seated, and in one of them she holds a chain to which a flying squirrel is attached—a favorite motive with Copley. Lady Wentworth's figure is relieved against a curtain of rich dark red, revealing at the right a column and a glimpse beyond of blue sky and white clouds.

Lady Frances Deering Wentworth was the daughter of Samuel Wentworth, of Boston. She was born in 1746, and in early life became engaged to her cousin John Wentworth, the last royal governor of New Hampshire; but in an absence of her lover's, too prolonged to be agreeable to her, she accepted the hand of another suitor and cousin, Theodore Atkinson, whom she married before John Wentworth's return. Before many years, however, her husband died, and without delay—within a fortnight, indeed, of the day of his funeral—she married her first love. Upon the outbreak of revolutionary troubles in America, Wentworth and his wife went to England, where he received the appointment of lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. In 1795 he was created a baronet, and three years later, Lady Wentworth, who was greatly admired for her beauty, graceful manners, and ready wit, was made lady in waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., at a yearly salary of five hundred pounds, with the privilege of residing abroad at her pleasure. She died in England in 1813.

Copley's portrait of Lady Wentworth, which was held to be as excellent a likeness as it is a beautiful example of his art, passed, after many vicissitudes, into the possession of James Lenox, Esq., of New York, and was bequeathed by him to the Lenox Library of that city, where it now hangs.

The canvas measures about four feet high by three feet four inches wide.

'PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF MANSFIELD' PLATE X

WILLIAM MURRAY, first Earl of Mansfield, the distinguished British jurist and statesman, who has been called "the founder of English commercial law," was born at Scone Abbey, Scotland, in 1705. Appointed solicitor-general in 1742, he was afterwards elected to a seat in the House of Commons, where his eloquence and his profound legal knowledge rendered him a leader and a powerful adversary of William Pitt, who headed the opposite party. In 1754 Murray was made attorney-general, and two

years later became chief justice of the King's Bench, being at the same time raised to the peerage by the title of the Earl of Mansfield. Celebrated for his learning and his brilliant accomplishments, it was said of him that he possessed "a courtesy which was seldom ruffled, and an eloquence which never failed." He died in 1793, at the age of eighty-eight, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, London.

The life-sized portrait of the Earl of Mansfield which is here reproduced was painted by Copley in London in 1783, when the earl was seventy-eight years old. He is represented in the robes of a peer of Great Britain. A full gown of brilliant red, trimmed with bands of white fur and of gold embroidery, falls in voluminous folds about his figure, which is clad in a close-fitting suit of black. His face is enframed by a light gray full-bottomed wig. The table beside him is covered with a variegated cloth and piled with legal books and with documents upon which he rests one hand, while in the other he holds a brief. The background is of a neutral tone well calculated to throw into relief the figure with its contrasting colors of rich red, black, gray, white, and gold.

The picture measures seven feet four inches high by about four feet nine inches wide. It is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY COPLEY IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

FOR a more complete list of Copley's works than is here given the reader is referred to Mr. Augustus Thorndike Perkins's 'Sketch of the Life and a List of some of the Works of John Singleton Copley,' with supplements. The following list includes only such of his pictures as are in collections which are accessible to the public.

ENGLAND. LONDON, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL: A Youth rescued from a Shark — LONDON, GUILDHALL: The Siege and Relief of Gibraltar — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Death of the Earl of Chatham; The Death of Major Pierson (Plate IV); The Siege and Relief of Gibraltar (Study); Study in Monochrome for 'The Death of the Earl of Chatham' — LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: Portrait of the Earl of Mansfield (Plate X); Portrait of Lord Heathfield — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY: Portrait of James Allen; Portrait of Rev. William Welsteed; Two portraits of Samuel Cooper; Portrait of Samuel Danforth; Portrait of John Rogers; Portrait of Thomas Hutchinson — BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: The Copley Family Group (loaned) (Plate VI); Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard (Plate II); A Youth rescued from a Shark; Portrait of John Hancock (loaned by the city of Boston); Portrait of Samuel Adams (loaned by the city of Boston); Portrait of John Quincy Adams (loaned); Colonel Fitch and his Sisters (loaned); Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Lee (loaned); Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Pickman (loaned); Portrait of Dorothy Quincy (loaned); Portrait of Mrs. Daniel Sargent (loaned); Mrs. Richard Derby as St. Cecilia (loaned); Portrait of General Joseph Warren; Portrait of Mrs. Joseph Warren; Portrait of Colonel Sparhawk (loaned); Portrait of John Scollay (loaned); Portrait of Mrs. Skinner (loaned); Sketch of Mrs. Startin (loaned); Unfinished sketch for 'The Death of the Earl of Chatham' (loaned) — BOSTON, PUBLIC LIBRARY, TRUSTEE'S ROOM: King Charles I. demanding in the House of Commons the Five Impeached Members — BRUNSWICK, MAINE, BOWDOIN COLLEGE, WALKER ART BUILDING: Portrait of Governor Bowdoin; Portrait of Thomas Flucker, Esq. — CAMBRIDGE, MASS., HARVARD UNIVERSITY [MEMORIAL HALL]: Portrait of John Adams; Portrait of Samuel Adams; Portrait of Thomas Hancock; Portrait of Edward Holyoke;